

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

JUNE 1911

Truth

By John Masefield

MAN with his burning soul
Has but an hour of breath
To build a ship of truth
In which his soul may sail,
Sail on the sea of Death,
For death takes toll
Of beauty, courage, youth,
Of all but truth.

Life's city ways are dark,
Men mutter by : the wells
Of the great waters moan ;
O death, O sea, O tide.
The waters moan like bells,
No light, no mark.
The soul goes out alone
On seas unknown.

Stripped of all purple robes.
Stripped of all golden lies.
I will not be afraid :
Truth will preserve through death.
Perhaps the stars will rise
The stars like globes.
The truth my striving made
May see night fade.

On the Edge of the Desert

By Aleister Crowley

You come between me and the night
That was my queen till you arose ;
You come between me and the light ;
You come between me and the snows.
The sun, the sands, the horizon :
Since you are come, all these are gone.

Leave me some love of flower and tree,
Some passion for the moon and stars,
Some ache of spring, some sigh of sea,
Some echo in love's ancient scars,
To witness ere your reign began
That among men I was a man.

No voice in life allures but yours ;
Nor sight nor sleep allays mine eyes ;
Night sways my dull distemperatures
Till light renews my scale of sighs.
Half a man's span I have lived. In sooth
You have found the elixir that gives youth !

From the most austral East you drove
On the most fortunate wind that blows,
A galleon piled with treasure trove,
The sun's gold, silver of the snows,
All jewels, all virtue far above—
O tall ship laden with true love !

You strode majestic and fierce,
Armed, an avenging Amazon,
A warrior maiden mad to pierce
With unfleshed steel man's morion.
You thrust the rapier of your art,
Singing for rapture, through my heart.

ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT

I died : and you by death refreshed,
 Washed in my blood, gave up my soul
To Love, who, seeing us enmeshed,
 Wept, and with one smile made us whole :
Whence you have all life's gold for gain
And I am grown a boy again.

I am a thousand worlds withdrawn
 From these lone leagues of sand and sun.
I am with you in the windy dawn ;
 I am with you when night's fingers run
Over the desert, when the dunes
Lift up their faces to the moon's.

I am blind to these : my life's one ache.
 My tongue is swollen ; my lips are burnt ;
My body shivers for your sake,
 For this last lesson I have learnt
(Laylah, my Night !) tragic and true :
I never loved till I loved you.

For you have fixed the boyish dream,
 And saved the man from "love's a wraith."
Your love rekindled hope's blue gleam,
 And hope fulfilled requickened faith,
And faith confirmed renewed the birth
Of a new heaven and a new earth.

Mine is the only star that ever
 Left the lone Cross to blend its ray
With my Lion's Heart in dear endeavour
 To knell the night and dim the day.
Mine is the only maiden worth
The wooing ever won on earth.

Laylah, my night ! Enshadow me :
 Draw down mine eyelids ; bid me sleep
And dream of thee, and dream of thee,
 Or wake and weep, or wake and weep.
I care not which, so thee I find
(Present or absent) in my mind.

Unfaith

By Ethel Clifford
(Mrs. Fisher Dilke)

THEY say her sudden sorrow was so deep
That all the starry night she could not sleep.

No quarrel parted us. Men do not tire
Of beauty such as hers. No new desire
 Plucked at my heart ; but in a night of dreams
 I heard the calling of forgotten streams ;
Above the tasselled larches' dawn-lit spires
I saw the flame of far-off altar-fires.

She, for whose sake I left them, at my side
Lay sleeping with her slender arms flung wide.
 The fragrant cloudy gold about her brows
 Was like a gold lamp in the forest house
That we had fashioned to a living tent
With woven leaves and flowers and branches bent.

I kissed her eyes where sleep still held her blind
Then passed the door and left all joy behind.
 O vision of a distant land once known,
 Where I was minister to gods of stone,
What vengeful smoke by day, what fire by night
Drew me away from love and my delight ?

Nought of the journey thither can I tell
Save that unresting, and as if a spell
 Held fast my being, numb to joy or pain,
 I went towards the city in the plain
Led by the visionary altar-flames ;
And as I went I sang the stone gods' names.

UNFAITH

And when the journey ended ? Woe the day.
The doorways of my youth were fallen away.
 None looked from out the windows. In the street
 Grass grew. The temple—dust beneath my feet.
No stone was standing of the ancient place
Where I did service till I saw her face.

The spell broke suddenly. O dreadful flight
Across a world where day was dark as night,
 And night a laggard on the road of fear,
 And fear had eyes like some one known and dear
And drowned ! The small white blossoms on the ground
Were like the piteous eyelids of the drowned.

What of the journey's end ? The bitter day.
Our forest house of leaves was fallen away.
 In all the forest was no living thing,
 No sound save, in the sky, the wild swan's wing.
O altars robbed of flame that love might live,
Never your gods implacable forgive.

Under the starry waters running deep
Has my belovéd learned again to sleep.

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Chinese Folk-songs

By Elizabeth Rendall

I PULLED the blossoms from the bough
To make thee fair ;
They died before the night, and now
My tree stands bare.

The time of oranges will bring
My tears again.
I gave the promises of spring
In vain, in vain.

VILLAGE SONG

LITTLE son, little son, run swiftly !
Bring the buffalo home to the stall.
Heed not the frogs in the rice-lands croaking,
For the shadows are long on the temple wall.

Little son, little son, run swiftly !
Night will be drawing her curtain soon,
Run, lest the magical foxes stay thee,
Where they whisper and wait for the rising moon.
Run, little son !

NOON SONG

THE chattering magpie on the tree
Is drowsily at rest,
The lotus-flower has sunk to sleep
Upon the dark pool's breast,
The dragon-fly upon the wing
Has stayed awhile to hear me sing.
Sleep, little Blossom of my heart,
My baby, sleep.

CHINESE FOLK-SONGS

The cries are quiet in the street,
The sunny air is still,
All living things are hushed to sleep,
Save only on the hill
With weary feet the pilgrims climb ;
It is the pleasant slumber-time.
Sleep, little Blossom of my heart,
My baby, sleep.

Queen of the John Bulleses*

By Yoshio Markino

Author of "A Japanese Artist in London," &c.

V

WHAT a merry month is June of 1911!

It shall never be forgotten as long as this human world is existing, I mean as the Great Britain is existing. (Practically and logically this has the same meaning.) For it is the Coronation month. The Coronation for the most peace-loving King and the most tender-hearted Queen! Merry and joyful must be all the very loyal Britons and so must be the foreigners all over the world as well.

By the way, am I a foreigner? Yes, so I am. I have nearly forgotten that! Anyhow I think I am less foreigner than some real foreigners because first of all our countries are allied. Then I have been in their Majesties' country nearly half of my life. My flesh and bones are entirely made with the British Substances by this time, so the medical science says, and my heart and brain are more Britonised by many kind-hearted John Bulless friends. Why then should I not be loyal to the Queen of the John Bulleses as much as the most loyal Britons? Do you say I am getting less patriotic to my own country? Nonsense! It makes me so grieved to think that there are many fools who misunderstand the word "Patriotic" as the "fighting spirit" with the neighbouring country. Don't you know friend-making is far more patriotic? So let us all (including my little self) be united to celebrate this historically merry month!

My heart is full of joys—so must be yours. By the way, I have quite forgotten that the sizes of our hearts are different. Mine is very small one. Those who have bigger hearts can naturally speak out more merry words. But I can not keep absolutely silent either, for although my heart is small, joys

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*Crabtown Tower a resort
of Henry VIII's wife*



The Copper Horse



*A Royal Tree
in Windsor
great Park*

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QUEEN OF THE JOHN BULLESSES

are over-flowing from it. So I forget everything—even myself.

May the graceful Queen forgive my dreadfully ragged English, for my heart is in the full-uniform before Her Majesty !

For this special month of Coronation I have decided to write about the Windsor Castle which the Queen of the John Bulleses dearly loves.

I knew the name Windsor Castle since I was a schoolboy in Japan. An American missionary gave me a Christmas card ; the chromotype picture of the Windsor Castle was on it. I framed it and hanged it in my room and I valued it very much. Readers, you may laugh, for such a Christmas card is so common to you. But to me, it was more precious than the Japanese prints to you. You can get any amounts of the Japanese prints here now. But at that time (twenty-two years ago) we could not get such a Christmas card with money. The Castle in that picture seemed to me most enormous size, especially because we, the schoolboys, lived in a toy-like house. Beneath the picture I wrote a line from a famous Chinese poetry in Tō Dynasty :

Unless you see the grandeur
And splendour of the Palace
You shall not know
how high and how noble
is the Emperor.

I never dreamed then that I should get the chance to-day to witness this “ enormous castle ” with my own eyes !

My editor friends said, “ We shall take you there and show you everything.”

“ Everything ? ”

“ Yes. The gardens, inside of castle, chapel, and everything are open to the public on some certain days.”

Alas ! Mencius was gone 2000 years ago ! If he was alive to-day to hear this, how delighted would he be ! Here is the quotation from the *Book of Mencius* :

“ King Sen of Sei asked Mencius and said, ‘ I hear the garden of King Bun was seven miles square. Was that so ? ’

“ Mencius said, ‘ Yes, it is written so in the history.’

“ ‘ How large it was ! ’

“ ‘ Well, the public thought it was still too small.’

“ ‘ My garden is only four miles square yet the nation think it is too large. Why is that ? ’

“ Mencius replied, ‘ Yes, the garden of King Bun was seven

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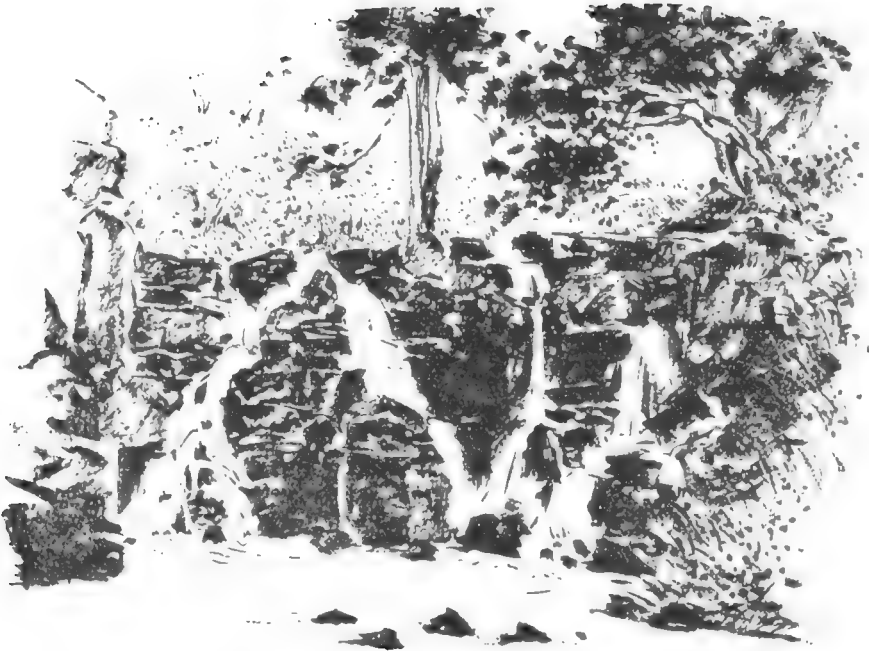
miles square and all the nation was permitted to enjoy itself in it, therefore no wonder the people thought it was not large enough. When I arrived at the boundary of your country I learnt all your national law from an officer. I heard your majesty had a garden of four miles square. No people were allowed to get in and if one gave harm to the animals, birds, or even to the trees, he is put unto death. I can not call such a ground "garden." It is practically a trap. The people would feel even four yards square trap too much for them. No wonder why they are complaining about such a tremendous trap of four miles square! "

Mencius was lecturing the Kings for all his life. He has left many books behind. Great Philosophers were born from time to time and added hundreds books. But has his idea ever been practised either in China or Japan? How very strange and delightful to find his doctrine really practised in this far, far Western country where Mencius is not counted among its sages! Some twenty years ago it was merely a dream of mine when I read the book of Mencius to imagine a most peacefully and gracefully reigning sovereign. To-day in England it has come true for me to witness it.

Could such a little stranger like myself be allowed to have a glimpse of the Honourable Castle of the Queen of the John Bulleses?

One Saturday lately I enthusiastically accepted the invitation of my editorial friends for motoring to the Old Windsor. Our party was composed with two editorial friends and the wife of one of them—for I claimed there should be a John Bulless—and my little self. We started from Hammersmith early in the morning. One of them was an excellent steerer and we went on splendidly until we came to Brooklands where one of the wheels was cracked with cannon-like sound! It was such a hard work for that young fellow to change the tyre. The perspiration was flowing all over his inflamed red face. The John Bulless was soothing him all the while. When everything was ready, the young fellow jumped on the car and said, "John Bulleses always keep my temper down!" I was so glad then she was with us, or else there might be left nothing of me!

No sooner than our car passed Chertsey, than I already began to notice neatness, freshness and sweetness of the Nature. The severe winter was gone only a few days ago and these five or seven sunny days had brought the tender cobalt-greens all over the woods. Here and there the masses of pine trees



Waterfall Virginia water



*Lake Virginia water after the Mayan
after lake tea*

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were distinguishing themselves with their dark and strong colour. Two or three of them were overhanging their vine-like branches right across the road. Who would believe this undusty nature was only half an hour reach from the greatest metropolis !

Our car stopped ! Was another tyre broken ? No, not this time. I was told we were at Virginia Water. We went into a little cottage-restaurant. We had a glass of whisky and soda-water each as the signatures of passport ! and crossed the cottage and a little garden.

There a vast view of the lake ! The water reflected the whole view, even the dots of clouds clearer than a mirror. Two white geese were sailing forward breaking the reflections into mysterious tones. Just beyond the green bank I saw two hatless heads of country boys. As I walked forwards I found out their bodies—they were enjoying their sun-bath.

Seeing this, again I recollected Confucius. Once upon a time Confucius had dinner with all his pupils and after the dinner they all sat down easily and began to discuss freely all what they were imagining. Some pupil desired to be a general of a million warriors, some to be politicians, &c. There was a favourite pupil of Confucius called Sō-Tets. Confucius said to him, “Sō-Tets, why art thou silent ? Tell me what thou thinkest !”

Sō-Tets said, “My ambition is too humble to mention. I only wish to lie down on the green bank of the lake and enjoy the calmful Spring.”

Confucius exclaimed, “I, too, have the same ambition with thee !”

By this he meant his only desire was the most peaceful reign of the King.

An old man in a porter's uniform came to us and pointed the opposite side of the lake and said that was the favourite part of the Queen and that Her Majesty often came there to have tea. I just bent my knee down looking towards that beautiful spot ! After seeing that famous beauty of the cascade we drove to Windsor immediately. I swallowed my luncheon in a few minutes for I was so excited to see the castle.

Now we were ready to see the Old Windsor Castle at last. The plan of the entrance from Henry VIII. gate resembled with those old Japanese Castles so much only I found the scale was larger and the colour of the stone buildings seemed so vivid in the sun, they looked more like guinea-fowls' feathers. We went the St. George Chapel first of all. Dignity and sacredness

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combined with the high art—that was my immediate impression there! I could not help recollecting my visit to Italy last year. I have seen many beautiful architectures in those churches everywhere I visited. But never I felt this sincere divinity there! Nothing could be more suitable for the House of God than Gothics. However, there was some more reason. Because it was the sanctuary of the sovereigns of the greatest nation in the world. And because I pay to their Majesties all the sincerest loyalty from my humble heart! I crept a few steps up to the choir. My eyes were caught by the grandeur and magnificence of the wood-carving decorations. Gradually my eyes began to gaze upon the ceiling—the finest specimen of Gothic art—I started to count the banners from the opposite corner. When I turned my head all round and to the final point directly upon myself something made me feel so happy. Yes, my heart swelled high with happiness. It was the new banner of the King and Queen.

I have some story for these banners. About two months and half ago, Mr. Cooper of the Royal School of Art and Needlework invited me to his school. He came down to greet me at the door. I saw in the first floor many specimens of the beautiful needleworks done by the student. Then in a large room on the second floor many young John Bulleses were actually working the embroidery. Mr. Cooper and the tutors told me that was not all but they had some special things to show me. We went into another room. There I saw those two royal banners were almost finished. They were carefully covered. The tutors explained me what a great attention was taken to reproduce these beautiful banners. Mr. Cooper seemed very proud and said to me, “I invited you to our school for some reasons. You said in your first article that you had no chance to see the school girls’ life. That is one reason, but the greater reason is our John Bulleses here are all very loyal to the King and Queen, and certainly you must be pleased to hear that, because you are a Japanese.”

I answered every question of his in the positive.

Now, seeing the very same banners in the Choir of St. George I felt so happy. The brilliant embroiderings seemed to me almost sparkling, for I knew the loyal John Bulleses who had made them!

We came out from St. George’s to the open ground under the round tower. I saw the beautiful flower-beds in the moat beneath. My editorial friend explained me that the moat was to introduce the water during the war time. I saw no water

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except that tiny twinkling spring to keep a few golden fishes, all other parts were covered with all sorts of flowers. I don't know the English names for those, though most of them have been my acquaintances since I was in Japan.

Mauve, pink, yellow and white—what a beautiful carpet woven by the Nature's hands! How very pleasing to see the ground especially made for the war purpose to be turned into the beauty of the Nature! It is far more delightful to see it than the garden made as garden from the first. For we all love the Peace—the Peace which has conquered the wars—not that timidness which prefers peace to wars.

What a glorious view has the North Terrace! A man began to explain us "where is what," pointing out every details in a vast spring haze. I myself did not care much about the geographical study. So I leaned against the stone parapet and let my dreaming soul wander into the happy mist which concealed "several counties" (which, according to the guide, ought to be seen clearly).

Did I want to see the Stateroom? Of course I did! We four followed after a uniformed guide. The inside architectures of the palace seemed to me so new as if they were built only last year. I repeated my question if they were repaired recently? I was told they were not repaired, but a great care was taken. Was that all? Then that was a new lesson to me. Whenever we see old corrupted ruins we always say, "that's by age." Hereafter I shall say, "That's by negligence" instead of "age." Those wonderful collections of armours reminded me I was in the great Castle. And I thought those stags' heads, big ivories, &c., show well that that was the royal castle of the great sportsman-nation. When we came to the picture rooms I had such a great reluctance that we should have to follow the guide. For that guide was reading the "explanation" ever too quick—just like the Buddhist monks reciting their daily creed. I had no chance to stay before one picture more than half a minute. The collection seemed the very best, but we had to pass on like a cinematograph. I did earnestly wish that I could be allowed to see all the master-pieces more carefully some day. However, I noticed a few things in that quick running tour. That was especially about Rubens. Hitherto I used to look down upon Rubens' works. No matter how skilful his brush might be, the bottom of his idea was far more immoral than the Pompeian arts (I am going to discuss this matter fully in a book called *My Second Tour in Italy*). But here in the Windsor Castle, the subjects of

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Rubens' pictures were absolutely pure and sacred! So I could look at them with a John Bulless friend together quite comfortably.

The two portraits by Holbein (one Henry VIII. and the other a youth) magnetised me and it was hard to depart from them. When I looked back all my parties were there no longer so I had to walk on. How pity that I had to pass on before that big masterpiece, *Charles I.*, by Vandyck!

Perhaps the guard room gave me the strongest impression that I was in the mighty Royal palace.

How many steps to climb up the round tower? I did count them half-way up, then I gave it up. It seemed to me awfully high, especially on such a warm spring day. However, no one would repent when he reached the top for it is the very spot to see the picturesque Surrey.

The next places we were guided to were the Royal Stables. Many a most beautiful horse was living in the neatly-kept stables! We saw every one of them and came to the riding-school. The porter pointed the gallery, raised up high on the opposite side and said, "the late Queen Victoria used to sit down there and watch her grand-children driving." My imagination went on so far that I could see my mental picture of the Queen Victoria there. I kneeled and nodded my head. A gate door was open, and when I passed it I found myself in the street again.

Now we were to see the great Windsor Park! We were driven slowly but comfortably on the ribbon-like white road between the ever-green bed of the Park. The car stopped at a poetic-looking gate of an awfully English style. We walked to the right for a few minutes. There we saw a very romantic view—a tall and slender tower standing on the top of a hill. The sun was showering its ray so freely upon the tower until it looked quite golden, and the green grasses beneath looked more green by the contrast. I said, "What a happy-looking tower it is!"

My editorial friend replied in a solemn tone, "Henry VIII. used to keep his wives there, and they all disappeared one after another."

I said, "Oh! the word 'disappear' sounds rather uncomfortable, but one who can live in such a place together with his wife for all his life must be the luckiest in this world."

We went into still more woodie-place. We were absolutely buried underneath the newly-born foliages. Through the tiny holes between the thick green leaves the sun was penetrating



Queen Adelaide's Tree.

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its beams straight down. They were just like those ropes from the top of shipmasts to the decks. Here and there and everywhere the little birds were singing joyous songs with their clear voices. O, how very refreshing it was to my world-tired soul! Evidently the full Spring was come to the tops of the trees. But on the ground low beneath, nothing much was awakened from the winter bed yet. Only here and there young ferns timidly came out from the cool moistened ground in the shape of question marks.

On the spot where the driving road was curving there was one tree surrounded by wooden benches. My friend told me that was the tree Queen Adelaide planted. Two metal plates were stuck on the tree for commemoration of the royal honour which the tree had received. One of the plates was nearly eaten in by the bark. When we looked westward we saw an open space of the foliage, and there was the glorious view of the old Windsor Castle.

Our guide told us that that was the favourite spot of the late Queen Victoria as well as of her Majesty Queen Mary.

"The Queens of the John Bulleses know what the Nature's beauty is!" I exclaimed. Whenever my English friends discuss about landscape they always say, "O your country. O, Japan!"

Yes, I am very proud of the landscape of my country. But even in Japan you can not find such a beauty as Windsor everywhere. At least, I have never seen such gracious and benevolent trees when I was in Japan.

I began to study each tree there. I paced my eyes from the ground to the very top. They are quite living, and not alike those smoked trees in London. I liked the colour of living trees so much, and lo! their height! And how well developed each net-like branch! And what vigorous strength they show! Who could believe that they were grown only a little by little in some hundreds of years? They looked as if they were pulled up in one night! By my close study I found out those strengthly, big trunks were the union of many branches. I saw some thickly grown branches were just half-united. That will be one trunk later on.

Once upon a time in Japan there was a very wise knight called Mori. He had twelve young sons. He called every one of them to his death-bed and demanded them to bring a bamboo stick. He tied up twelve sticks and asked them if any of them could break that. His children were filial enough to obey to their father's last will. Their union conquered all over Japan.

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The Great Britain shall be safe and strong as long as the nation is united in the same way with the trees in Old Windsor.

Our one day's trip to Windsor was nearly over. The big round sun like a mirror had sunken beyond the western horizon leaving search-light-like sprays from a few spaces between the clouds. The pale-faced moon was already high up. By the time we finished our little supper the silvery moon was crowned as the queen of the whole world.

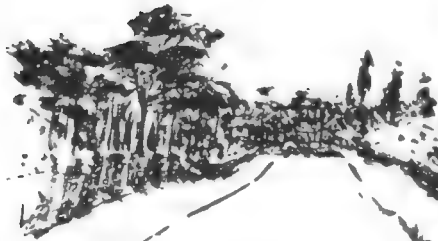
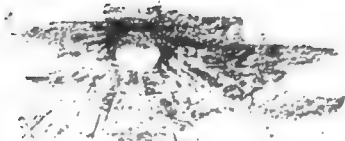
I asked my friends to stop our car when we came to the north side of the Castle. I jumped off from the car and I loitered to and fro along that avenue.

O, the Windsor Castle under the moonlight! It was as sweet and beautiful as all the John Bulleses under her Majesty the Queen!

Banzai and *Ban-Banzai* for the Queen of the John Bulleses!

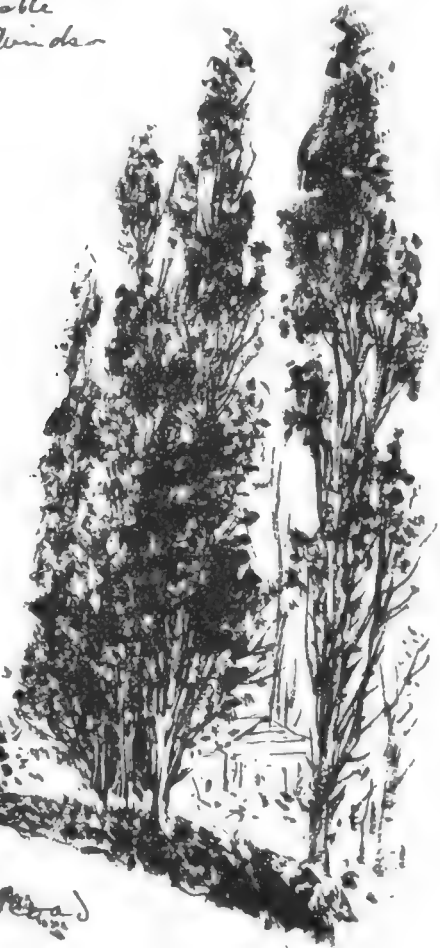


*Windsor Castle
from Old Windsor*



Lyndal Old Windsor Road

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Form in Poetry

By John M. Robertson, M.P.

I

Caret quia symmetria prisca—"because there lacks the ancient symmetry": such was the ground given by the great Leonardo—the artist doubled with a thinker—for discontent with his own work. It is the formula of all static and repressive criticism in all the arts; and yet it is one of the most authentic notes of that unparalleled personality. To us to-day, for whom nearly all of Leonardo's finished work has beyond question a calculated symmetry of its own, the confession at first seems strained. And still it was grounded on fact; for Leonardo's symmetries are not those of his predecessors, any more than those of the Greeks: he is an innovator in the spirit and in the letter; and the faces on his canvas, compared with those of almost any other Renaissance artist, are charged with unquiet experience, which even in our own day we have seen acting on the neurosis of Ruskin with a notable power of perturbation.

For originality will always perturb, though more often, and more surely, the commonplace than the gifted critic. Leonardo's case was but a special instance of the play of evolution in things mental; and he remains justified by his genius, as against the momentary reaction of his classicism. Such a mind and such a hand were bound to innovate. Genius is variation; and where the environment is changed or capable of change, the variant, if not otherwise stifled, must reveal itself. At certain levels and in certain atmospheres mere sameness is for men an impulsion to change, though the change be impeached on the instant.

Critics in general, and priests in particular, may work marvels in the way of imposing the mortmain of convention on the artist; and in Italy many priests were minded to do what their caste had done in Egypt and in Byzantium. But where men have any freedom of mental life every artistic form in turn generates reaction, differentiation; and every fortunate variant

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in turn has its vogue because of the charm or relief of difference. We can see Greek sculpture transmuting itself from the nobly restful simplicity of the Androtian Hermes and the Melian Venus to the shuddering agony of the Laocoön; whereafter, we may be sure, calm had a chance again. But every convention can in time become for some unbearable, making the very art concerned seem an obsolete insincerity to undulled perceptions, impatient of accepted forms,

till deliverance come

With the springtime.

Some one shakes off the mortal coil of mode; the new seizure of form, by fresh faculty, at once reconciles malcontents to the art, while evoking none the less the hot resistance of the contented conservative; and out of the conflict, in time, there comes a *tertium quid*, which is but another step in the eternal mutation.

True of the arts of form, colour, and sound, the law of change inevitably holds of the art of poetry. None, perhaps, is so often threatened with complete dismissal to the limbo of all convention. Macaulay's youthful thesis about the decline of poetry with civilisation is well known and chronically recurs. A generation ago Alphonse Daudet described Victor Hugo as the one man who could still reconcile educated people in France to poetry as an art form. Some years later, *Simplicissimus* had a scene in which the question, "Who are the German poets?" was thus answered: "In youth we all wrote verses; but one day we saw it was too stupid, and left off. But some there are who go on—*immer weiter, immer weiter. Und diese sind die deutschen Dichter!*"

Such general impeachments of an art form are broadly akin to any other insurrection against usage; the speciality in the case of art-forms being that insurrection at the outset is but differentiation, since the impeached or derided usage retains its tribe of devotees. Threatened art-forms, like threatened men and institutions, live long, alongside of their rivals, each ministering to its *habitués*. The convention which has become matter for jest to a few makes shift to modernise itself, whether superficially or profoundly—the more superficially the better as regards its popularity; while a radical innovation in art will reconquer a troop of rebels. After Hugo, M. Rostand, skilfully freshening the technique of the alexandrine, made the poetic play newly popular in France without in the least raising its intellectual or emotional level; and Verlaine, renewing both technique and

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inspiration, established a new *genre* of French poetry for critical ears. It matters not whether a given innovation be "morbid": the point is that there is no finality in a phase of lassitude any more than in a phase of change. A hundred years before Daudet diagnosed the near end of poetry-making in France, Voltaire had written his lines to the versifying Chinese emperor:

Dis-moi si ce grand art dont nous sommes épris
Est aussi difficile à Pekin qu' à Paris.
Ton peuple est-il soumis à cette loi si dure
Qui veut qu' avec six pieds d'une égale mesure,
De deux alexandrins côte à côte marchant,
L'un serve pour la rime et l'autre pour le sens !
Si bien que, sans rien perdre, en bravant cet usage,
On pourrait retrancher la moitié d'un ouvrage.

After that came Chénier, Lamartine, Musset, and Hugo. In England, Mill in 1854 had asked himself in his diary the question, "Is composition in verse, as one is often prompted in these days to think, a worn-out thing, which has died a natural death, never to be revived?" And Emerson, in the same generation, noted having heard robust contemporaries jeer at sleigh-bell rhymes as a form of art not seriously to be persisted in. A French critic, again, struck out for some good verses the panegyric, "*beau comme la prose!*"; and Whitman wrote of poetry as destined to rise to "the diviner heaven of prose." But the Frenchman's phrase remains an epigram; Whitman recked not his own rede; Emerson smilingly assured the satirists that rhyme will persist; and Mill gave without pause the answer to his own question: "Only if art in every one of its other branches is also destined to be extinguished. Verse is art applied to the language of words. Verse, therefore, I take to be eternal. . . ." Then comes the strange caveat: "but it ought, as well as every other attempt at public art, to be suspended at the present time." Just about: then Tennyson was beginning to write *Maud!*

In a way, indeed, as regards that very poem, Mill was right, for it had the coldest of welcomes. "Among the few who [at once] recognised merit in *Maud*," we learn from the poet's son, "were Henry Taylor, Jowett, and the Brownings." Gladstone, who was not among the few, avowed later that the drift of things national up to the war had disabled him "from dealing even tolerably with a work of imagination." Poetry, it would seem, might profitably be suspended. But five years later came the *Idylls of the King*, which filled

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Thackeray with a rapture of happiness; and of that "ten thousand copies had been sold in the first week of publication," as might have been expected of the British public.

Decidedly poetry will not be suspended, whether war or peace be in the air. And however slight be the first welcome to change, the *symmetria prisca* will from time to time be set aside as it is in *Maud*, though a reversion to old convention may capture the public by the ten thousand. *Maud* will live and the *Idylls* die. As *Paradise Lost* in time superseded the *Davidicis*, the poetry of Wordsworth and Keats and Shelley that of the school of Pope, and Tennyson's that of Byron, so the greater, more intense, and more innervated art will ultimately outlive the more commonly and obviously attractive, in virtue of the affinity of genius (which is new perception), with the general psychic advance. What repelled most readers of *Maud* on its appearance, we can now see, was its sheer newness—newness of rhythms, of metres, of matter, of themes. It can hardly have been the vilification of peace and the glorification of war, which last chimed with the general mood, and which, if it were offensive in 1855, should have been more so later. The explanation lies elsewhere. *Maud* opens with a rhythm absolutely new in serious English verse, and the strangeness is maintained through a score of metres to the close. The strangeness of the matter is no less marked: a new intimacy of psychic presentment, cognate with the development of the novel, an explosively dramatic statement, a continuously rapid action, shock upon shock, scene upon scene—all this demands a newly nervous intensity of rhythm. The thing is a *tour de force*; and the contemporary public, brought up mainly upon Byron, and friendly to Tennyson mainly because of the less revolutionary *symmetria* alike of his best and of his most popular pieces before 1850, was taken aback. Yet for his rhythmic genius the development was inevitable: it is always genius that innovates in art, as it is genius that invents in other fields.

II

A rapid survey of English verse from Spenser will make clear the law. The instant success of the *Faerie Queene* was due not merely to its music and its matter, but to the fact that it combined all the elements of attraction in English poetry as thus far evolved, with the lure of an allegory of contemporary political life. The charm of a regular measure, as against the rude folk-tune of *Piers Plowman*, must have

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been well established from the generation that received the *Nut-Brown Maid*, with its sure and light-footed felicitous lilt. As always, the innovation would repel most of those habituated to an older or more racial convention: the old-English alliterative measure had still its racy appeal; and as Percy notes, "when rhyme began to be superadded to the old folk-verse, [about the beginning of the sixteenth century], all the niceties of alliteration were at first retained along with it." But the other convention of metre and rhyme, firmly established by Chaucer, and nourished by music, had its own development and sporadic influence; and by way of the newer English ballad and such more skilful work as that of "My death I love, my life I hate," we reach the finished yet fresh art of the *Maid*, written before or about 1500, the masterpiece of a gifted metrist and melodist, turning his back on old-English taste, which would not readily welcome him. By 1535, we know, the poem was popular enough to be imitated; and the revived vogue of *Piers Plowman* about the middle of the century, when three printed editions went off in a year, was probably more one of message than of art.

Spenser, a great metrist and melodist, living the more in art and fable because of the harsh dissonance of his Irish environment, combines with the modern solicitude for exact measure and stanza form a yearning for the archaic, and so embroiders his stanza verse in the *Faerie Queene* with an alliteration which has ceased to have any metrical function, but which continues the old appeal of consonantal assonance. He was thus, perhaps, as willingly read in his own day as he has ever been; the only note of hostility coming from Ben Jonson, who reacted not from conservatism but from moral radicalism, so to speak. "Spenser's stanza pleased him not, nor his matter." The bane of the stanza was pleonasm and prolixity, against which Shakespeare and Jonson, as dramatists, inevitably revolted; and unreality of theme was Jonson's standing aversion. Thus the question of technique was complicated with that of theme or purport. Yet Jonson felt strongly on technique. Himself lacking the instinctive delicacy of ear for metre and rhythm possessed by both Spenser and Shakespeare, he nevertheless aided, perhaps pioneered, Shakespeare in the way of varying the cadence of pentameter blank verse till it became the most comprehensive and variously musical instrument in the English prosodic orchestra.

Only in magistral hands, however, has it ever been long attractive; and the poverty of its effects in ordinary hands,

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at a time when the blank-verse drama bulked largely in literature, accounts for the reaction towards *formally* varied verse of other kinds, seen especially in Donne and Cowley. Donne, indeed, innovated in all things—rhythm, line, and matter—though not without an old lead from Wyatt, and won some high contemporary praise by substituting realities of feeling for mythological machinery. He had thus set up that new impression of sincerity which alone could make poetry plausible for men to whom it had become an elaborate emptiness. But Donne's own inspiration was more often didactic and satiric than poetic, and he pleased some critical spirits without conquering either his own age or the next. His rhythm, which at its best has won him a success of esteem in our own day, is so often strongly original that it is hard to be sure whether his many dissonances and disharmonies are not at times the work of blundering copyists,* since he published almost nothing. Jonson may or may not have been wholly right in imputing to Donne's perversity those failures in "keeping of accent," for which, in Ben's phrase, he "deserved hanging." It is clear that he deliberately departed from merely regular metres, anticipating the larger rhythm of stresses which, after many inconclusive re-discoveries, was to be established in the nineteenth century by Coleridge, and more effectually by Tennyson. But a writer who so frequently and so wilfully turned verse, as did Donne, to purposes remote from beauty, could not be the regenerator of an art whose very vices came of the craving for charm. Only a few readers in any age could joy in him, and these have been too apt to be antinomian in their fealty.

Milton, sealed of the true tribe of song, made a far more hopeful bequest to his race. Only in rare lyrics of the Elizabethan drama had there been reached, in rhymed verse, any such combination of meaning and melody as belonged to the highest flights of its blank verse; and after capping these in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* Milton proceeded to renew blank verse itself. But we may be sure that he gave little pleasure by his original handling of that form to the men of his own day. To say nothing of the *Davideis*, it takes far less rhythmic sense to appreciate even Cowley's ostensibly irregular *Pindarique Odes*, which are strictly scanned by common feet in every line, than to realise the ever-varying pulsation and pausation of

* The long debate, for instance, over the line

"Blasted with sighs, and surrounded with tears,"

raises the question whether "surrounded," a pointless epithet in the case, is not a misreading. *Query*: "sorrow-dried."

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Paradise Lost, of which the very first verse, indivisible into classic feet, is a defiance to all mechanical scansionists. Throughout his life, Cowley's fame completely eclipsed Milton's: the later reversal of the verdict represented the necessary response of widening taste to the higher æsthetic appeal. It is the impartiality of young judgment as between two past forms which have to make good their claim upon it that ratifies the innovations of genius. An educated boy of literary gift in the year 1500, hearing the *Nut-Brown Maid*, could only wonder at any one who should prefer to its dancing step the cumbrous plodding of *Piers Plowman*; even as the youth of the nineteenth century could not conceive how any one should delight in the prim couplet of Pope as against the rich metres and rhythms of the Lake Poets and their successors.

Even in the eighteenth century, every ear attuned to poetry and sensitive to the congruity of form and theme must have preferred *Paradise Lost* to the *Davideis*. We say, "even in the eighteenth century," for that age, labelled by Arnold as "the age of prose and reason," so gave its main energies to intellectual and material strife, in the deistic and the philosophic controversies on the one hand, and in empire-building on the other, that its share in poetic variation was the smallest in the three successive centuries down to the twentieth. The simple pentameter couplet, laying hold of the heritage of pentameter blank verse, dominates it throughout, though the standards of pregnancy and diction set up by Pope doubtless kept eighteenth-century verse at a level of sheer craftsmanship as high as the average of either the previous or the following age. In any case, we find William Benson, whose *Letters Concerning Poetical Translations and Milton's and Virgil's Art of Verse* (1739) show uncommon technical insight, and who at once puts Milton far above Cowley, nevertheless admitting that if written in rhyme *Paradise Lost* "would have been a more agreeable poem to the generality of readers than it is at present." He has a keen sense of the value of pause-variation; but he would doubtless have been satisfied, as regards the heroic couplet, with such variety of rhythm as was attained by Pope and Goldsmith in comparison with the ruck of their contemporaries. In the latter half of the century there was force of variation enough only to welcome Thomson and Cowper, partly for their matter and partly for their resort to blank verse, and to esteem Gray for his exceptional finish and diction. Gray remained the poet of the cultured: Cowper and Crabbe alone competed with Pope and Goldsmith

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for the general vote when, on the heels of the American and the French Revolutions, Wordsworth and Coleridge opened a new era with the *Lyrical Ballads*.

The instant and eager preference given by the youth of later generations to even their duller work over the whole Popean library is the usual preference for freer rhythm and feeling by those not trained and fixed in enjoyment of the less free. That is to say, the new school is the school of the young, the minority. In the very last year of the century, Campbell's Popean *Pleasures of Hope* had an instant success of four editions. Doubtless political reaction favoured the re-entrance into the classic measure, as in the case of Rogers' *Pleasures of Memory* in 1792; but a real persistence of the craving for the old symmetria must have been the main force. By 1816 it had carried Rogers' poem into its nineteenth edition. It is clear that Coleridge's *Christabel* was generally enjoyed in its own day only by younger readers and by those who, like Scott, had lyric sympathies fresh enough or poetic lore wide enough to give them a special openness of artistic outlook; the law here being the same as that of the permeation of ideas of any other order. Other things being nearly equal, the more obvious rhythm will always carry the day with the multitude over the less obvious; and Scott and Byron, innovating in an easy way and handling concrete themes, had a far greater vogue in their day than Keats and Shelley; of whom, again, the latter won readers in certain quarters rather by his message than by his melody. Even *The Cloud* was to be a delight for young posterity rather than for contemporaries; and it needed a still later generation to realise the greater richness of the beauty of Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale*. The young Tennyson was not drawn to it. "Keats," he avowed later, "was a great master, but he was not mine." In his boyhood he was a Byronite; and his *Juvenilia* tell rather of that lead and the spontaneous play of his own variation than of any other influence.

He there shows himself, in fact, predestinate to innovation of all kinds—metrical, rhythmic, and material. Even Coleridge, noting chiefly the deviations and divagations of his beginnings, pronounced him metrically deficient—a charge soon to be deleted by an output of more variously and delightfully regular verse than had been produced by any of the previous generation. Coolness or scantiness of welcome, doubtless, drove the young poet to the proof, which he presented once for all in the volume headed by *The Lady of Shalott*. That and *The Two Voices*,

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The Palace of Art, and *The Lotus Eaters*, perfect in regularity of freely flowing rhythms and metres, must have conquered every good ear of the new generation; and when, after the *English Idylls* and *Enoch Arden*, came *The Princess* and *In Memoriam*, the Tennysonian public was made.

III

But now came the trouble of the departure from the *symmetria prisca*. When we pass from the last line of *In Memoriam* to the first line of *Maud* we have wholly transmuted our æsthetic climate. To say nothing of the change of the theme and thought, considering only the change of form and mode, we have passed from strictly metrical to purely rhythmical verse; from a measure of syllables to a measure of stresses; from high gravity of movement as well as thought to tumultuous passion, tumultuously expressed. In the first stanza, no two lines have the same pedal scansion; in the fourth line the cæsura breaks the sense:

I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood,
Its lips in the field above are dabbled with blood-red heath
The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers "Death."

The mere matter is plainly enough fitted to shock and pain the *bien pensant* readers of *In Memoriam*, which is of another world. To make poetry of such words and thoughts as

Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own,
and the villainous centre-bits,
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights,

was to outrage the now normal Tennysonian taste, wont to be complacent over

Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier.

But soon, in the third section, comes the soaring lyrical rapture from

Cold and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly meek,
to The shining daffodil dead, and Orion low in his grave,

triumphantly continued in the fourth. And in section after section, through twenty changes of line length, there pulses

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the same swift, passionate rush of sense and sound, modulating at times into great waves of noble rhythm and lyrics of golden beauty. How could any one miss the magic of the modulation of the lines from

O art thou sighing for Lebanon ?

How came it that even the tropic glow of melody in

Come into the garden, Maud,

had to wait a generation for enthusiastic popular acceptance ? And if the haters of the war were out of tune with

The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire,

in the finale, how came the mob of war-mongers to keep cold over that splendid torrent of song ? There is but one answer : they were all unready for the new way of poetry. It was as strange to them as Beethoven's way to the generation of Mozart, or Wagner's way to the generation of his youth. They were easily reconciled by the reversion in the *Idylls of the King* to the *symmetria prisca*, the archaic phrase, the intoned sentiment, the far-away romance—the "superlative lollipops," as Carlyle called the series. But Tennyson knew well enough what had been his masterpiece. We constantly hear of his reading *Maud* to his visitors, never of his reading the *Idylls*. In blank verse he had done very well, transmuting that ancient symmetry to something newly colorate, nobly sonorous, and finely flexible ; but his highest artistic achievement had been to break the moulds of the past and evoke a new genus of poem. Mere blending of iambic and trochaic or iambic and anapæstic rhythm* had been done long before, in what Percy called the burlesque-anapæstic, defined by him as a development from the old English verse of Langland ; and transitions from iambic to trochaic and from anapæstic to dactylic occur from time to time ever since the *Nut-Brown Maid*. But the average bias to the regular had led moderns to pure anapæsts, which exclude dignity from the most serious line, as in

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold ;

or pure dactyls, which are just a little better, as

Know'st thou the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime ?

* Iambic and trochaic movement being in fact the same thing at their height, as are anapæstic and dactylic. The point of differentiation is at the rhyme.

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The triumph of Tennyson is to transcend entirely the progression by sameness which is the essence of rhyming English verse in the mass down to Coleridge. Professor Schipper with affectionate vigilance traces anticipations and recurrences of line forms; but his mode of survey will not let us see the wood for the trees; and his system of record has no place for a passage which eludes all line-labels and stanza-types, as:

O art thou sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East?
Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, though thy limbs have here increased
Upon a pastoral slope as fair . . .
And over whom thy darkness must have spread
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great
Forefathers of the thornless garden there,
Shadowing the snow-limbed Eve from whom she came.

Here verse has wrested a secret from music, and Pegasus has become wholly a winged thing. Again and again in the poem we have this transcending of the pedal motion or accompaniment with which verse set out, and to which it has so long been referred for its description. What is to be made pedally of such lines as these:

Innúmerable, pássionless, pítleless éyes
Cóld fires, yet with pówer to burn and bránd
His nóthingness into mán . . . ?

The motion is rhythmically perfect, yet metrically indescribable by pedal terms. "Innumerable" has the broad *tempo* value of the dactyls "passionless" and "pitiless"; but it is no dactyl: "eyes" breaks the dactylic movement; the rhythmic secret being that the following pause makes the required balance of movement. As several critics have seen, "a verse is a series of sounds and silences"; and Tennyson, barring Coleridge, is the first great technician since Milton to extend the application of the principle. Blake had glimpses of it; but Blake could not "keep time": he is neither rhythmically nor metrically sure of himself; in his finest lyrics he halts; and his grammar too often collapses with his rhythm. Tennyson can alter his syllabic movement continuously without disordering his stresses. But the rhythm has to be handled as a skilled player may do *tempo* in music: it must delicately hover and linger, or the whole effect is missed.

Such modulations of *tempo* are, of course, often met with in verse that is ostensibly fixed in metre; in the heroic couplet, for instance. To say nothing of the fact that any given iambus

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or trochee may be either heavy or light (as "soundless" and "into"), Pope's line,

The proper study of mankind is man,

must not be read as a series of pure iambs. You cannot stress "of" as the metronomic scansionist would: "mankind" is a spondee or nothing. It is just in respect of such nervous variation of stress that Pope's verse is noticeably alive in contrast with that of the common run of his contemporaries. But Pope in his metric line too often secures variety at the expense of melody; he is not *singing*; and the effect is one of vigorous prose: Tennyson is continually melodious, canorous, rhythmic: he has attained a new and a greater *symmetria*.

For symmetry there must always be, if we are to have art-form, verse, structural beauty: without it there is artistic failure, the failure that Leonardo feared, and, fearing, did not incur. But no less certain is the law of innovation, the law of satiety; and therefore it is that Mr. Watson misses completeness of judgment, in other words, partly misses justice, in his brilliant assault on some of the unsuccessful neologists of verse, the ballade of *The Orgy on Parnassus*—"lines written in my copy of Tennyson":

You phrase-tormenting fantastic chorus,
With strangest words at your beck and call,
Who tumble your thoughts in a heap before us;—
Here was a bard shall outlast you all. . . .

Prosody gasps in your tortured numbers,
Your metres that writhe, your rhythms that sprawl;
And you make him turn in his marble slumbers,
The golden-tongued, who outsings you all.

Think you 'tis thus, in uncouth contortion,
That Song lives throned above thrones that fall?
Her handmaids are order and just proportion,
And measure and grace, that survive you all. . . .

You may flout convention and scout tradition,
With courage as great as your art is small,
Where the kings of mind, with august submission,
Have bowed to the laws that outlast you all. . . .

For in vain is the praise of discord sounded
Under the Muse's mountain wall
With ritual old she is there surrounded;
Her great decorum rebukes you all. . . .

It is most true that the handmaids of Song are order and just proportion, order of thought as well as of "numbers";

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and Mr. Watson, ventriloquising as Dr. Johnson, has done dreadful execution on some of the fiascos in diction of Rossetti and the "howlers" of Shelley. These are more fatal than mere clinging to convention can ever be. But order and just proportion, as we have seen, are to be attained in the skilful transcending of convention; and there is a risk of misleading docile readers in suggesting that Tennyson did *not* "flout convention and scout tradition," or that convention and tradition sum up "the laws that outlast you all." Other critics, wielding Mr. Watson's scourge, are likely to lay it on backs of the tribe of Tennyson. When I hear of one judge saying that certain recent poetry, whatever be its merit, "is not English verse at all," I am moved to wonder (perhaps wrongly, not knowing the data) whether just such a critic might not have so aspersed much of the verse of Tennyson. For instance, is

Break! Break! Break!

an English verse? It would be hard to match it in pre-Tennysonian poetry, save in one line of Keats.* To make it the temporal equivalent of

On thy cōld grāy stōnes, Ò Sea,

and to make that the counterpoise of

Will never come back to me,

was certainly to risk being accused of lack of ear by the custodians of convention, dowered with too much. It is very doubtful, too, whether the Tennysonian blank-verse line once selected for warm praise by (I think) Mr. Watson on the score of its entire newness of effect,

Sūcked frōm thē dārk hēart of thē lōng hills rōll
The torrents . . .

would not have been thoroughly distasteful to readers reverent of tradition. It is, indeed, a mystery how the young poet was allowed to leave in his prize-poem of *Timbuctoo* the line:

Were flooded over with clear glory and pale,

for Mr. Phillips and later experimenters to proceed upon. And, to come to the present-day application of these comments,

• Something like it is found in *Lear*, in the line:

Never, never, never, never, never!

But it is not quite certain that Shakespeare wrote five "nevers."

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I am prepared to maintain that some of the recent English verse best worth writing, as being most newly and nobly musical, is so in virtue of a rhythm that to many if not most ears is un-English, and is by some actually stigmatised as "tortured numbers," "metres that writhe," "rhythms that sprawl," or in words to that effect.

IV

First let us note the resort of the stronger contemporaries and successors of Tennyson, in English poetry, to the fountains of change. Absolutely every one sought more or less fresh metrical forms; and though all wrought at the old symmetria of blank verse, in every case either the turning-point of success or the point of permanence was reached in the new form. Some lure of change even the multitude must have at last: its need is to be charmed by a variation that does not wholly discard or revolutionise the old type of music. Even Scott's octosyllabic lilt, with its acceptable ripples of variation, was a welcome because an easy relief from the heroic couplet, and has actually outlived the too persistent though long popular classicisms of Rogers' *Pleasures of Memory* and Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*. Byron, noting the "fatal facility" of the octosyllabics, put much of his strength into *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*, failing in his plays to reach any fair skill in blank verse. Wordsworth, trying many regular forms, triumphed notably in his great *Ode*; Shelley, innovating little in form, wrote abundantly in stanza, and wrought *The Cloud* as a kind of *Preis-lied*; Keats effectually wrote his name in odes which outdid all others in sweep and beauty of *andante* movement; Coleridge left in *Christabel* one of the most poignant proofs of the rarity of his wasted powers. Even Campbell, detesting the Lakists and their novelties, struck out a new measure and a new rhythm in *Ye Mariners of England*. Browning and Mrs. Browning in turn spontaneously sought freshness of tune as of theme. In *Men and Women* and *Dramatic Romances* there are more new stanza- and line-forms than in any similar quantity of Tennyson; albeit small new departure in rhythm, which is perhaps surprising in view of Browning's study of music. Mrs. Browning, whose *Lady Geraldine* stirred Poe to his *Preis-lied* of *The Raven*, was hardly less fertile in "unspent beauty of surprise," though she too innovates mainly in line and stanza, hardly ever in the essentials of rhythm, and resigned herself finally to over-production of over-facile blank verse. Clough,

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turning to the perilous No-Man's-Land between poetry and prose, wrought two hybrid masterpieces in the *Bothie* and the *Amours de Voyage*, which are really fine novels touched with poetic lights and echoes; and he paid the penalty of extreme originality of form and method in a lack of recognition which endures to this day. Poe, a virtuoso in all things, played exquisitely with metres, and in two of the marvellously inspired strains of his youth, *Israfel* and *The City in the Sea*, instinctively essays the higher plane of rhythm. Meredith, in his solitary masterpiece, revealed the secret of the affinity of sense and rhythm in the thrilling ecstasy of *Love in a Valley*. Others innovated less adventurously and less happily, but still innovated. Even the placid Longfellow, not content with the metric novelties of Finnish trochaics in *Hiawatha* and the Anglican hexameter in *Evangeline*, minted still more largely swinging movements, eluding cæsura, such as :

This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
But under all there runs a loud perpetual wail as of souls in pain.

Swinburne, always a metrist and a melodist, multiplied the fresh metres in which he had so signally abounded in *Atalanta in Calydon*. Moved alternately by the charm of the archaic, as wielded by Morris, and the new humanism of Browning, with its fitting metres; repelled by the message and led by the model of Tennyson into the fiercely pagan *Hymn to Proserpine*; capable of flexile blank verse, but prone to the "sweet recurrence of accepted rhyme," perpetually running to surplusage of word and image, with many a fine line and ten times as many emptily tuneful, he kindled anew in many the appetite for rhyme and metre and melodious phrase, and engendered afresh in not a few the old suspicion of the final futility of verse. Arnold, probably suspecting that such intoxicating measures as Swinburne so lavishly coined could not hold in maturity those who delighted in them in youth, limited his metrical experiments to one partially new type of stanza, the chant of *Empedocles*, and for the rest sought distinction in a variously successful use of the short irregular blank verse established by Schiller, Goethe, and Heine. In the high clear strain of *The Future* he attained a greatness that fell nothing short of Goethe's own :

And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the gray expanse where he floats,
Freshening the current and spotted with foam,
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast—

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As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away ;
As the stars come out, and the night wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

In such strains as that, and in verse of the same free cast picked out with rhyme, even more perhaps than in the yearning music of his elegaics, Arnold has put his image and superscription upon the fine gold that defies the corrosion of time. Seeking rather the music of varying metres than that of varying rhythms, he yet reveals at times the Tennysonian ear for rhythmic values, as in the spacious cadence of

Alone the sun arises, and alone
Spring the great streams.

There is no such effect in Swinburne, who could outdo all men in sheer variety of metres, making words leap to any tune, from hendecasyllabics and choriambics to the flying steps of

On the wrathful woful marge of earth and sea

or

And we heard as a prophet that hears God's message against him and may not flee ;

but never, save in regular blank verse, sought the higher music that transcends tune.

V

Let us not seem to make light of the possibilities of artistic generation within an old form. Certain forms, notably blank verse, the ballad quatrain, and the sonnet, remain capable of endless new life in virtue of their potential nobility and energy of movement ; and every generation, as far ahead as we can forecast, will see them, as our own has done, newly and finely employed. Where rhythm is fixed, as in ballad and sonnet, its innervation is a matter of diction : where it is variable the secret of new life lies in the variation. And so with the irregular short blank verse of Goethe and Arnold, so happily resorted to by Henley after an apprenticeship to the old forms of France. John Davidson's best work is in the simple ballad stanza, which he vitalises with a new veracity of imagery, as :

*The sounding cities, rich and warm,
Smouldered and glittered in the plain.*

And the renovation of blank verse is one of the outstanding

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phases of the last half-generation, from Mr. Stephen Phillips to Mr. Alfred Noyes. Still considering merely technique and diction, as apart from total content or "message," the true lover of poetry must take joy in their craftsmanship, reserving for another inquest the judgment of their drift and mentality. Mr. Phillips has never really advanced upon *Christ in Hades*, which leapt at once into a success of esteem, and has since been apparently superseded for the generality of readers by pseudo-dramatic compositions in which the same poet compensates himself for lack of continued inspiration by popularities of stage-verse which are to his earlier originalities somewhat as melodrama to true tragedy. Such lines and passages as the opening

Keen as a blinded man, at dawn awake,
Smells in the dark the cold odour of earth,

with their skilful shifting of accent, and

A wonderful stillness stopped her ; like to trees
Motionless in an ecstasy of rain
So the tall dead stood drooping around Christ,
Under the falling peace intensely still,

put Mr. Phillips on a level with any previous writer of blank verse: let that here suffice us. And it is from Mr. Phillips that Mr. Noyes takes his start, greatly daring, in his effort to revive the epic. Whatever we think of the burden, the resourcefulness of the versification is past question. All that melody can avail, too, Mr. Noyes has accomplished in his *Orpheus and Eurydice*, where the sheer golden harmony outgoes Swinburne in that vein:

And they that were dead, in his radiant music heard the moaning of doves in the
olden

Golden-girdled purple pinewood, heard the moan of the roaming sea ;
Heard the chant of the soft-winged songsters, nesting now in the fragrant golden
Olden haunted blossoming bowers of lovers that wander in Arcady ;

and in the strong clang of the short stanza,

O'er Phlegethon he stood,
For utmost anguish named ;
The flood
Beneath him roared and flamed,

he strikes a finely reverberating note. But if rhythm be a deeper and greater thing than syllabics, it is in another direction that the coming generation will find the most fruitful contri-

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bution of the new century to the art of song. Mr. Herbert Trench precluded of it in the first stanza of *Deirdre Wed*:

I stood on the Hill of Time when the sun was fled
And my vision sought where to rest till it knew the plains
Of my country, the Night's harp, and the moonless bed
Of rivers and bristling forests and sea-board chains.

Again and again in the changing cantos there recurs this new and arresting throb of rhythm. Hardly in such tumultuous and barbaric romance, where smoke, as it were, competes with flame, for all the passion of the poetry and the power of the measure, can the spirit of Song find an abiding city; but to this new harper must have turned some curious and hopeful eyes. In the *New Poems* of 1907, the hope is already in part fulfilled by the splendid strength of *Apollo and the Seaman*. It starts with the staccato rhythm of *The Rock of Cloud* in the earlier volume, a movement that evidently haunts and inspires the poet:

She lay back on the green abyss
Beautiful: her spread arms
Soothed to a poise—a sob—of bliss
Huge thunders and alarms;

where already we see one troublous effect of the mere force of it. It is as if the might of the rhythm shook the artist's hold at times from his instrument: the vibration disorders the thought.

And the trouble recurs. But it is hardly possible to transcend, in sheer power of stroke, some of the effects in the later poem:

I have seen a dead god on the Nile
Paddled by tribes of bronze,
Under mud-built villages of palms
Glide, statelier than swans,
And Isis' frail moon-golden skiff
Restore him to that barque of life
Whose years are millions.

It is not easy to sing to the height of the great allegory of Apollo's dooming of the ship *Immortality*, but the poet attains it:

There was no whisper out of space,
Scarcely a ripple ran
From thine incommensurable side,
O dim leviathan . . .

From that Ship becalm'd, that triple-tier'd
Of Heaven and Earth and Hell,
Spread strange commotion as I near'd
Over the starr'd sea-swell . . .

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My inwoven eternal blazonries
An idle tattered shame ;
Was this the keen fire-spirited prow
Ark of the heaving flame,

That sun-stampt and illumined ship
That keel of mystery,
Loosed, after toilings beyond count
To plunge from the Dædalian mount
And to stem futurity ?

Never do the wings fail, though the strain at times almost
shatters the song :

And remembering then their mad outburst
Of quaint hope and despair

Who deemed each puny life should last
When nothing else escapes,
And the nations and the planets melt
Like breakers on the capes,

From laughter, from tears unquenchable
Scarce able to forbear,
I smote the great bull to a ghost
And the mighty masts to air. . . .

Yet sometimes like the Northern Lights
Hull-down—a radiance dim—
Loftier than air of Earth, up-sprung
To planes beyond its rim,

At hours when you are fever-struck
A phantom you may see,
Derelict—drifting out of hail—
Lost Immortality !

I have often experienced from music something like the lifting psychic grasp of this wing-sway and pulse-beat of song, but very seldom from verse, and I am satisfied that it is to be achieved only by vital command of rhythm, never by mere pedal metre. It is a full fountain for new poetry. Whatever is to be done by putting new words and thoughts to the best of the old tunes—and the possibilities are wonderfully illustrated from time to time—it is by the searching out or happy finding of the fit rhythms for the emotions which are the stuff of poetry that the song of the future will most triumphantly defy the prophecies of those who have called it an outworn vesture.

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VI

Is poetry then, it may be impatiently asked, solely or mainly a matter of new diction and rhythmical technique? The answer is, Certainly not. No amount of rhythmic skill can constitute poetry in the absence of poetic quality of diction, of theme, of purport. But poetry of theme, of purport, of diction, may take the *form* of prose; and poetry, specifically so-called, is first and last an art-*form*. When a German sociologist, generalising a step in the long evolution from ape to man, writes that "the hand is the gift of the tree," he has made a positively poetic statement, substituting sudden imagery and allegory for scientific narrative, in a diction so "simple, sensuous, passionate," that it might make a line of a poem—at least of a late poem by Meredith. Which reminds us that prose, too, has its art—a large and noble one. Some mystification has been wrought in recent criticism by insistence on the fact—long ago formulated by so archæological a historian as Stubbs—that all expression is a matter of art. It is perfectly true. There is art in Euclid, in a good mathematical exercise, as well as in the arrangement and development of a historical narrative. But the decisive difference between such general forms of art and the arts we term "fine" (of which poetry is one) is that here art is cultivated, essentially though not solely, "for art's sake," and there essentially for another end. The *purpose* of the statement that "the hand is the gift of the tree" is not poetic, not artistic: its art is subsidiary to instruction. There is no getting away from Poe's definition: poetry, like music, is "the rhythmic creation of *beauty*."

Here, in fine, we come upon the eternal paradox of poetry, a matter for separate discussion. While the poet's special function is to put his matter beautifully, he is or tends to be for ever under the burden of an aspiration to teach, to influence, to sway and guide—functions which are in themselves non-poetic, and can be more perfectly fulfilled in the medium of prose. Hence, an infinity of checks, frustrations, and failures in the work of even the greatest poets, to say nothing of the unredeemed miscarriage of the host of inartistic writers of didactic verse. The law of the problem is that this art may and, indeed, must be pursued for other ends *as well as* for art's sake: if there be no underlying intellectual or spiritual purpose, the whole procedure incurs the old impeachment of frivolity; but it is never in the message that the artistic triumph lies. There is no poetic proposition, good or bad, moral or

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descriptive, that cannot be rendered in prose: neither truth nor wisdom is as such poetry. Mr. Watson, no less a critic than a poet, has put the matter in a dainty nutshell:

Song is not truth, not wisdom, but the rose
Upon truth's lips, the light in wisdom's eyes.

He should have added that the rose and the light may glow and gleam upon untruth and unwisdom, and still be song. Upon that side, the paradox becomes fatality.

The Two Looks

By John Galsworthy

THE old Director of the "Yew Trees" Cemetery walked slowly across from his house to see that all was ready.

He had seen pass into the square of earth committed to his charge so many to whom he had been in the habit of nodding, so many whose faces even he had not known. To him it was the everyday event ; yet this funeral, one more in the countless tale, disturbed him—a sharp reminder of the passage of time.

For twenty years had gone by since the death of Septimus Godwin, the cynical, romantic doctor who had been his greatest friend ; by whose cleverness all had sworn, of whose powers of fascination all had gossiped ! And now they were burying his son !

He had not seen the widow since, for she had left the town at once, but he recollected her distinctly, a tall, dark woman with bright brown eyes, much younger than her husband, and only married to him eighteen months before he died. He remembered her slim figure standing by the grave, at that long-past funeral, and the look on her face which had puzzled him so terribly—a look of—a most peculiar look !

He thought of it even now, walking along the narrow path towards his old friend's grave—the handsomest in the cemetery, commanding from the topmost point the whitened slope and river that lay beyond. He came to its little private garden. Spring flowers were blossoming ; the railings had been freshly painted ; and by the grave door wreaths awaited the new arrival. All was in order.

The old Director opened the mausoleum with his key. Below, seen through a thick glass floor, lay the shining coffin of the father ; beneath, on the lower tier, would rest the coffin of the son.

A gentle voice, close behind him, said :

" Can you tell me, sir, what they are doing to my old doctor's grave ? "

The old Director turned, and saw before him a lady well

THE TWO LOOKS

past middle age. He did not know her face, but it was pleasant, with faded rose-leaf cheeks, and silvered hair under a shady hat.

"Madam, there is a funeral here this afternoon."

"Ah! Can it be his wife?"

"Madam, his son; a young man of only twenty."

"His son! At what time did you say?"

"At two o'clock."

"Thank you; you are very kind."

With uplifted hat he watched her walk away. It worried him to see a face he did not know. . . .

All went off beautifully; but, dining that same evening with his friend, a certain doctor, the old Director asked:

"Did you see a lady with grey hair hovering about this afternoon?"

The doctor, a tall man, with a beard still yellow, drew his guest's chair nearer to the fire.

"I did," he answered.

"Did you remark her face? A very odd expression—a sort of—what shall I call it?—Very odd indeed! Who is she? I saw her at the grave this morning."

The doctor shook his head.

"Not so very odd, I think."

"Come! What do you mean by that?"

The doctor hesitated. Then taking the decanter, he filled his old friend's glass, and answered:

"Well, sir, you were Godwin's greatest chum—I will tell you, if you like, the story of his death. You were away at the time, if you remember."

"It is safe with me," said the old Director.

"Septimus Godwin," began the doctor slowly, "died on a Thursday about three o'clock, and I was only called in to see him at two. I found him far gone, but conscious now and then. It was a case of—but you know the details, I needn't go into that. His wife was in the room, and on the bed at his feet lay his pet dog—a terrier; you may recollect, perhaps, he had a special breed. I hadn't been there ten minutes, when a maid came in, and whispered something to her mistress. Mrs. Godwin answered angrily, 'See him? Go down and say she ought to know better than to come here at such a time!' The maid went, but soon came back. Could the lady see Mrs. Godwin for just a moment? Mrs. Godwin answered that she could not leave her husband. The maid looked frightened, and went away again. She came back for the third

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time: The lady had said, she must see Dr. Godwin; it was a matter of life and death! 'Death—indeed!' said Mrs. Godwin. 'Shameful! Go down and tell her, if she doesn't go immediately, I will send for the police!' The poor maid looked at me. I offered to go down and see the visitor myself.

"I found her in the dining-room, and knew her at once. Never mind her name, but she belongs to a county family not a hundred miles from here. A beautiful woman she was then; but her face that day was quite distorted.

"'For God's sake, doctor,' she said, 'is there any hope?'

"I was obliged to tell her there was none.

"'Then I must see him,' she said.

"I begged her to consider what she was asking. But she held me out a signet ring. Just like Godwin, wasn't it, that sort of Byronism, eh?

"'He sent me this,' she said, 'an hour ago. It was agreed between us that if ever he sent that, I must come. If it were only myself I could bear it—a woman can bear anything; but he'll die thinking I wouldn't come, thinking I didn't care—and I would give my life for him this minute!'

"Now, a dying man's request is sacred; I told her she should see him. I made her follow me upstairs, and wait outside his room. I promised to let her know if he recovered consciousness. I have never been thanked like that before or since.

"I went back into the bedroom. He was still unconscious, and the terrier whining. In the next room a child was crying—the very same young man we buried to-day. Mrs. Godwin was still standing by the bed.

"'Have you sent her away?'

"I had to say that Godwin really wished to see her. At that she broke out:

"'I won't have her here—the wretch!'

"I begged her to control herself, and remember that her husband was a dying man.

"'But I'm his wife!' she said, and flew out of the room."

The doctor paused, staring at the fire. He shrugged his shoulders, and went on: "I'd have stopped her fury, if I could! A dying man is not the same as the live animal, that he must needs be wrangled over! And suffering's sacred, even to us doctors. I could hear their voices outside. Heaven knows what they said to each other. And there lay Godwin with his white face and his black hair—deathly still—fine-looking fellow he always was! Then I saw that he was coming to!

THE TWO LOOKS

The women had begun again outside—first the wife, sharp and scornful, then the other, hushed and slow. I saw Godwin lift his finger and point it at the door. I went out, and said to the woman, ‘Dr. Godwin wishes to see you; please control yourself!’

“We went back into the room. The wife followed. But Godwin had lost consciousness again. They sat down, those two, and hid their faces. I can see them now, one on each side of the bed, their eyes covered with their hands, each with her claim on him, all murdered by the other’s presence; each with her torn love. H’m! What they must have suffered, then! And all the time the child crying—the child of one of them, that might have been the other’s!”

The doctor was silent, and the old Director turned towards him his white-bearded, ruddy face, with a look as if he were groping in the dark.

“Just then, I remember,” the doctor went on suddenly, “the bells of St. Jude’s close by began to peal out for the finish of a wedding. That brought Godwin back to life. He just looked from one woman to the other with a queer, miserable sort of smile, enough to make your heart break. And they both looked at him. The face of the wife—poor thing—was as bitter hard as a cut stone, but she sat there, without ever stirring a finger. As for the other woman—I couldn’t look at her. He beckoned to me; but I couldn’t catch his words, the bells drowned them. A minute later he was dead. . . . Life’s a funny thing! You wake in the morning with your foot firm on the ladder. One touch, and down you go! You snuff out like a candle. And it’s lucky when your flame goes out, if only one woman’s flame goes out too. . . . Neither of those women cried. The wife stayed there by the bed. I got the other one away to her carriage, down the street. . . . And there she was to-day! That explains, I think, the look you saw.”

The doctor ceased, and in the silence the old Director nodded. Yes! That explained the look he had seen on the face of that unknown woman, the deep, unseizable, weird look. That explained the look he had seen on the wife’s face at the funeral twenty years ago! And, peering wistfully, he said:

“She looked—she looked—almost triumphant!”

Then, slowly, he rubbed his hands over his knees, with the secret craving of the old for warmth.

Letters of Wagner to his Schoolfellow, Apel

AMONG the wealth of intimate Wagnerian documents given to the world of late an absolutely unique position has been claimed, and with justice, for a tiny volume of letters to his old schoolfellow, Theodor Apel. Prior to its publication (a few months back by Breitkopf und Härtel) we knew next to nothing at first hand of the interesting two or three years preceding his youthful marriage; in the present collection we are suddenly enriched by three-dozen chatty epistles from that period, not to mention a few pathetic letters from the time of much severer stress thereafter. To let these fascinating relics speak entirely for themselves, however, I will merely preface them with a couple of lines regarding their recipient, mainly borrowed, as to substance, from the brief Introduction by a grandson of his.

The Apels were an old patrician family, with a fine town-house in Leipzig and a country-seat at Ermlitz. The grandfather of our Theodor had been Burgomaster of Leipzig, with a son Joh. August (Theodor's father) who greatly distinguished himself in literature, chiefly of the dramatic order. This August Apel—author, among other works, of the romance which formed the basis of *Der Freischütz*—was a close friend of Richard Wagner's father and uncle (Adolf W.); he died in August 1816, slightly under the age of forty-five. Guido Theodor Apel, born May 10, 1811, and thus early left fatherless—a fate shared with his chum—attended the St Nicholas School at Leipzig from 1825 to 1830, his last two years overlapping young Richard's own attendance; but owing to the difference in their respective ages, they can scarcely have been much thrown into each other's company there, though they would seem to have taken music-lessons together under Heinrich Dorn, whose name will appear in letter 39, and at whose instigation the future composer of *Tristan* began an overture, as we now are informed, to Schiller's *Maria Stuart* at the age of seventeen. Towards the end of February 1831 Richard joined the Leipzig University, to which his friend had been admitted the previous Easter. Here they passed rather more than a twelvemonth together, when Apel transferred his studies to Heidelberg, the younger lad soon departing for a trip to Vienna in the summer of 1832, with which his long "wander-years" may be said to begin, almost synchronously with the present correspondence.

There only remains to relate that, in spite of the loss of his eyesight through a serious accident in the autumn of 1836, Apel published a fair number of poetic and local-historical works, and lived eleven years longer than his father, dying in November 1867. And now for the letters.

WM. ASHTON ELLIS.

WAGNER TO HIS SCHOOLFELLOW, APEL

I

PRAGONIN, *the 12th Oct.* [1832].

No, I no longer can contain myself, my precious, only, only friend, my Theodor ! Either I discharge my whole bosom into your heart again, or my own must crack beneath the pressure. God in Heaven, how has it even been possible for me to live so long a time without you ? Yet no,—not quite without you : your memory has constantly encompassed me ; often has it comforted me, so often ! — — Ah, and it *is* a comfort, however forlorn, at least to know one soul to which one's own is kin, when all around is naught but crying contrasts. It is a comfort ; nay, more, 'tis a rapture. — — Only this moment I was wholly with you again. The shades of eve had fallen ; I was sitting by the side of Jenny at the clavichord.* Of a sudden my emotion overcame me ; to conceal my tears from her, I rushed out of the house, into the open ;—ah, there shone the evening-star to greet me ;—I fixed my gaze on that, and it dried up my tears.—I calmed, but not as yet could name my feeling ;—then evening bells chimed forth ;—that cleared all up for me ;—beyond doubt 'twas the same feeling as filled you with your “*Abendglocken*” ;—I hurried to my chamber, drew that poem from my letter-case, and improvised it on the piano ;—I have just written it down, and believe it is good. — — Gracious, how indescribably stupid I feel, of a sudden ;—permit me to lay my pen aside at once.

The 20th October.

Lord, what a time I've left this letter uncontinued ! I never found a quiet moment for it. To-day I'm all alone in the domain ;—they were invited to Count Auersberg's place for to-day, and I had no desire for aristocratic boredom there ; so I mean to pass my time with you as long as I can.—To begin with, I hold it my duty to inform you how I come to be staying here, on Count Pachta's estate. So you shall hear the whole story, from which you'll gather at the same time why I didn't write to you before.

[*Continued at Wurzburg, March 14, 1833 ; see p. 4 of this.*]

2

Address : Sr Wohlgeboren Herrn THEODOR APEL, stud. jur. zu Heidelberg.

LEIPZIG, *the 16th Decemb.* [1832].

At last, at last, my Theodor, after such a pestilently long silence you receive a tiny pledge of my unwavering affection and friendship ; and if you can explain that feeling which arrests the scarcely picked up pen, tho' the heart is wellnigh bursting to unload itself at every pore, then the reason of my procrastination will also be quite clear to you. In all the

* Marginal note, evidently of the following March (*see 1A*) : “A crib from the Sorrows of Werther !”—Of this Jenny R—— (the budding composer's “first love”) we hear again in a Prague letter of July 1834 to Rosalie, where it would seem that friend Theodor then lost his heart to Jenny's sister Auguste. The young ladies were daughters of Wagner's Count Pachta, and had in the meantime inherited a portion of the Pragonin estate.—Tr.

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infinitely varied moods and emotions that have possessed me during our long separation it has always been my first desire to let you grieve or revel with me. O had a magic wand been within my grasp to conjure me to you, or you to me, how you should have seen my inmost soul expand ! But, to navigate such spaces with a sluggish pen !—How often, at the climax of my stress, had I already half-finished a letter, but found it constantly impossible to bring it to a close !—But why go on ?

Receive instead a fleeting outline of my last experiences :

After your departure hence, dear chum, everything was empty and dead to me, external life stood locked and barred,—the mightier did it live *within*. Mother and sister [Rosalie] had gone to Vienna for a fairish time :—I was abandoned by God and all the world ! Then my divine Music had to come to my aid, and you may believe me that in such a state I composed my strongest work as yet, my Symphony, and completed it in a space of 6 weeks.—That finished, my outward life could be begun.—I journeyed to Vienna, spent a month there, and everything was good. But now !—From Vienna I went to *Pravonin*, an estate of Count Pacht's in Bohemia. There I passed 5 weeks enlapped in the most splendid Nature. O those glorious days ! For not Nature alone,—must I say it ?—also Love then exalted me. But how !—Conceive in Jenny an ideal of beauty ; add my glowing fancy, and you have the whole. In her beauty my passion dreamed it saw all else to raise her to a paragon. My idealising eye beheld in her whatever it desired to see ; and that was the misfortune !—I believed I found response ; and as a fact, it only needed bold advances from my side, to ensure me their return. But what a return !—A dread presentiment withheld me ;—and yet, what a battle with my rebellious passions did I have to undergo. My dreams at night grew troubled ;—repeatedly, after dreaming of a declaration of my love, I awoke to find nothing but Night oppressing me with sore forebodings.—At last,—for that couldn't continue much longer !—at last the whole thing became clear to me !—We moved to Prague,—ah, and—you may imagine whatever could wound a burning love,—but what can slay it, is more terrible than all !—Learn, then, and accord me your sympathy : she was not worthy of my love !—

A death-like chill invaded me. Oh, could I have said good-bye to all fair hopes, however, and had I been frozen to marble, I should have called myself fortunate !—But to feel each spark of erst so bright a flame extinguished one by one, to see each petal of a blossoming hope successively fade off, the nimbus of a spiritual beauty vanish hour by hour : ah ! that compels to tears whose bitterness can only be felt, never told !—When I fain would warm myself at love's last embers, and felt them thus expiring more and more beneath the blast of death, how broken was my gaze into the fire-stream of the past, the ice-gulf of the future !—Enough,—enough, and all too much !—For, despite the yawning void within my breast, I find a longing for affection in me still ;—and what most revolts me, is my looking so particularly hale and well ! . . .

Under such conditions did I write the poem of my opera [*Die Hochzeit*], and return to Leipzig with it finished about a fortnight since.

The 3rd January.—I have cancelled and torn up my opera-text. You shall soon hear more.—Adieu, adieu !

Thy

RICHARD WAGNER.

WAGNER TO HIS SCHOOLFELLOW, APEL

1A [see page 1 of this]

WURZBURG, the 14th March, 1833.

Continuing this letter, it seems to me as if several changes in respect of time and place had intervened. Before all, merely this. After the Leipzig letter you received from me I simply waited for my Symphony's performance at the Gewandhaus concert, which turned out well, and departed toward the end of January for *Wurzburg*, where I'm putting up at present ;—you will be aware I have a brother here [Albert, the eldest], to whom I long had meant to pay a visit ;—quite by chance I found a small temporary engagement as Chorus-director at the theatre, which will tie me here till about Easter. — — So I was sitting here and fumbling in my letter-case to-day, when I found there a letter commenced to you in times for me long past. The thought that we now were so much nearer one another took involuntary possession of me, and so it came that I set about continuing at once my earlier begun.

Let me be silent to-day on our inward and spiritual matters ; we're so near to each other, that my mouth almost waters to speak with you.—Dearest, most cherished friend, give ear to the ardentest prayer I have ever addressed to you :—if it's at all possible, in any way feasible to you, set the eighteen leagues that sever us behind you as soon as you can, and come to me, were it but for a couple of days ; ah, even only an instant would make me unendingly happy.—Tell me, can you render our friendship that sacrifice ? You can do it only if you're as fond of me as I of you ;—yes, and that I can scarcely help doubting ! — — I cannot possibly get away from here just now ; but rest assured that if I could, notwithstanding it perhaps would be easier for you than for me, I'd hasten headlong to your arms. — — If it isn't possible to you, at least write me how much longer you'll remain at Heidelberg, and later on I'll try and manage to descend on you.—Ah, what a *Wiedersehen* that would be ; it would console me for all the past and future.—

Yes, my Theodor, my future also is weighing hard upon me now ;—life is beginning to take a serious aspect even outwardly. I must see where to gain me a shelter this summer to finish my opera [*Die Feen*] by winter, the poem of which I've completed already and begun the composition.—True, Leipzig stands open to me at any instant ; but it is my endeavour not to live in this city which is some day to found my renown. One should always strike his native folk as something new, especially as rivalries and cabals have reared their heads quite soon enough ;—and then, too, I must try and earn some money now, which I cannot do at Leipzig.—
Adieu, adieu.

Thy

RICHARD WAGNER.

[On the margin :] P.S. My address is : Wurzburg, in der Unteren Kapuzinerstrasse No. 40.—

[For six weeks of June and July young Apel treated his friend to a tour in Bohemia, immediately after which Richard Wagner—then just of age—became conductor of the Magdeburg opera-company, commencing with a summer season at Lauchstädt and Rudolstadt.—Tr.]

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3

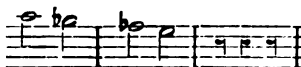
An Herrn THEODOR APEL in Ermlitz

[July 27 or August 3, 1834.—Tr.]

LAUCHSTÄDT, *Sunday*.

MY DEAR THEODOR,—How sorry I am that I can't accept your kind invitation for to-day, the principal reason for which is that the Brockhauses and my own people are visiting me, and presumably will stay here for 4 o'clock dinner, so I cannot well leave them. I found a fearful lot to do here : all Friday, rehearsals from 8 in the morning till 9 at night,—yesterday morning orchestra-rehearsal, and in the evening performance of *Don Juan*,—I greatly regretted your not having been with me—you've become such a piece of myself;—the performance went off very well. Thursday we have Maurer und Schlosser [Auber's *Maçon*], for which I expect you here for certain—do you hear? Then somewhat more on everything by mouth. In the meantime give your dear people my kindest regards, and the good family Beck my compliments. Hurrah for Young Germany!

Adieu



a — a — — —

4

Herrn THEODOR APEL in Léipzig, Neuer Neumarkt, Apels Haus.

(Postmark : *Lauchstädt* 9/8. Seal : R. W.)

LAUCHSTÄDT, [Friday] the 8th August 1834.

MY DEAR THEODOR,—I'm almost dying of hope deferred ! See, you had promised to visit me last Wednesday or Thursday if it was any way possible,—was it quite impossible to you, then ? Please, please, I must see you again, and we leave here next Tuesday ; I therefore pledge you on our friendship to come to me this Saturday, or Sunday morning at latest,—Sunday morning I have an orchestra-rehearsal and in the evening a performance, at which you've got to be ! Then I perhaps may return to Leipzig with you Monday morning, and spend a whole day with you all. I'll try and give you, and whomever you may bring with you, the most delightful hours,—all my lady singers shall stand at your service ;—God, what seductions would I not hold out, to lure you hither ! It really is a crying shame that I must have recourse to such means, and my simple *Come* will not suffice !—

Regards to Schlesier,* and bring him too, with whomsoever else you please ; only, he must be young, even if his hair be grey !—Adieu, adieu.

Thy

RICHARD W.

You might make me a most desirable present, and bring it with you :—

* Gustav Schlesier, born 1811, a schoolfellow of R. W. at the Dresden Kreuzschule. From 1832 to 1834 he was living at Leipzig as collaborator with H. Laube on the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*. Later he wrote for Lewald's *Europa*, but then vanished completely from ken. Author of various books, he was bracketed by Heinrich Heine with Weinburg as leader of the "Young Germany" school.

WAGNER TO HIS SCHOOLFELLOW, APEL

they've lost my lovely baton, and I can find nothing decent here. Please get one not too big, and especially not too thick, but nice and slim and neat, all worthy of me ; do you hear ?

5

(Address as last. Post-mark : Rudolstadt, 16. Sept. 1834.—Franked.)

RUDOLSTADT, the 13th Septem.

I have repeatedly been intending to write you, my best Theodor, and any moment would have suited me better than exactly the present one. Certainly, I have an hour's leisure now ; but I'm so depressed all round, so empty, wooden and prosaic, that I don't at all know how to shew myself to you with due decorum. God created Music purely to annoy me, and 'tis a true refreshment now and then to get a little book-reading for a change. It's not so much the actual grinding out of music,—but when things happen to me as this week, it's a deliberate intent of the Creator's to torture me. You know I like Bellini's opera *Romeo and Julia* : good—but to fall into the clutches of an idiotic management that requires me to get up the opera within 5 days because I once unluckily remarked that it was very easy ! Well, I've achieved the inconceivable, and between Monday and yesterday have actually taught this opera to the 2 most unmusical female singers there ever were, so that we were able to hold a full rehearsal yesterday itself ;—but in reward for it, my humour has vanished, and my soul is wallowing in vacuous stupidity. Added to which, I have let all my love-affairs get cold ; I have gambled and continually lost, consequently have no money ; and above all, I'm engaged on the composition of a symphony,* which I already have written to Pohlenz about, but in no case can finish. God, I know of only one means to put an end to all this misery,—and that is, if you'd come to me this very instant and spend a week in my beautiful big lodgings. Doubtless that will not come off, tho' ; for there's sure to be a reason here, a consideration there, and—hang it all ! Not that I've really any right to speak to you like that now ; for I ought to be vastly ashamed of myself when I compare your letter with my own. But can there be any comparison between us ? You, the favoured of Fortune and independent by the grace of God, on legs and holding of your own, with everything at your back which others have still to arrive at,—whilst I—if it weren't for my pride, which is beginning to arise again through this comparison, perhaps I might make myself out worse than I deserve ; for I certainly am in the mood just now to find no speck of good in me. Let's see what I think of myself this afternoon,—now I must be off to rehearsal. Adieu !

The 15th Sept.

This time I really do mean to continue my letter, tho' I have left quite a number of such beginnings incomplete. My frame of mind is brighter, too ; for which reason I shall write in red. [*From this point on, red ink.*] I have just received a letter from my mother, who tells me such a lot about yourself. I am glad you've been there once or twice.

* No. 2, in E, which never got beyond the sketch for its first movement and two dozen bars of the Adagio ; see *Life of Wagner*, vol. i. C. A. Pohlenz was conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts from 1827 to 1835, when Mendelssohn took his place.

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She finds you changed to your advantage : you are living a deal at Ermlitz ; you also want to come to me, and I only need drop you a word. Herewith I write you a whole hundred. Do come ! Come in about a week's time,—when you shall spend 8 days in my apartment,—2 rooms, one of them a salon with 6 windows,—and go back with me to Leipzig the end of the month. Please do it ! Perchance I may then contrive to roam the heavenly country-side in your society ;—it would do me good to pass the remnant of this lovely time of year with *you* in such a paradise of earlier memories, before returning to the flat unkindly North for my Magdeburg massacre.

The opera gave me pleasure yesterday ; it went quite well, and had an uncommon success. The Gneib has cut her hook,—and Leissring had to sing the Julia, in which she immensely surprised me. Mad. Grapow (you don't know her yet) sang the Romeo,—she has a tremendous voice. I've a horrible amount to do and work at ;—to-morrow morning we begin again, on *Adler's Horst*,*—you'll just get here in time for it.—At present I'm fairly out of love-affairs,—I haven't time for it ;—I'm still a bit spoony with Toni,—but, bless my soul, that's all.—For the moment I live in sweet dreams, since to-morrow is pay-day ;—but, good Lord, all that is too prosaic ! Only come and warm me ! You were going to send me your Prouillon,† you know,—why ? e you not done so ? God of Ermlitz, why ? Do you fancy I'm worse than your prouillon, and that one ought to have sent me to it ? Don't you think I'm a very good prouillon myself ? Don't you consider me prouilliert from top to toe ? Ah, and in how many ways ! Believe me, I'm extremely prouilliert : particularly in the matter of wit, as I have to fall back on such dull stuff for lack of better.—I imagined I was in a good humour for writing,—but now I feel I'm not. I do not lead what can be called a life,—I haven't read a newspaper all the time I've been here.—The new English Ministry may play the stupidest tricks, without my flying into a temper,—and that's not saying much. How's Schlesier ? I hope he's your constant companion ;—my regards to him. How goes the *French Revolution*,‡ and the pendant to it—your *Columbus* ? And how go I, that I should ask you all these questions ?—Are they any affair of mine ? Can I help it at all, that Schlesier exists ? What can I do for the *French Revolution* ? Can I do anything for your *Columbus* ? Bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated !—

Thank God, I've now thrown off a portion of my idiocy,—and am feeling quite jolly and gay !—Come to me, greet wife and child, honour father and mother, and God grant you his blessing ! Adieu.

Thy
RICHARD.

I promised Schlesier I'd write to him ; shew him this letter to let him see why I don't, and how I am boring myself !—

* Opera by Franz Gläser, conductor at the Königsstädter Theatre, Berlin.

† Corruption of "*brouillon*" = rough draft.—Tr.

‡ A work projected by Schlesier ? Of Apel's *Columbus* play we shall in due course hear much more.—Tr.

WAGNER TO HIS SCHOOLFELLOW, APEL

7

MAGDEBURG, *the 27th Oct. 34.*

Well, my dearest Theodor, here I come again. I have a deal of annoyance just now, not exactly through Magdeburg, but from Leipzig. I'm sick to death of my whole opera stew, and if the Sch——s don't stop it soon, I shall have the score [*Feen*] pulled from under their noses. I shall come to Leipzig about the 9th of November; if I see they're not in earnest, I'll take my opera back to Magdeburg, and get it mounted here. Have you ever been to Magdeburg?—I like the place:—a big city with one broad street and 50 to 60,000 inhabitants is worthy of all respect; and what inhabitants,—all Royal Prussians [a "garrison town"]! I haven't got back much to art yet, as my trunk had not arrived; it came to-day, tho', so I shall set to again. You accordingly see that in the history of Art all depends on a trunk.

Ah, with what rapture do I recall my tour with you; you haven't the faintest idea what good it does me still to think of it! Peevish tho' you often were, and as I was myself at times, yet all that is completely outbalanced by the many individual features and the entire atmosphere that clothed the thing. The visible favour of Fortune, which met us everywhere, makes a fellow proud and happy. The evening journeys home to Teplitz filled me with a poetry that long has survived. What can compare with my comic relation to the Reimans, our practical jokes at the Black Horse, the drive to Görkau, or with our divine tedium at Carlsbad? But it's not these single features; 'tis the whole, the god-like unrestraint that looms so grand in recollection. And those were merely 6 weeks in Bohemia: just picture to yourself a year or two in Italy! Yes, dearest Theodor, my plan's cut-and-dry now, irrevocable. By dint of production at 3 to 4 good theatres, my *Feen* must pave me an honourable way for my *Liebesverbot*, which I shall complete meanwhile; with the latter opera I am bound to make a hit, and gain renown and money; when I've succeeded in both, I'll go with Both and You to Italy, and in the Spring of 1836. Then in Italy I'll compose an Italian opera, and, just as things happen, some more; and when we both are as brown as a berry, we'll turn our footsteps France-wards; then in Paris I'll compose a French opera, and God knows where I shall be next! Who I shall be, I know myself,—no German philistine any longer. And that career of mine must be yours as well. The sole thing to upset this plan can be mischance, *i.e.* shortage of Luck; but I have made up my mind that I'll lay all on my luck.

The 7th Decemb. [Clearly a slip for "November."—Tr.]

This instant I've received your lines, which have snatched me from my whole ennuyance [*sic*] with their two endearing words. There's really something splendid about the feeling of Friendship!—You will see I had also meant writing to you, but remained at the good intention. Fooleries of all sorts have brought you to the scratch. I always think of you with genuine alarm at the uncouth swarm of philistines surrounding you, and your relations with your family, of which I fear you'll die a sudden death some day. Similarly it comes to me as a blessing from Heaven, that you at last mean to visit me, tho' the crew and world in which I move are almost more to my liking than yours: this merry rabble of the boards

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presents a peculiar poesy and fantasy of its own, which often has a quite breezy effect on me ; and if I had aught to complain of, it would merely be that poesy itself is becoming my trade. But when all's said and done, it is precisely Comedy, a narrow round that, with all its motley figures, does not contain one ghost of what so magically unites *us two*. The date for your coming to me we'll discuss by word of mouth at Leipzig ; for I'm coming to you all next Wednesday for a day or 2. Give me a good reception.—

Believe me, my Theodor, I'm sincerely fond of you ; that was told me anew by the flash of delight which thrilled through me at sight of your letter and its first words. Don't get too fond of the Heidelberger, or you'll have a jealous beloved in me. Adieu ! Adieu !

Thy
RICHARD.

Laube is doing well : he's seated in the Berlin gaol, and may neither read nor write, nor smoke.*

8

(Address as before. *Post-mark : Magdeburg 26/11. Seal : R. W.*)

Tears almost stream from my eyes,—I'm as miserable as any one can possibly conceive. You simply saw my shadow, when I came to you the other day. (This moment—how strange, there's some remarkable sympathy—I receive a letter from yourself ;—but I don't intend breaking it open before I've unburdened the feeling that just overcame me to write to you, lest new impressions should distract me.)—I was reading in Laube [*Reisenovellen*] of Verona—of Vicenza and its Palladio,—O the painful yearning to give vent to all I feel within will almost kill me. How lazy, how intensely dilatory I've been ! I am quite rotting in my wretched groove ;—shame on me, I don't stand a peg higher than years ago ! Ah this abominable world ! I am handicapped a hundredweight even in the energy of my occupation ;—the management of our theatre is too disgraceful ;—I have been unable to do anything ever since I returned, as the whole operatic company is away.—A sluggish marking time,—a fruitless struggle to let off my steam,—chained to a beastly existence.—Had I money, I'd assume direction of the theatre, just to be able to *do* something. And no prospect of Italy yet !—

There must be an alteration,—I'm going at my new opera now [*Das Liebesverbot*] with the firm decision not to lay it by till it is finished ;—it must be ready for production before Easter ;—I now must try to stun my grief by expenditure of all my powers, or I shall go to pieces.† You shan't see me again as you saw me last,—I will either besot myself, or

* Heinrich Laube (1806-84) had been editor of the *Zeitung f. d. eleg. Welt* since 1832. Soon after a tour through Austria and Upper Italy in company of Gutzkow he was expelled from Saxony for his Liberal sympathies ; in the summer of 1834 he was arrested in Berlin for "demagogic proclivities, secret associations," &c., and kept in prison there till March 1835. Thereafter he lived awhile at Naumburg and Kösen under police surveillance. See later.

† A key to all which may be found, perhaps, in Minna's arrival on the scene—literally as well as figuratively.—T.R.

WAGNER TO HIS SCHOOLFELLOW, APEL

consume all my force !—God, over 21 years old already,—I had got nearly as far when I was 18 !—O let us go to Italy, and God only give me strength !—(Now I'll open your letter.)

“And, Master, we grudge your good luck !”—Unhappy man, how I pity your thinking that I could comfort you with my good luck !—I should dearly love to indulge in a mad freak ;—if I had money, I'd take command of this theatre, produce *Columbus* and *Feen*, send the whole show to the Devil, and then lay hands upon myself !—Complete your *Columbus* and come here, yes, come here ! It is the only comfort that I can expect,—something must happen, or I shall languish away ! . . . I'll tell you later on about the sympathy of our two letters. Marvellous, marvellous !

I am
RICHARD WAGNER.

9

(Address as before. Post-mark : Magdeburg 7/12. Seal : R. W.)

MAGDEBURG, Sunday.

MY THEODOR, yesterday afternoon in the gloaming, on my return from various business errands all limp and depressed, as I always am now, the postman calls after me, brings me your letter, and says I should come to the office at once to fetch the accompanying packet ere closing-time. It's half an hour's walk there,—I screw up my last remnant of strength, find the office still open, and run home with the packet as if crazy. I read ; my friend Dr. Ziegert, a sensible chap, came to see me ; we sat down together—and read to each other aloud,—I could have wished you the triumph of witnessing us ! We read it through,—I went to bed,—this morning I have read it through a second time.—You have written something glorious, my Theodor,—I am astounded at your work,—you've beggared all my expectations ! Maybe this is the first time you have heard anything similar from me ; you know my chariness of praise,—I have always held back in your presence,—now I can do so no longer ! At every page fresh tears of pleasure and emotion came into my eyes. In your *Columbus* I behold something altogether worthy admiration. You know how deeply I had delved into the idea, thought out and lived it with you : now I know what to think of you,—I'll go bail for it with any one,—what you've achieved is prodigious. No matter to whom you submit it now,—shew it to the whole world, get it printed,—you'll delight all who make its acquaintance. It's a long time since anything has so grandly surpassed expectations,—open it where I will, I find fresh evidence of your talent, and of the surprising maturity it has reached so amazingly soon.—I and my friend were as happy as children last night,—many scenes we read 2 or 3 times, and pointed out their beauties to each other. Above all, the whole stamp of it, the checkered pithiness that laughing greets one from it all,—the rich poetic colour steeping it, the firm character-drawing, the wealth of separate master-touches,—have taken my breath away. The thing lies before me like a beautiful new star arisen on our workaday life to enrapture us all.—

In a calmer mood I'll express myself about the details ; at present merely this much :—the freshness of design impresses from the very

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start,—Columbus at once reveals himself as the most adorable of characters ; his delineation is excellent,—that deep ardour of enthusiasm, without a jot of vulgar speculation, completely fits him for the field of poetry ; he never reflects too much,—a thing I cannot praise enough. But what shall I say to this first act's last scene, the conference between Columbus and Gonzalez de Mendoza ?—it has succeeded past all measure. The dignified portrait of Mendoza ; his fatherly advice, so full of knowledge of the State and Man ; his warnings, in which the whole subsequent fate of Columbus is mirrored in so natural and unconstrained a fashion,—all this is masterly. Equally so is Columbus' reply,—but the greatest master-stroke is that of the tranquil, common-sense Mendoza, who had just set forth his grounds so clearly, getting carried away by the swing of Columbus' idea, of his longing and ardour, to such a pitch that he exclaims : “ Then do what God bids you ! ” It's superb !

I can't sufficiently applaud your diction, 'tis so simple, so noble and unaffected, remote from all effort. How finely that comes out even in the first scene of the second act, the court scene,—Columbus shews magnificent again there. His monologue at sunset, when from the sun's departure he infers that it must now be rising to illumine the country of his dreams, is ravishing ; and how fine and poetic is the contrast with that scene in the last act where the sun ascends and he sails westwards with its rays. The parallel is splendidly felt. Your scenic instinct strikes me ; how well the ending of the third act is led up to ! The opening of the 4th act took me off my feet ; the importuning of Isabella is quite admirable. The poetry of the close of this act, the marching off of the Moors and exit of Columbus, is entrancing. But how shall I describe it all ?—when Vincente enters to Columbus in the fifth act, with “ Columbus, beacon of my soul, the day has dawned ! ” and they embark in full sureness of victory, I shouted aloud. The overture throbbed through my head all the time.

Do not ask to hear more from me about your *Columbus* now, as I could only praise you immoderately ; another time I will write more collectedly. It has quite shaken me out of my doldrums,—and I only need to lay my hand on your *Columbus*, to detach myself a little from my depressing circumstances. Yet, after making this full acquaintance with your fertile talent, the comparison of my lot with yours weighs still more heavily upon my heart. How fortunate you are ! You lacked nothing except so speaking a proof of your talent, to establish you for good in all your relations with your surroundings,—now that has come off also, say, who is there more enviable than you ?—And then if I look at my own poor existence, the paltry appointment I at length have attained, and worse, the sad necessity of proudly representing this existence as a glorious one, at least in my people's eyes—?

I shan't recover any peace of mind till I've extricated myself from all manner of follies.—That a considerable load of debt is partly, indeed mainly the cause of it, I must by all means admit. I was too little able to judge my position, and ran into such a heap of debts through levity of all sorts, that my hair stands on end at the thought of it. In the first instance, the former irregularity in payment of wages threw me enormously back,—instead of applying to my people then, a natural vanity made me try to keep up the pride of my independent existence. Extrava-

WAGNER TO HIS SCHOOLFELLOW, APEL

gances of various kinds plunged me still deeper in the mire. I brought back a hundred and eighty thaler from Leipzig this last time, and it has just sufficed to let me properly review my whole *malheur*. Imagine it ! I can't get entirely straight under 200 thal. [*circa* £30]. Of course I must admit that my own recklessness is largely to blame for it ; only, disappointed hopes of my future have also their share,—I'll pass over my opera [*Feen*].—I was bound, at least now, to adopt another attitude towards my relatives. Ah, it's hideous !—Read me a lecture ; I deserve it, and will gladly stand it from you now. Tell me if it would be possible for you at present to make a man of me again, and pull me out of all my grief and misery. I confess, before approaching Brockhaus—for he alone [of the family connections] *could* help me—a god inspires me with the thought of turning first to you again. I beseech you, take a small capital of 200 thl., invest it in me for a year, and at most you'd lose your interest—which I couldn't dream of offering you—but in return I tender you my whole robust good-humour, which still has so many fine things to beget, when once you've redeemed it for me ;—whilst before the famous Spring of 1836 I'm certain to be quit of every money debt in your regard,—of that rest assured !—It pains and profoundly ashames me to have to weave into a letter which began like this so different a theme ; but don't you be concerned, or let yourself be stopped from coming to me at the time arranged by any fear of finding me in such a pickle ;—it must have solved itself one way or the other by then. Only don't leave me long in uncertainty about it now.—

Ah,—I breathe again ; a heavy load is off my chest. See, that was the plight which your *Columbus* found me in,—no sooner had I read its title, than all the beauteous memories of the summer past revived in me ; for all of them were clustered round the plan of this *Columbus*. Last evening and to-day's, which your work has devoted to me, have lifted me out of all squalor ; you may imagine how strong its impression has been. The book has become a portion of my life ; it refreshes me even to think of it. Go to my uncle,* to anybody else you choose : no one can deceive me, I know where I am with you now, and will stand to it before God and the world.

To-morrow morning I shall give the book to our stage-manager, Schmale, and let you know the result shortly,—in no case doubt its coming to performance. I haven't said a word about my opera,—I'm too bowled over, and don't care to think about myself and my affairs. My friend Ziegert sends you his regards *as an acquaintance* (through the *Columbus*),—he is coming to me again to-night—when we mean to go through it once more.—You lucky man ! Farewell, my Shakespeare, my Theodor,—farewell !

Thy

RICHARD.

* Adolf Wagner (1774–1835), an old friend of Apel's father, the classic scholar August A., and himself a learned author ; see *Life of Wagner*, vol. i.

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13

An Herrn THEODOR APEL in Leipzig, Neuer Neumarkt, Apel's Haus

(Post-mark: Magdeburg 27/12. Seal: R.W.)

I hope your wrath will have calmed since the letter which you must have received by last Tuesday at latest. I can imagine how you must be feeling, dear old fellow ;—you despatched me a piece of your life [the *Columbus*], and will have to wait a long time, at this distance, ere you can reunite yourself with it. So put an end to your torture, and run over as soon as you can. Your *Columbus* is in just the phase I told you last ;—by New Year Ludwig Maier will arrive,—who must undertake Vinzente Pinzon,—so we shall wait to give the rôles out till he's here.—But now listen : you must be here yourself by New Year's day—next Thursday—for it will be a joke to you in any case to see the performance of a festival piece composed by me to poetry by Schmale :—I've so much to do in consequence, that I hardly know where to commence. There are five numbers in all :—a grand overture, which I made in 1½ hour, and choruses and allegoric [*i.e.* melodrama] music, which I wrote in one forenoon ;—for I only received the commission the day before yesterday.—Bad as it ought to have been, I am vexed enough at its having turned out good for all that ;—only I still have to instrument the whole thing.—So I entreat you, come hither for New Year's day ; you'll amuse yourself here—and perhaps bore yourself there.—Taken all round, it's fairly lively here now, quite a number of “guests” ; a tenor Gösel has arrived already,—the Löw is coming for New Year,*—a new heroine also, the Bauer, who's said to be immensely pretty ;—so do come ! Adieu.

Thy
RICHARD.

* Afterwards mother of the singers Lilli and Marie Lehmann.—Tr.

(To be continued)

Odour of Chrysanthemums

By D. H. Lawrence

THE small locomotive engine, Number 4, came clanking, stumbling down from Selston with seven full waggons. It appeared round the corner with loud threats of speed, but the colt that it startled from among the gorse, which still flickered indistinctly in the raw afternoon, outdistanced it at a canter. A woman, walking up the railway line to Underwood, drew back into the hedge, held her basket aside, and watched the footplate of the engine advancing. The trucks thumped heavily past, one by one, with slow inevitable movement, as she stood insignificantly trapped between the jolting black waggons and the hedge; then they curved away towards the coppice where the withered oak-leaves dropped noiselessly, while the birds, pulling at the scarlet hips beside the track, made off into the dusk that had already crept into the spinney. In the open, the smoke from the engine sank and cleaved to the rough grass. The fields were dreary and forsaken, and in the marshy strip that led to the whimsey, a reedy pit-pond, the fowls had already abandoned their run among the alders, to roost in the tarred fowlhouse. The pit-bank loomed up beyond the pond, flames like red sores licking its ashy sides, in the afternoon's stagnant light. Just beyond rose the tapering chimneys and the clumsy black headstocks of Brinsley Colliery. The two wheels were spinning fast up against the sky, and the winding-engine rapped out its little spasms. The miners were being turned up.

The engine whistled as it came into the wide bay of railway lines beside the colliery, where rows of trucks stood in harbour.

Miners, single, trailing and in groups, passed like shadows diverging home. At the edge of the ribbed level of sidings squat a low cottage, three steps down from the cinder track. A large bony vine scrambled over the house, as if to claw down the tiled roof. Round the bricked yard grew a few primroses. Beyond, the long garden sloped down to a bush-covered brook course. There were many twiggy apple-trees, winter-crack trees, sinister looking bushes, and ragged cabbages. Beside the

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path hung torn and scattered groups of dishevelled pink chrysanthemums, like pink cloths hung on bushes. A woman came bending out of the felt-covered fowl-house half-way down the garden. She closed and padlocked the door, then drew herself erect, having brushed some bits from her white apron.

She was a tall woman of imperious mien, handsome, with definite black eyebrows. Her smooth black hair was parted exactly. For a few moments she stood steadily watching the miners as they passed along the railway: then she turned towards the brook course. There was no quickness, no lightness in her movements. Her face was calm and proud with defiance, her mouth was closed with disillusionment. After a moment she called:

"John!" There was no answer. She waited, and then said distinctly:

"Where are you?"

"Here!" replied a child's sulky voice from among the bushes. The woman looked piercingly through the dusk.

"Are you at that brook?" she asked sternly.

For answer the child showed himself before the raspberry-canecanes that rose like whips. He was a small, sturdy boy of five. He stood quite still, defiantly.

"Oh!" said the mother, conciliated. "I thought you were down at that wet brook—and you remember what I told you——"

The boy did not move or answer.

"Come, come on in," she said more gently, "it's getting dark and cold—and listen, there's your grandfather's engine coming down the line!"

The lad advanced slowly, with resentful, taciturn movement. He was dressed in trousers and waistcoat of cloth that was too thick and hard for the size of the garments. They were evidently cut down from a man's clothes.

As they went slowly towards the house he tore at the ragged wisps of pale chrysanthemums and dropped the petals in handfuls along the path.

"Don't do that—it does look nasty," said his mother. He refrained, and she, suddenly pitiful, broke off a twig with three or four wan flowers and held them against her face. When mother and son reached the yard her hand hesitated, and instead of throwing the flower away, she pushed it in her apron-band. The pair stood at the foot of the three steps looking across the bay of lines at the passing home of the miners. The trundle of the small train was imminent. Suddenly the

ODOUR OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS

engine loomed past the house and came to a stop opposite the gate.

The engine-driver, a short man with round grey beard, leaned out of the cab high above the woman.

"I've just come right for a cup of tea," he said in a merry little fashion.

It was her father. She went in, saying she would mash for him. Directly, she returned.

"I didn't come and see you on Sunday," began the little grey-bearded man. "Because——"

"I didn't expect you," said his daughter coldly.

The engine-driver winced; then, trying to resume his merry, airy manner, he said:

"Oh, have you heard then? Well, and what do you think——?"

"I think it is soon enough," she replied.

At her brief censure the little man made an impatient gesture, and said coaxingly, excusing himself:

"Well, what's a man to do? It's no sort of life living with strangers, a man of my years. I'm used to sitting on my own hearth with my own woman. And if I'm going to marry again it may as well be soon as late—a few months make no difference."

The woman did not reply, but turned and went into the house. The man in the engine-cab stared about in much discomfort, till she returned with a cup of tea and a piece of bread and butter on a plate. She went up the steps and stood near the footplate of the hissing engine.

"You needn't 'a brought me bread an' butter as well," said her father. "But a cup of tea"—he sipped appreciatively—"it's very nice." He sipped for a moment or two, then: "I hear as Walter's got another bout on," he said.

"I don't know when he hasn't," said the woman bitterly.

"I heered tell of him in the 'Lord Nelson' braggin' as he was going to spend that b—— afore he went: half a sovereign that was."

"When?" asked the woman.

"A' Sat'day night—an' I know it's true."

"Very likely," she laughed bitterly. "He is doing well—an' gives me twenty-three shillings. I'd rather have bad times than good, he hasn't so much to spend."

"It's a crying shame, he wants horsewhipping!" said the little man. The woman turned her head with weary impatience. Her father swallowed the last of his tea and handed her the cup.

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"Ay," he sighed, wiping his mouth. "I've repented the day I ever let you have him."

He put his hand on the lever. The little engine strained and groaned, and the train rumbled towards the crossing. The woman again looked across the metals. Darkness was settling over the spaces of the railway, and the trucks: the miners, in grey sombre groups, were still passing home. The winding-engine pulsed hurriedly, with brief pauses. Elizabeth Bates looked at the dreary flow of men, then she went indoors. Her husband did not come.

The kitchen was small and full of firelight; red coals piled glowing up the chimney mouth. All the life of the room seemed in the white, warm hearth and the steel fender reflecting the red fire. The cloth was laid for tea; cups glinted in the shadows. At the back, where the lowest stairs protruded into the room, the boy sat struggling with a knife and a piece of white wood. He was almost hidden in the shadow. It was half-past four. They had but to await the father's coming to begin tea. As the mother watched her son's sullen little struggle with the wood, she saw herself in his silence and pertinacity; she saw the father in her child's indifference to all but himself. Walter Bates counted nothing but his own pleasure and interest. Even now he had probably gone past his home, slouched past his own door, to drink before he came in, while his dinner spoiled and wasted in waiting. She glanced at the clock, then took the potatoes to strain them in the yard. The garden and fields beyond the brook were closed in uncertain darkness. When she rose with the saucepan, leaving the drain steaming into the night behind her, she saw the yellow lamps were lit along the high road that went up the hill away beyond the space of the railway lines and the field.

Then again she watched the men trooping home, fewer now and fewer.

Indoors the fire was sinking and the room was dark red. The woman put her saucepan on the hob, and set a batter pudding near the mouth of the oven. Then she stood unmoving. Directly, gratefully, came quick young steps to the door. A child hung on the latch a moment, then a little girl entered and began pulling off her clothes, dragging a mass of curls, just ripening from gold to brown, over her eyes with her hat.

Her mother chid her for coming late from school, and said she would have to keep her at home the dark winter days.

"Why, mother, it's hardly a bit dark yet. The lamp's not lighted, and my father's not home."

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"No, he isn't. But it's a quarter to five! Did you see anything of him?"

The child became serious. She looked at her mother with large, wistful blue eyes.

"No, mother, I've never seen him. Why? Has he come up an' gone past, to Old Brinsley? He hasn't, mother, 'cos I never saw him."

"He'd watch that," said the mother bitterly, "he'd take care as you didn't see him, child. But you may depend upon it, he's seated in the 'Prince o' Wales.' He wouldn't be this late."

The girl looked at her mother piteously.

"Let's have our teas, mother, should we?" said she.

The mother called John to table. She opened the door once more and looked out across the darkness of the lines. All was deserted: she could not hear the winding-engines.

"Perhaps," she said to herself, "he's stopped to get some ripping done."

They sat down to tea. John, at the end of the table near the door, was almost lost in the darkness. Their faces were hidden from each other. The girl crouched against the fender slowly moving a thick piece of bread before the fire. The lad, his face a dusky mark on the shadow, sat watching her, transfigured as she was in the red glow.

"I do think it's beautiful to look in the fire," said the child.

"Do you?" said her mother. "Why?"

"It's so red, and full of little hot caves—and it feels so nice, and you can fair smell it."

"It'll want mending directly," replied her mother, "and then if your father comes he'll carry on and say there never is a fire when a man comes home sweating from the pit. A public-house is always warm enough."

There was silence till the boy said complainingly: "Make haste, our Annie."

"Well, I am! I can't make the fire do it no faster, can I?"

"She keeps wafin it about so's to make 'er slow," grumbled the boy.

"Don't have such an evil imagination, child," replied the mother.

Soon the room was busy in the darkness with the crisp sound of crunching. The mother ate very little. She drank her tea determinedly, and sat thinking. When she rose her

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anger was evident in the stern unbending of her head. She looked at the pudding in the fender, and broke out :

"It is a scandalous thing as a man can't even come home to his dinner! If it's crozzled up to a cinder I don't see why I should care. Past his very door he goes to get to a public-house, and here I sit with his dinner waiting for him——"

She went out. As she dropped piece after piece of coal on the red fire, the shadows fell on the walls, till the room was almost in total darkness.

"I canna see," grumbled the invisible John. In spite of herself, the mother laughed.

"You know the way to your mouth," she said. She set the dustpan outside the door. When she came again like a tall shadow on the hearth, the lad repeated, complaining sulkily :

"I canna see."

"Good gracious!" cried the mother irritably, "you're as bad as your father if it's a bit dusk!"

Nevertheless she took a paper spill from a sheaf on the mantelpiece and proceeded to light the lamp that hung from the ceiling in the middle of the room. As she reached up, her figure displayed itself just rounding with maternity.

"Oh mother ——!" exclaimed the girl.

"What?" said the woman, suspended in the act of putting the lampglass over the flame. The copper reflector shone handsomely on her, as she stood with uplifted arm, turning to face her daughter.

"You've got a flower in your apron!" said the child, in a little rapture at this unusual event.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed the woman, relieved. "One would think the house was afire." She replaced the glass and waited a moment before turning up the wick. A pale shadow was seen floating vaguely on the floor.

"Let me smell!" said the child, still rapturously, coming forward and putting her face to her mother's waist.

"Go along, silly!" said the mother, turning up the lamp. The light revealed their suspense so that the woman felt it almost unbearable. Annie was still bending at her waist. Irritably, the mother took the flowers out from her apron-band.

"Oh mother—don't take them out!" Annie cried, catching her hand and trying to replace the sprig.

"Such nonsense!" said the mother, turning away. The child put the pale chrysanthemums to her lips, murmuring :

"Don't they smell beautiful!"

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Her mother gave a short laugh.

"No," she said, "not to me. It was chrysanthemums when I married him, and chrysanthemums when you were born, and the first time they ever brought him home drunk, he'd got brown chrysanthemums in his coat. When I smell them I could always think of that, me dragging at him to get his coat off."

She looked at the children. Their eyes and their parted lips were piteous. The mother sat rocking in silence for some time. Then she looked at the clock.

"Twenty minutes to six!" In a tone of fine bitter carelessness she continued: "Eh, he'll not come now till they bring him. There he'll stick! He needn't come rolling in here in his pit-dirt, for *I* won't wash him. He can lie on the floor—Eh, what a fool I've been, what a fool! And this is what I came here for, to this dirty hole, rats and all, for him to slink past his very door. Twice last week—he's begun now—"

She silenced herself, and rose to clear the table.

While for an hour or more the children played, subduedly intent, fertile of imagination, united in fear of the mother's wrath, and in dread of their father's homecoming, Mrs. Bates sat in her rocking-chair making a "singlet" of thick cream-coloured flannel, which gave a dull wounded sound as she tore off the grey edge. She worked at her sewing with energy, listening to the children, and her Anger wearied Itself, lay down to rest, opening Its eyes from time to time and steadily watching, Its ears raised to listen. Sometimes even her Anger quailed and shrank, and the mother suspended her sewing, tracing the footsteps that thudded along the sleepers outside; she would lift her head sharply to bid the children "hush," but she recovered herself in time, and the footsteps went past the gate, and the children were not flung out of their play-world.

But at last Annie sighed, and gave in. She glanced at her waggon of slippers, and loathed the game. She turned plaintively to her mother.

"Mother!"—but she was inarticulate.

John crept out like a frog from under the sofa. His mother glanced up.

"Yes," she said, "just look at those shirt-sleeves!"

The boy held them out to survey them, saying nothing. Then somebody called in a hoarse voice away down the line, and suspense bristled in the room, till two people had gone by outside, talking.

"It is time for bed," said the mother.

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"My father hasn't come," wailed Annie plaintively. But her mother was primed with courage.

"Never mind. They'll bring him when he does come—like a log." She meant there would be no scene. "And he may sleep on the floor till he wakes himself. I know he'll not go to work to-morrow after this!"

The children had their hands and faces wiped with a flannel. They were very quiet. When they had put on their night-dresses, they said their prayers, the boy mumbling. The mother looked down at them, at the brown silken bush of intertwining curls in the nape of the girl's neck, at the little black head of the lad, and her heart burst with anger at their father who caused all three such distress. The children hid their faces in her skirts for comfort.

When Mrs. Bates came down, the room was strangely empty, with a tension of expectancy. She took up her sewing and stitched for some time without raising her head. Meantime her anger tinged with fear.

The clock struck eight and she rose suddenly, dropping her sewing on her chair. She went to the stairfoot door, opened it, listening. Then she went out, locking the door behind her.

Something scuffled in the yard, and she started, though she knew it was only the rats with which the place was overrun. The night was very dark. In the great bay of railway lines, bulked with trucks, there was no trace of light, only away back she could see a few yellow lamps at the pit-top, and the red smear of the burning pit-bank on the night. She hurried along the edge of the track, then, crossing the converging lines, came to the stile by the white gates, whence she emerged on the road. Then the fear which had led her shrank. People were walking up to New Brinsley; she saw the lights in the houses; twenty yards further on were the broad windows of the "Prince of Wales," very warm and bright, and the loud voices of men could be heard distinctly. What a fool she had been to imagine that anything had happened to him! He was merely drinking over there at the "Prince of Wales." She faltered. She had never yet been to fetch him, and she never would go. So she continued her walk towards the long straggling line of houses, standing blank on the highway. She entered a passage between the dwellings.

"Mr. Rigley?—Yes! Did you want him? No, he's not in at this minute."

The raw-boned woman leaned forward from her dark scullery

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and peered at the other, upon whom fell a dim light through the blind of the kitchen window.

"Is it Mrs. Bates?" she asked in a tone tinged with respect.

"Yes. I wondered if your Master was at home. Mine hasn't come yet."

"'Asn't 'e! Oh, Jack's been 'ome an 'ad 'is dinner long since. E's just gone for 'alf an hour afore bedtime, but 'e won't be long. Did you call at the 'Prince of Wales'?"

"No——"

"No, you didn't like——! It's not very nice." The other woman was indulgent. There was an awkward pause. "Jack never said nothink about—about your Mester," she said.

"No!—I expect he's stuck in there!"

Elizabeth Bates said this bitterly, and with recklessness. She knew that the woman across the yard was standing at her door listening, but she did not care. As she turned:

"Stop a minute! I'll just go an' ask Jack if 'e knows anythink," said Mrs. Rigley.

"Oh, no—I wouldn't like to put——!"

"Yes, I will, if you'll just step inside an' see as th' childer doesn't come downstairs and set theirselves afire."

Elizabeth Bates, murmuring a remonstrance, stepped inside. The other woman apologised for the state of the room.

The kitchen needed apology. There were little frocks and trousers and childish undergarments on the squab and on the floor, and a litter of playthings everywhere. On the black American cloth of the table were pieces of bread and cake, crusts, and a teapot with cold tea.

"Eh, ours is just as bad," said Elizabeth Bates, looking at the woman, not at the house. Mrs. Rigley put a shawl over her head and hurried out, saying:

"I shanna be a minute."

The other sat, noting with faint disapproval the general untidiness of the room. Then she fell to counting the shoes of various sizes scattered over the floor. There were twelve. She sighed and said to herself, "No wonder!"—glancing at the litter. There came the scratching of two pairs of feet on the yard, and the Ripleys entered. Elizabeth Bates rose. Rigley was a big man, with very large bones. His head looked particularly bony. Across his temple was a large blue scar, caused by a wound got in the pit, a wound in which the coal-dust remained blue like tattooing.

"'Asna 'e come whoam yit?" asked the man, without any

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form of greeting, but with a fine rough deference and sympathy. "I dunna think there's owt amiss—'e's non ower theer, though!"—he jerked his head to signify the "Prince of Wales."

"E's 'appen gone up to th' 'Yew,'" said Mrs. Rigley, as if trying to make the best of it.

"I bet that's wheer he is!" declared the husband.

There was another pause. Rigley had evidently something to get off his mind:

"Ah left 'im finishin' a stint," he began. "Loose-all 'ad bin gone about ten minutes when we com'n away, an' I shouted, 'Are ter comin', Walt?' an' 'e said, 'Go on, Ah shanna be but a'ef a minnit,' so we com'n ter th' bottom, me an' Bowers, thinkin' as 'e wor just behint, an' 'ud come up i' th' next bantle——"

He stood perplexed, as if answering a charge of deserting his mate. Elizabeth Bates, now again certain of disaster, hastened to reassure him:

"I expect 'e's gone up to th' 'Yew Tree,' as you say. It's not the first time. I've fretted myself into a fever before now. He'll come home when they carry him."

"Ay, isn't it too bad!" deplored the other woman.

"I'll just step up to Dick's an' see if 'e *is* theer," offered the man, afraid of appearing alarmed, afraid of taking liberties.

"Oh, I wouldn't think of bothering you that far," said Elizabeth Bates, with emphasis, but he knew she was glad of his offer.

As they stumbled up the entry, Elizabeth Bates heard Rigley's wife run across the yard and open her neighbour's door. At this, suddenly all the blood in her body seemed to switch away from her heart.

"Mind!" warned Rigley. "Ah've said many a time as Ah'd fill up them ruts in this entry, sumb'dy 'll be breakin' their legs yit."

She recovered herself and walked quickly along with the miner.

"I don't like leaving the children in bed, and nobody in the house," she said.

"No, you dunna!" he replied courteously. They were soon at the gate of the cottage.

"Well, I shanna be many minutes. Dunna thee be frettin' now, 'e'll be all right," said the butty.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Rigley," she replied.

"It's a' right—dunna mention it—you quite welcome!" he stammered, moving away. "I shanna be many minnits."

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The house was quiet. Elizabeth Bates took off her hat and shawl, and rolled back the rug. When she had finished, she sat down. It was a few minutes past nine. She was startled by the rapid chuff of the winding-engine at the pit, and the sharp whirl of the brakes on the rope as it descended. Again she felt the painful sweep of her blood, and she put her hand to her side, saying aloud, "Good gracious!—it's only the nine o'clock deputy going down," rebuking herself.

She sat still, listening. Half an hour of this, and she was wearied out.

"What am I working myself up like this for?" she said pitifully to herself, "I s'll only be doing myself some damage."

She took out her sewing again.

At a quarter to ten there were footsteps. One person! She watched for the door to open. It was an elderly woman, in a black bonnet and a black woollen shawl—his mother. This was a short woman of sixty or thereabouts, pale, with blue eyes, and her face all shapen to lines of old lament and self-pity. She shut the door and came straight to her daughter, putting her old hand on the other's strong, capable hands.

"Eh, Lizzie, whatever shall we do, whatever shall we do!" she wailed.

Elizabeth drew back a little, sharply.

"What is it, mother?" she said.

The elder woman went and seated herself on the sofa. The tears were running down the furrows which her old laments had left.

"I don't know, child, I can't tell you!"—she shook her head slowly and with despair. Elizabeth sat watching her, anxious and vexed.

"I don't know," replied the grandmother, sighing very deeply. "There's no end to my troubles, there isn't. The things I've gone through, and now this——!" She wept without wiping her eyes, the tears running freely.

"But mother," interrupted Elizabeth decisively. "What have you come to tell me? Let me know!"

The grandmother slowly wiped her eyes. The loose fountains of her tears were stopped by Elizabeth's sharpness. She wiped her eyes slowly.

"Poor child! Eh, you poor thing!" she wailed. "I don't know what we're going to do, I don't—and you as you are—it's an awful thing, it is indeed an awful thing!"

Elizabeth waited.

"Is he dead?" she asked, and at the words her heart swung

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violently, though she felt a slight flush of shame at the ultimate extravagance of the question. Her words sufficiently startled the old lady.

"Don't say so, Elizabeth! We'll hope it's not as bad as that; no, the Lord will spare us that, Elizabeth. Jack Rigley came just as I was sittin' down to a glass afore going to bed, an' 'e said, "'Appen you'll go down th' line, Mrs. Bates. Walt's had an accident. 'Appen you'll go an' sit wi' 'er till we can get him home.' I hadn't time to ask him a word afore he was gone. An' I put my bonnet on an' come straight down to you, Lizzie. I thought to myself, 'Eh, that poor blessed child, if anybody should come an' tell her of a sudden, there's no knowin' what'll 'appen to 'er.' You mustn't let it upset you, Lizzie—you mustn't, child. Think of that poor little thing as isn't here by six months—or is it five, Lizzie? Ay!"—the old woman shook her head—"time slips on, it slips on! Ay!"

Elizabeth's thoughts were busy elsewhere. If he was killed—would she be able to manage on the little pension and what she could earn?—she counted up rapidly. If he was hurt—they wouldn't take him to the hospital—how tiresome he would be to nurse!—but perhaps she'd be able to get him away from the drink and his hateful ways. She would—while he was ill. The tears came to her eyes at the picture. Then in thought she arose once more—he had killed her "sentiment"—and began to consider the children. At any rate she was absolutely necessary for them. She clung to the thought of the children.

"Ay!" repeated the old woman, "it seems but a week or two since he brought me his first wages. Ay—he was a good lad, Elizabeth, he was a good lad. I don't know—I don't know why he got to be such a trouble, I don't. He was a good lad at home, a dear lad. But there's no mistake he's been a handful of trouble, he has! I hope the Lord'll spare him to mend his ways. I hope so, I hope so. You've had a sight o' trouble with him, Elizabeth, you have indeed. But he was a good lad wi' me, he was, there's no denying. I don't know how it is . . ."

The old woman continued to muse aloud, a monotonous plaintive sound, while Elizabeth thought concentratedly, startled once, when she heard the winding-engine chuff quickly, and the brakes skirr with a shriek. Then she heard the engine more slowly, and the brakes made no sound. The old woman did not notice. Elizabeth waited in suspense. The mother-in-law talked, with lapses into silence.

"But he wasn't your son, Lizzie, an' it makes a difference.

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Whatever he was, I remember him when he was little, a dear little lad as ever you could wish to set eyes on."

It was half-past ten, and the old woman was saying: "You've nothing left—but trouble; and you're never too old for trouble, never too old for that——" when the gate banged back, and there were heavy feet on the steps.

"I'll go, Lizzie, let me go," cried the old woman, rising. But Elizabeth was at the door. It was a man in pit-clothes.

"They're bringin' 'im in, Missis," he said, simply. Elizabeth's heart halted a moment. Then it surged on again, almost suffocating her.

"Is he—is it bad?" she asked.

The man nodded and turned away, looking at the garden:

"The doctor says 'e'd been dead hours. 'E saw 'im i' th' lamp-cabin."

The old woman, who stood just behind Elizabeth, dropped into a chair, and folded her hands, crying: "Oh, my boy, my boy!"

"Hush!" said Elizabeth, with a sharp twitch of a frown. "Be still, mother, don't waken th' children: I wouldn't have them down for anything!"

The old woman moaned softly, rocking herself. The man was turning away. Elizabeth took a step forward.

"How was it?" she asked.

"Well, it wor like this," the man replied, very ill at ease. "'E wor finishin' a stint, an' th' butties 'ad gone, an' a lot o' stuff come down atop 'n 'im."

"And is he much—has it made a mess of him?" asked the widow, with a shudder.

"No," said the man, "it fell at th' back of 'im. 'E wor under th' face, tha sees, an' it niver touched 'im. It shut 'im in. 'E wor smothered."

Elizabeth shrank back. She heard the old woman behind her cry:

"What?—did 'e say 'e was suffocated?"

The man replied, more loudly: "Yes—that's 'ow it wor!"

Then the old woman wailed aloud, and this relieved Elizabeth.

"Oh, mother," she said, putting her arms round the old woman, "don't waken th' children, don't waken th' children."

She wept a little, while the old mother rocked herself and moaned. Elizabeth remembered that they were bringing him home, and she must be ready. "They'll lay him in the parlour," she said to herself, standing a moment pale and perplexed.

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Then she lighted a candle and went into the tiny room. The air was cold and damp, but she could not make a fire, there was no fireplace. She set down the candle and looked round. The candlelight glittered on the lustre-glasses, on the two vases that held some of the pink chrysanthemums, and on the dark mahogany. There was a cold, deathly smell of chrysanthemums in the room. Elizabeth stood looking at the flowers. She turned away, and calculated whether there would be room to lay him on the floor, between the couch and the chiffonier. She pushed the chairs aside. There would be room to lay him down and to step round him. Then she fetched the old red tablecloth, and another old cloth, spreading them down to save her bit of carpet. She shivered on leaving the parlour; so, from the dresser-drawer she took a clean shirt and put it at the fire to air. All the time her mother-in-law was rocking herself in the chair and moaning.

"You'll have to move from there, mother," said Elizabeth. "They'll be bringing him in. Come in the rocker."

The old mother rose mechanically, and seated herself by the fire, continuing to lament. Elizabeth went into the pantry for another candle, and there, in the little penthouse under the naked tiles, she heard them coming. She stood still in the pantry doorway, listening. She heard them pass the end of the house, and come awkwardly down the three steps, a jumble of shuffling footsteps and muttering voices. The old woman was silent. The men were in the yard.

Then Elizabeth heard Matthews, the manager of the pit, say: "You go in first, Jim. Mind!"

The door came open, and the two women saw a collier backing into the room, holding one end of a stretcher, on which they could see the nailed pit-boots of the dead man. The two carriers halted, the man at the head stooping at the lintel of the door.

"Wheer will you have him?" asked the manager, a short, white-bearded old man.

Elizabeth roused herself and came from the pantry carrying the unlighted candle.

"In the parlour," she said.

"In there, Jim!" pointed the manager, and the carriers backed round into the tiny room. The coat with which they had covered the body fell off as they awkwardly turned through the two doorways, and the women saw their man, naked to the waist, lying stripped for work. Immediately the old woman began to moan in a low voice, "My boy!"

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"Lay th' stretcher at th' side," snapped the manager, an' put 'im on th' cloths. Mind now, mind! Look you now——!"

One of the men had knocked off a vase of chrysanthemums. He stared awkwardly, then they set down the stretcher. Elizabeth did not look at her husband. As soon as she could get in the room, she went and picked up the broken vase and the flowers.

"Wait a minute!" she said.

The three men waited in silence while she mopped up the water with a duster.

"Eh, what a job, what a job, to be sure!" the manager was saying, rubbing his brow with trouble and perplexity. "Never knew such a thing in my life, never! They'd no business to ha' left 'im. I never knew such a thing in my life! Fell over him clean as a whistle, an' shut him in. Not ten feet of space, there wasn't—yet it never bruised him."

He looked down at the dead man, lying serene, half naked, all grimed with coal-dust.

"'Sphyxiated,' the doctor said. "I never knew anything like it. It seems as if it was done o' purpose. Clean over him, an' shut 'im in, like a vault"—he made a sweeping gesture with his hand.

"It *was* that!" corroborated one of the men.

They forced the horror of the thing upon the woman's imagination.

"Steady, Missis!" said the manager. "It's a bad job, I know it is, but——"

Then they heard the girl's voice upstairs calling shrilly: "Mother, mother—who is it? Mother, who is it?"

Elizabeth hurried to the foot of the stairs and opened the door:

"Go to sleep!" she commanded sharply. "What are you shouting about? Go to sleep at once—there's nothing——"

Then she began to mount the stairs. They could hear her on the boards, and on the plaster floor of the little bedroom. They could hear her distinctly:

"What's the matter now?—what's the matter with you, silly thing?"—her voice was much gentler than when she had called at the foot of the stairs.

"I thought it was some men come," said the plaintive voice of the child.

"They only brought your father home. There's nothing to make a fuss about. Go to sleep now, like a good child."

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They could imagine her smoothing the bedclothes over the shoulders of the soothed children.

"Is he drunk?" asked the girl, timidly, faintly.

"No! Don't be silly. He—he's asleep."

"Is he asleep downstairs?"

"Yes—and don't wake him."

There was silence for a moment, then the men heard the frightened child again:

"What's that noise? Is it him asleep?"

"Yes! He's all right, what are you bothering for?"

The noise was the grandmother moaning. She was quite oblivious of everything, sitting on her chair rocking and moaning. The manager put his hand on her arm and bade her "Sh—sh!!"

The old woman opened her eyes and looked at him. She was shocked by this interruption, so she became quiet.

"What time is it?"—the plaintive thin voice of the child, sinking back into sleep, asked this last question.

"Ten o'clock," answered the mother softly. Then she must have bent down and kissed the children.

Matthews beckoned to the men to come away. They put on their caps and took up the stretcher. Stepping over the body, they tiptoed out of the house. None of them spoke till they were far from the wakeful children.

When Elizabeth came down she found her mother alone on the parlour floor, with the face of her son between her hands, the tears dropping on him.

"We must lay him out," the wife whispered softly. She put on the kettle, then returning knelt at the feet, and began to unfasten the knotted leather laces. The room was very dim with only one candle, so that she had to bend her face almost to the floor. At last she got off the heavy boots and put them away. She pulled off his stockings, vexed by the knot of the dirty tape garter. Like most miners, he was fairly clean in his person, so that she was not ashamed for him. Elizabeth unfastened the leathern belt from round his waist.

"You must help me now," she whispered reverently to the old woman. Together they stripped the man.

When they arose, saw him lying in the reckless dignity of death, both women bowed in primeval awe, while the tears of motherhood rose in each. For a few moments they stood religiously silent. Then the mother-feeling prevailed. Elizabeth knelt down, put her arms round him, laid her cheek on his breast. He was still warm, for the mine was hot where he had died. His mother had his face between her hands, and

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was murmuring incoherently. The old tears fell in succession as drops from wet leaves; the woman was not weeping, merely her tears flowed. Elizabeth embraced the body of her husband, with cheek and lips. Suddenly she felt jealous that the mother held his head.

She rose, went into the kitchen, where she poured warm water into a bowl, brought soap and flannel and a soft towel.

"I must wash him," she said decisively.

Then the old mother rose stiffly, and watched Elizabeth as she gently washed his face, tenderly, as if he were a child, brushing the big blonde moustache from his mouth with the flannel. The old woman, jealous, said:

"Let me wipe him!"—and she kneeled on the other side drying slowly as Elizabeth washed, her big black bonnet sometimes brushing the dark head of her daughter. They worked thus in silence for a long time. Sometimes they forgot it was death, and the touch of the man's body gave them strange thrills, different in each of the women; secret thrills that made them turn one from the other, and left them with a keen sadness.

At last it was finished. He was a man of handsome figure and genial face, which showed no traces of the disfigurement of drink. He was blonde, full-fleshed, with fine round limbs.

"Bless him," whispered his mother, looking always at his face, "he looks as if he was just waking up. Dear lad—bless him!" She spoke in a faint, sibilant rapture.

Elizabeth sank down again to the floor, and put her face against his neck, and trembled and shuddered till she was tired. The old woman wept slow, noiseless tears, touching him, regarding him with endless fondness and unwearying interest.

"White as milk he is, clear as a twelve-month baby, bless him, the darling!" she whispered to herself. "Not a mark on him, clear and clean and white, beautiful as ever a child was made," she murmured with pride. Elizabeth kept her face hidden.

"He went peaceful, Lizzie—peaceful as sleep. Isn't it wonderful? You'd think he was smiling a bit. 'Appen he made it all right, Lizzie, shut in there. He'd have time. He wouldn't look like this if he hadn't made his peace. He's smiling a bit. Eh, but he used to have a hearty laugh. I loved to hear it. He's like he was when I had him, Lizzie. The heartiest laugh he had——"

Elizabeth looked up. The man's mouth was fallen back, slightly open under the cover of the moustache. The eyes,

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half shut, did not show glazed by the small candlelight. His wife looked at him. He seemed to be dreaming back, half awake. Life with its smoky burning gone from him, had left a purity and a candour like an adolescent's moulded upon his reverie. His intrinsic beauty was evident now. She had not been mistaken in him, as often she had bitterly confessed to herself she was. The beauty of his youth, of his eighteen years, of the time when life had settled on him, as in adolescence it settles on youth, bringing a mission to fulfil and equipment therefor, this beauty shone almost unstained again. It was this adolescent "he," the young man looking round to see which way, that Elizabeth had loved. He had come from the discipleship of youth, through the Pentecost of adolescence, pledged to keep with honour his own individuality, to be steadily and unquenchably himself, electing his own masters and serving them till the wages were won. He betrayed himself in his search for amusement. Let Education teach us to amuse ourselves, necessity will train us to work. Once out of the pit, there was nothing to interest this man. He sought the public-house, where, by paying the price of his own integrity, he found amusement; destroying the clamours for activity, because he knew not what form the activities might take. The miner turned miscreant to himself, easing the ache of dissatisfaction by destroying the part of him which ached. Little by little the recreant maimed and destroyed himself.

It was this recreant his wife had hated so bitterly, had fought against so strenuously. She had strove, all the years of his falling off, had strove with all her force to save the man she had known new-bucklered with beauty and strength. In a wild and bloody passion she fought the recreant. Now this lay killed, the clean young knight was brought home to her. Elizabeth bowed her head upon the body and wept.

She put her arms round him, kissed the smooth ripples below his breasts, bowed her forehead on him in submission. Faithful to her deeper sense of honour, she uttered no word of sorrow in her heart. Upright in soul are women, however they bow the swerving body. She owned the beauty of the blow.

And all the while her heart was bursting with grief and pity for him. What had he suffered? What stretch of horror for this helpless man! She wept herself almost in agony. She had not been able to help him. Never again would she be able to help him. It was grief unutterable to think that now all was over between them. Even if it were a case of meeting in the next world, he would not need her there; it would be

ODOUR OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS

different. She saw the great episode of her life closed with him, and grief was a passion. The old mother was hushed in awe. She, the elder, less honourable woman, had said: "She drives him to it, she makes him ten thousand times worse." But now the old mother bowed down in respect for the wife. As the passion of Elizabeth's grief grew more, the old woman shrank and tried to avoid it.

"Have you got his shirt, 'Lizabeth?"

Elizabeth wept without answering, though she strove to lull and recover. At last she rose and went into the kitchen. Returning:

"It is aired," she said, grasping the cotton shirt here and there to try. She was sorry to disturb him, but he could not lie naked. It was hard work to clothe him. He was so heavy and helpless, more helpless than a baby fallen heavily asleep. They had to struggle with him as if he were a rebellious child. This made Elizabeth's heart weep again.

Yet more joy was mixed in her emotion than she knew. He might have come home ugly, befouled, so that she would have had a loathly, strange creature to combat. Ah! how she had fought that him, the disfigured coward, which gradually replaced her man! How wise of death to be so silent! Even now her fear could not trust him to speak. Yet he was restored to her fair, unblemished, fresh as for the splendour of a fight.

Thoughts on Morals

By Frank Harris

MATTHEW ARNOLD is responsible for the superstition that the Jews had a special genius for morality and religion, and Huxley apparently accepted it.

"In the eighth century B.C., in the heart of a world of idolatrous polytheists, the Hebrew prophets put forth a conception of religion which appears to be as wonderful an inspiration of genius as the art of Pheidias or the science of Aristotle. 'And what does the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.'"

To the great agnostic this seemed "the perfect ideal of religion," the ultimate of human wisdom. It would be easy, however, to prove that the admonition was the personal utterance of some man of extraordinary talent; for assuredly a "love of mercy" was never a characteristic of the Jews. But the soul of the counsel is intensely Hebraic; it is all informed by fear, a dread of the Almighty whose tent is the Heavens, whose ways are through the great deep.

The spirit seems a little childish to us; a little unworthy. "To walk humbly" is not a becoming attitude for men. We have learned to love nature and enjoy its mystery and beauty without fear; storms and tempests do not terrify us; we study what is unknown with the assurance that before long we shall master the puzzle and the marvel of every new appearance will be transmuted into a symbol of service. On every hand we find evidence of our kinship with the spirit that made the world; ideas in the mind are laws of Nature and rule the motions of the stars. Not humbly; but with serene pride and confidence we give ourselves to the inflowing spirit; fear and prayer are alike offensive to us. We are not slaves or aliens; but sons and daughters of the House Beautiful, and our rules of conduct are all modified by the fact that we have come of age and are entered into our inheritance.

If happy confidence and not fear is the proper spirit in which

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to face the mystery of things ; if investigation and not prayer is the clue to the heart of the labyrinth then we should study religion and morals with the same detached curiosity which we give to crystals or gases.

Morals are to religion what a correct anatomy is to sculpture : if the skeleton is wrong the body cannot be beautiful. Let us begin then with a study of morals. In essence morals are nothing but laws of health, health of mind and health of body, and without showing ourselves unduly credulous we may accept the ordinary belief of investigators to-day that psychology is only a part of physiology, that the health of the mind depends on the health of the body and that this must always take precedence.

What is to be said of our modern morality, the rules of health which we are supposed to observe ? Not only are the laws uncoded ; but they are all at sixes and sevens. This precept is taken from Moses and that from Paul, a third from race-experience, while a fourth is picked up at haphazard. Let us try to bring some order into the chaos. Our morality is founded to some slight extent on the Hebraic code, and though we cannot accept the Jews as inspired guides, it will not be denied that they devoted time and thought to morals and their emotional sanction. Leviticus shows how earnestly they had studied the rules of health, how anxious they were to arrive at a scientific dietary, and we can often find some reason in the nature of things for their peculiar ordinances.

They forbid one to eat pork and they forbid one to eat blood, and we have learned that pork is hard to digest and we usually recommend it to be eaten very seldom even in winter and only by those given to hard bodily labour. We admit at once that it is not a commendable article of ordinary diet in a hot climate. And though we have found no physiological reason why we should eschew blood, yet probably because of the Jewish prohibition blood is very little eaten amongst us ; though both Frenchmen and Germans consume a good deal of it without ill effects. Again when the Mosaic law forbids us to eat fish without scales, we admit that such fish are often unhealthy, particularly in a hot climate, and content ourselves with using mackerel even and shellfish very sparingly.

In the same way we study the Mosaic commendations. When we are informed that we may eat "the locust after his kind . . . and the beetle after his kind and the grasshopper after his kind," we gulp down our disgust and murmur that the moralist was writing in Palestine under primitive con-

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ditions for a pastoral people. Clearly the Hebraic precepts are not binding on us; nor in themselves perhaps very admirable. They were tentative, we say, and far too harsh; we do not condemn the adulteress to death nor burn the daughters of a priest for high-living.

The peculiarity of the old Jewish morality is its barbarous severity. The penalties are excessive, much more severe than *the penalties founded in the nature of things*, which we do well to remember though perhaps not to imitate. This is one of the difficulties. Nature punishes us as we know; are we justified in forestalling her sentences? "Let him that is without sin among you first cast the stone" seems to me decisive. The criminal is apt to move me to pity, while the judge invariably excites contempt or indignation. But however we may decide, it is certain that for many a long year to come society will punish breaches of its code with a relentless severity which has no intimate relation to equity.

We must, however, take Nature's punishments into consideration, for they lie at the root of morals. "The punishment of sin is death," said the Jew, and "the iniquity of the father is visited on the children to the third and fourth generation." The Greek was just as convinced that the punishment was unavoidable: *Τὸ δρᾶσαντι παθεῖν*—"the man who has sinned shall suffer," says Æschylus.

There can be no doubt that Nature does punish with suffering in some rough proportion to the offence and with death as the ultimate penalty. In many cases the suffering does not work itself out even by the fourth generation, but goes on and on till pain and weakness are finally merged in merciful oblivion. But in spite of this relentlessness, Nature is no Rhadamanthus: she has her favourites and shows all manner of kindness to her loved ones.

This is the heart of the new Gospel; we take our cue from Nature; and Nature has no liking for your Sunday-school scholar or your ascetic; she treats the pulse-eater and the Pharisee, the flagellator, and formalist a little more harshly than she treats the profligate or the happy-go-lucky. The deep-breasted Mother, indeed, shows a distinct preference for the rich generous hot-blooded vigorous personalities who scatter abroad sins and seeds, sense and nonsense out of the exuberance of health and youth, and she forgives her favourites their transgressions again and again, warning them now with headaches and now with heart-sinkings of the danger of evil courses.

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Here we come to the dividing-line between the old code and the new: morals don't belong to statics at all as the Jews imagined; but to dynamics; that is, there is no universal law or rule with a penalty indubitably attached. The rule is general; the exceptions numerous; the punishment like the fault is all a question of the individual, and is in intimate relation to his health and strength. The vigorous man may eat too much and yet transmute his food into extra force; or he may eat what disagrees with him and yet hardly be conscious of his offence.

The weak, on the other hand, will suffer out of measure for all mistakes. In this matter of health, "he that hath to him shall be given; and he that hath not from him shall be taken even that which he hath." In brief, "one man's food is another man's poison." Wine, though injurious to eight out of ten, may be good for the ninth and save the life of the tenth. The law is only a counsel for guidance; the penalty may often be avoided. The fact is the individual man or woman should study his or her own nature and use such suggestions of the code as they find salutary.

But how can we arrive at a natural code, a code in close conformity with the nature of things? Let us see if a modern comparison will help us.

The rise of the Japanese to power is not only the most important political event which modern Europe has known; but also the most important moral event. Here is a people whose virtue, in the ordinary sense of the word, has commanded the admiration of all civilised peoples, whose morality is as different from ours as chalk is from cheese. What we have regarded as vital—that sex morality so dear to our Germanic strain—they smile at as indifferent; what we regard as negligible, such as a daily hot bath, they insist is essential, and yet their moral health and strength can no more be disputed than their physical vigour. They have proved their astonishing fitness beyond doubt in a series of desperate trials and, finally, in a life-and-death struggle with one of the strongest of European Powers. Clearly then a study of the Japanese code of morals may help us to arrive at some definite conclusions on the matter.

One of the great Japanese papers, the *Fiji Shimpō*, has just published a series of twelve precepts or commandments, which it puts forward for universal acceptance, and strange to say these admonitions like the Jewish Commandments, have for sanction, length of days. The Japanese paper assures its

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readers that by observing these moral rules they may live to be two hundred years old.

Whether the prize is worthy of the effort must be a question for the individual. The majority of men are inclined to think that even a gluttonous appetite should be satisfied with a hundred years of living ; while some of us hope that as soon as our mental faculties deteriorate we may be allowed to rest from our labours and find peace in the grave.

There can be no doubt, however, that the majority of these Japanese rules are nearer scientific exactitude than the rules of Moses or than the ordinary practice of modern English life.

Here are the Japanese commandments :

- (1) *Spend as much time as possible in the open air.*
- (2) *Never eat meat more than once a day.*
- (3) *Take a very hot bath daily.*
- (4) *Wear rough warm clothes.*
- (5) *Early to bed and early to rise.**
- (6) *Sleep at least six hours each night and at most seven and a half in a dark room with open windows.*
- (7) *Rest on the seventh day and during that day do not read or write.*
- (8) *Avoid every expression of anger : never exercise the brain too much or too long.*
- (9) *Marry early ; widows and widowers should remarry as soon as possible.*
- (10) *Drink coffee and tea in strictest moderation : do not smoke at all : and never touch alcohol in any form.*
- (11) *Avoid hot rooms and, indeed, all rooms heated artificially.*
- (12) *In order to strengthen such organs as may be weakened by age or use, nourish yourself on the corresponding organs of animals.*

Most of these precepts are excellent and of general if not of universal acceptance. Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and even 11, that is, nine out of the twelve, can be regarded as counsels of perfection for everyday use. On the other hand number 12 is manifestly childish : one does not strengthen the stomach by eating the stomach of a cow or a rabbit or hen, nor one's

* These two precepts (5) and (6) should be compared with the old French rhyme :

Lever à six, diner à dix
Souper à six, coucher à dix
Fait vivre l'homme dix fois dix.

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skin by eating the hide of bull or lamb. Number 12 may be rejected *in toto* or left to Dr. Brown-Sequard and his benighted followers.

Number 3 comes under a different head. A few years ago it was the practice of doctors in England to recommend a cold tub daily. Prizefighters and athletes were the first, I believe, to modify the unpleasant recommendation. They used massage and dry rubbing in preference to cold dips or douches. It may be laid down as an axiom that all persons with weak circulation or feeble heart-action or those inclined to rheumatism should eschew cold baths and inordinately hot baths, too, though these latter are less likely to be injurious. Number 3 then can be accepted in a general form: "take a warm bath daily," or even more generally, "take care to keep the pores of the skin open either by friction or by bathing or by both."

Number 2 is also to be accepted with some modifications. In northern climates it may be advisable for those who are taking much bodily exercise to eat meat twice or even thrice daily at any rate in youth and early manhood. But in temperate climates the Jap rule is an excellent one even for young people, and as soon as a man or woman reaches forty the rule should be made more stringent. After forty meat should only be eaten rarely, say, twice or thrice a week; fish being substituted for it, and after fifty it will probably be found salutary to eschew meat altogether in the vast majority of cases.

It will hardly be disputed that these Japanese precepts come much nearer the ideal code than the Hebraic Commandments. They are at once more reasonable, more salutary and more natural, and because they are better suited to human nature they find more sanction in themselves and need less external or, shall we say superhuman, sanction? They are not taken from the mouth of God by a great man and written on tables of stone; they are the slow inductions of many millions of experiences and are written perdurably in our human flesh.

They are democratic and amiable too; they do not frame themselves as orders coming from above, but as advice and admonition from counsellors well disposed to men who regard human frailties with kindly tolerant eyes.

But, it may be asked, and, indeed, should be asked, will this code or any such code ever be touched by emotion and become religious? or, in other words, will it ever win such sanction

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as to enforce its more disagreeable provisions on just those natures who find it most difficult to follow such advice ?

First of all it is plain that if this code or some rational code like it be established and approved, and if it be verily an exact image or *replica* of the law as founded in the nature of things, then the transgressors of it will inevitably be punished ; that is, they or their descendants will in process of time fade out of life and so the number of those who do not accept the law will tend continually to diminish. The punishment of sin is, indeed, death. This unavoidable effect would alone, one imagines, be sufficient in time to clothe the rule with sacred emotional sanction.

Then, too, if the rule be good, those who use it will profit by it in health and in the pleasures of healthy living as soon as they begin seriously to put it in practice. The rule makes for health and joy and efficiency and all who study what pertains to their peace will respect it, and such respect will in time grow to reverence.

Yet I would not have the rule clothed with idolatrous observance ; it is possible to respect the law too much ; whoever reverences the established truth is apt to hate new light and be an enemy of new wisdom.

At long last we men are coming in view of a rational code of morals and a natural religion and all over Christendom reformers and innovators are able to point to Japan and the secular practice of the great Japanese people as proof positive that the restrictions and self-denials of the Puritans and of those who hate the body and bodily functions have no deeper root than the folly of fanaticism.

"Marry early and marry often," say the Japanese euphemistically, and Montaigne tells us that love should occupy the years of youth—"the next years after childhood." Aristotle talks a great deal of obvious twaddle about moderation as the rule of virtue ; but the Italian proverb *Peccato di carne non è peccato* (the sins of the flesh are not sins) has a good deal to say for itself. It is certain that a little excess in youth in the gratification of natural desire is less harmful than the abstinence generally recommended in England.

In maturity, on the other hand, artists and those given to severe mental labour will find in complete abstinence a renewal of vigour. Balzac declared that nothing but periods of monkish self-denial gave him the power necessary to produce masterpieces. There is no general law, but the French proverb *une fois n'est pas coutume*, is valuable. Temporary excesses are not harmful ;

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sometimes, indeed, they are positively beneficial. Our vagrant nature is impatient of rigid limits.

And the tolerance already accorded to one sex should be extended to the other. Indeed, were it not for the inconvenience and danger of maternity it would hardly be denied that love and passion and all the myriad consequence of love are more natural in woman than in man and should be regarded with even greater leniency.

Every code of morals will have to take into account peculiarities of race. For instance, English boys, as a rule, take too much physical exercise. They overdevelop the muscles of the legs and injure the heart by excessive running and jumping and football. The muscles of the arms and torso should be developed in a gymnasium and the youths should be guarded against over-exertion or strain. English boys are often over-developed to such an extent that as soon as youth is passed the mere sustenance of the large muscles involves an undue strain on the organism. It is a truism that great athletes usually die young.

The mental training of English schools is in an infinitely worse state than the bodily training. The fault in the physical discipline is that it is partial and ill-balanced, but the desire of perfection is there and needs only to be restrained and regulated. Mental training, on the other hand, is in its infancy: in the class-room memories are developed and minds dwarfed. Young boys are crammed with books like chickens tube-fed beyond power of assimilation. The majority of them are content to parrot the thoughts of other men from youth to senility.

And the incidental training of boyish companionship is even worse: everywhere there reigns a despotism of snobbish opinion which is soul-destroying, and an idiot prejudice against originality of any sort which is encouraged by the authorities. It is "bad-form" to write well or to speak foreign languages well: it is "bad-form" even to speak English correctly, and our noble language is degraded into a meaningless jargon of slang less articulate than the "clicks" of Kaffir savages. Yet English public schools are praised by snobs and parasites who find it "bad-form" to differ in any way from the dead-level of mediocrity. In no English school is one encouraged to think for oneself, and an original opinion, or even an opinion that is not an opinion of the governing caste, is taboo. This vulgar love of uniformity is so cherished in England that one recognises a public-school boy by his mind as easily as by his dress. He shudders at "anarchy" or "socialism," or "science" or

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"free-thought" or "democracy" or "poverty" as nervously as he avoids trousers that are not turned up in fine weather. His soul even is prostituted to convention and has an inborn respect for Sunday clothes and Sunday behaviour.

It would almost seem as if a large measure of political and personal liberty were only to be purchased with a tame conventionality of thought and as if the boldest adventurers, robbers, and colonisers of the modern world sprang from a race in love with a sheepish uniformity of conduct.

But the idea beckons, a light fixed high above racial peculiarities or compensations.

Boys, and especially English boys, should be taught to question everything and to deny whatever is of current acceptance. By rejecting old truths we bottom them or discover better.

The first commandment is: be yourself; never conform; be proud of yourself and wilful; for there is no one in the world like you nor ever has been, and your unlikeness to all others is the reason of your existence, and its solitary justification. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his *own* soul?

The second commandment is a corollary of the first: find out wherein you excel naturally and with the most ease and make that quality your breadwinner. If you have a good head you will soon turn your craft into an art, and if you happen to have one of the best heads, whatever you do you will do with mastery and find in it the likeness to everything in this world that is well done. You, too, will be one of the Creators.

Let no one imagine that these counsels are of vain conceit: each new generation is trained to servile respect for the preceding generation and for authority; but the subservience is ridiculous and unnatural. I am full of respect, not for the past wave of being but for the coming wave, for the young and not for the old. In truth the youngest born of Time are the oldest: they have a longer experience to draw on than their fathers possessed: they are the embodied wisdom of all the past, the favourites of Fortune, the lords of Creation. All creatures must come to them to be named and accorded their proper place in the hierarchy. What is Socrates to you or Jesus or Paul or Shakespeare if he cannot quicken you to new power, and in measure as he quickens you, you shall accord him honour. If the greatest can teach you this and that, is there no deep lesson you have learned from life which you can teach them?

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As all reputations are re-valued by every new generation, or rather by every original man, so morals too should be remoulded, brought a little nearer Nature's law in this particular or in that: every new generation too should add a new Chapter to religion, some new verse to the great Bible of Humanity.

Under Western Eyes*

By Joseph Conrad

PART THIRD. III

RAZUMOV, thus left to himself, took the direction of the gate. But on this day of many conversations, he discovered that very probably he could not leave the grounds without having to hold another one.

Stepping in view from beyond the lodge appeared the expected visitors of Peter Ivanovitch, in a small party composed of two men and a woman. They noticed him too, immediately, and stopped short as if to consult. But in a moment the woman, moving aside, motioned with her arm to the two men, who, leaving the drive at once, struck across the large neglected lawn, or rather grass-plot, and made directly for the house. The woman remained on the path waiting for Razumov's approach. She had recognised him. He, too, had recognised her at the first glance. He had been made known to her at Zürich, where he had broken his journey while on his way from Dresden. They had been much together for the three days of his stay.

She was wearing the very same costume in which he had seen her first. A blouse of crimson silk made her noticeable at a distance. With that she wore a short brown skirt and a leather belt. Her complexion was the colour of coffee and milk, but very clear; her eyes black and glittering, her figure erect. A lot of thick hair, nearly white, was done up loosely under a dusty Tyrolese hat of dark cloth, which seemed to have lost some of its trimmings.

The expression of her face was grave, intent; so grave that Razumov, after approaching her close, felt obliged to smile. She greeted him with a manly hand-grasp.

"What? Are you going away?" she exclaimed. "How is that, Razumov?"

"I am going away because I haven't been asked to stay,"

* Copyright 1911.

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Razumov answered, returning the pressure of her hand with much less force than she had put into it.

She jerked her head sideways like one who understands. Meantime Razumov's eyes had strayed after the two men. They were crossing the grass-plot obliquely, without haste. The shorter of the two was buttoned up in a narrow overcoat of some thin grey material, which came nearly to his heels. His companion, much taller and broader, wore a short, close-fitting jacket and tight trousers tucked into shabby top-boots.

The woman, who had sent them out of Razumov's way apparently, spoke in a businesslike voice.

"I had to come rushing from Zürich on purpose to meet the train and take these two along here to see Peter Ivanovitch. I've just managed it."

"Ah! indeed," Razumov said perfunctorily, and very vexed at her staying behind to talk to him. "From Zürich—yes, of course. And these two, they come from . . ."

She interrupted, without emphasis:

"From quite another direction. From a distance, too. A considerable distance."

Razumov shrugged his shoulders. The two men from a distance, after having reached the wall of the terrace, disappeared suddenly at its foot as if the earth had opened to swallow them up.

"Oh, well, they have just come from America." The woman in the crimson blouse shrugged her shoulders too a little before making that statement. "The time is drawing near," she interjected, as if speaking to herself. "I did not tell them who you were. Yakovlitch would have wanted to embrace you."

"Is that he with the wisp of hair hanging from his chin, in the long coat?"

"You've guessed aright. That's Yakovlitch."

"And they could not find their way here from the station without you coming on purpose from Zürich to show it to them. Verily, without women we can do nothing. So it stands written and apparently so it is."

He was conscious of an immense lassitude under his effort to be sarcastic. And he could see that she had detected it with those steady, brilliant black eyes.

"What is the matter with you?"

"I don't know. Nothing. I've had a devil of a day."

She waited, with her black eyes fixed on his face. Then:

"What of that? You men are so impressionable and

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self-conscious. One day is like another, hard, hard—and there's an end of it, till the great day comes. I came over for a very good reason. They wrote to warn Peter Ivanovitch of their arrival. But where from? Only from Cherbourg on a bit of ship's notepaper. Anybody could have done that. Yakovlitch has lived for years and years in America. I am the only one at hand who had known him well in the old days. I knew him very well indeed. So Peter Ivanovitch telegraphed, asking me to come. It's natural enough, is it not?"

"You came to vouch for his identity?" inquired Razumov.

"Yes. Something of the kind. Fifteen years of a life like his make changes in a man. Lonely, like a crow in a strange country. When I think of Yakovlitch before he went to America——"

The softness of the low tone of these words caused Razumov to glance at her sideways. The black eyes were looking away; she had plunged the fingers of her right hand deep into the mass of nearly white hair, and stirred them there absently. When she withdrew her hand the little hat perched on the top of her head remained slightly tilted, with a queer inquisitive effect, contrasting strongly with the reminiscent murmur that escaped her.

"We were not in our first youth even then. But a man is a child always."

Razumov thought suddenly: "They have been living together." Then aloud:

"Why didn't you follow him to America?" he asked point blank.

She looked up at him with a perturbed air.

"Don't you remember what was going on fifteen years ago? It was a time of activity. The Revolution has its history by this time. You are in it and yet you don't seem to know it. Yakovlitch went away then on a mission; I went back to Russia. It had to be so. Afterwards there was nothing for him to come back to."

"Ah! indeed," muttered Razumov, with affected surprise. "Nothing!"

"What are you trying to insinuate?" she exclaimed quickly. "Well, and what then if he did get discouraged a little . . ."

"He looks like a Yankee, with that goatee hanging from his chin. A regular Uncle Sam," growled Razumov. "Well, and you? You who went to Russia? You did not get discouraged."

"Never mind. Yakovlitch is a man who cannot be doubted. He, at any rate, is the right sort."

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Her black penetrating gaze remained fixed upon Razumov, while she spoke and for a moment afterwards.

"Pardon me," Razumov inquired coldly, "but does it mean that you, for instance, think that I am not the right sort?"

She made no protest, gave no sign of having heard the question; she continued looking at him in a manner which he judged not to be absolutely unfriendly. In Zürich when he passed through she had taken him under her charge, in a way, and was with him from morning till night during his stay of two days. She took him round to see several people. At first she talked to him a great deal and rather unreservedly, but always avoiding strictly all reference to herself; towards the middle of the second day she fell silent, attending him zealously as before, and even seeing him off at the railway station, where she pressed his hand firmly through the lowered carriage window, and, stepping back without a word, waited till the train moved. He had noticed that she was treated with quiet regard. He knew nothing of her parentage, nothing of her private history or political record; he judged her from his own private point of view, as being a distinct danger in his path. Judged is not perhaps the right word. It was more of a feeling, the summing up of slight impressions aided by the discovery that he could not despise her as he despised all the others. He had not expected to see her again so soon.

No, decidedly; her expression was not unfriendly. Yet he perceived an acceleration in the beat of his heart. The conversation could not be abandoned at that point. He went on in accents of scrupulous inquiry.

"Is it perhaps because I don't seem to accept blindly every development of the general doctrine—such for instance as the feminism of our great Peter Ivanovitch? If that is what makes me suspect, then I can only say I would scorn to be a slave even to an idea."

She had been looking at him all the time, not as a listener looks at one, but as if the words he chose to say were only of secondary interest. When he finished she slipped her hand, by a sudden and decided movement, under his arm and impelled him gently towards the gate of the grounds. He felt her firmness and obeyed the impulsion at once, just as the other two men had, a moment before, obeyed unquestioningly the wave of her hand.

They made a few steps like this.

"No, Razumov, your ideas are probably all right," she said. "You may be valuable—very valuable. What's the matter with you is that you don't like us."

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She released him. He met her with a frosty smile.

"Am I expected then to have love as well as convictions?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You know very well what I mean. People have been thinking you not quite whole-hearted. I have heard that opinion from one side and another. But I have understood you at the end of the first day . . ."

Razumov interrupted her, speaking steadily.

"I assure you that your perspicacity is at fault here."

"What phrases he uses," she exclaimed parenthetically. "Ah! Kirylo Sidorovitch, you like other men are fastidious, full of self-love and afraid of trifles. Moreover, you had no training. What you want is to be taken in hand by some woman. I am sorry I am not staying here a few days. I am going back to Zürich to-morrow, and shall take Yakovlitch with me most likely."

This information relieved Razumov.

"I am sorry too," he said. "But all the same, I don't think you understand me."

He breathed more freely; she did not protest, but asked: "And how did you get on with Peter Ivanovitch? You have seen a good deal of each other. How is it between you two?"

Not knowing what answer to make the young man inclined his head slowly.

Her lips had been parted in expectation. She pressed them together, and seemed to reflect.

"That's all right."

This had a sound of finality, but she did not leave him. It was impossible to guess what she had in her mind. Razumov muttered:

"It is not me that you should have asked that question. In a moment you shall see Peter Ivanovitch himself, and the subject will come up naturally. He will be curious to know what has delayed you so long in this garden."

"No doubt Peter Ivanovitch shall have something to say to me. Several things. He may even speak of you—question me. Peter Ivanovitch is inclined to trust me generally."

"Question you? That's very likely."

She smiled, half serious.

"Well—and what shall I say to him?"

"I don't know. You may tell him of your discovery."

"What's that?"

"Why—my lack of love for . . ."

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"Oh! That's between ourselves," she interrupted, it was hard to say whether in jest or earnest.

"I see that you want to tell Peter Ivanovitch something in my favour," said Razumov, with grim playfulness. "Well, then, you can tell him that I am very much in earnest about my mission. I mean to succeed."

"You have been given a mission," she exclaimed quickly.

"It amounts to that. I have been told to bring about a certain event."

She looked at him searchingly.

"A mission," she repeated, very grave and interested all at once. "What sort of mission?"

"Something in the nature of propaganda work."

"Ah! Far away from here?"

"No. Not very far," said Razumov, restraining a sudden desire to laugh, though he did not feel joyous in the least.

"So!" she said thoughtfully. "Well, I am not asking questions. It's sufficient that Peter Ivanovitch should know what each of us is doing. Everything is bound to come right in the end."

"You think so?"

"I don't think, young man. I just simply believe it."

"And is it to Peter Ivanovitch that you owe that faith?"

She did not answer the question, and they stood idle, silent, as if reluctant to part with each other.

"That's just like a man," she murmured at last. "As if it were possible to tell how a belief comes to one." Her thin Mephistophelean eyebrows moved a little. "Truly there are millions of people in Russia who would envy the life of dogs in this country. It is a horror and a shame to confess this even between ourselves. One must believe for very pity. This can't go on. No! It can't go on. For twenty years I have been coming and going, looking neither to the left nor to the right. . . . What are you smiling to yourself for? You are only at the beginning. You have begun well, but you just wait till you have trodden every particle of yourself under your feet in your comings and goings. For that is what it comes to. You've got to trample down every particle of your own feelings; for to stop you cannot, you must not. I have been young, too—but perhaps you think that I am complaining—eh?"

"I don't think anything of the sort," protested Razumov indifferently.

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"I dare say you don't, you dear superior creature. You don't care."

She plunged her fingers into the bunch of hair on the left side, and that brusque movement had the effect of setting the Tyrolese hat straight on her head. She frowned under it without animosity, in the manner of an investigator. Razumov averted his face carelessly.

"You men are all alike. You mistake luck for merit. You do it in good faith too! I would not be too hard on you. It's masculine nature. You men are ridiculously pitiful in your aptitude to cherish childish illusions down to the very grave. There is a lot of us who have been at work for fifteen years—I mean constantly—trying one way after another, underground and above ground, looking neither to the right nor to the left! I can talk about it. I have been one of these that never rested. . . . There! What's the use of talking. . . . Look at my grey hairs! And here two babies come along—I mean you and Haldin—you come along and manage to strike a blow at the very first try."

At the name of Haldin falling from the rapid and energetic lips of the woman revolutionist, Razumov had the usual brusque consciousness of the irrevocable. But in all the months which had passed over his head he had become hardened to the experience. The consciousness was no longer accompanied by the blank dismay and the blind anger of the early days. He had argued himself into new beliefs; and he had made for himself a mental atmosphere of gloomy and sardonic reverie, a sort of murky medium through which the event appeared like a featureless shadow having vaguely the shape of a man; a shape extremely familiar yet utterly inexpressive, except for its air of discreet waiting in the dusk. It was not alarming.

"What was *he* like?" the woman revolutionist asked unexpectedly.

"What was he like?" echoed Razumov, making a painful effort not to turn upon her savagely. But he relieved himself by laughing a little while he stole a glance at her out of the corners of his eyes. This reception of her inquiry disturbed her.

"How like a woman," he went on. "What is the good of concerning yourself with his appearance. Whatever it was, he is removed beyond all feminine influences now."

A frown, making three folds at the root of her nose, accentuated the Mephistophelean slant of her eyebrows.

"You suffer, Razumov," she suggested in her low confident voice.

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"What nonsense!" Razumov faced the woman fairly. "But now I think of it, I am not sure that he is beyond the influence of one woman at least; the one over there—Mme. de S——, you know. Formerly the dead were allowed to rest, but now it seems they are at the beck and call of a crazy old harriidan. We revolutionists make wonderful discoveries. It is true that they are not exactly our own. We have nothing of our own. But couldn't the friend of Peter Ivanovitch satisfy your feminine curiosity? Couldn't she conjure him up for you?"—he jested like a man in pain.

Her concentrated frowning expression relaxed, and she said a little wearily: "Let us hope she will make an effort and conjure up some tea for us. But that is by no means certain. I am tired, Razumov."

"You tired! What a confession! Well, there has been tea up there. I had some. If you hurry on after Yakovlitch, instead of wasting your time with such an unsatisfactory sceptical person as myself, you may find the ghost of it—the cold ghost of it—still lingering in the temple. But as to you being tired I can hardly believe it. We are not supposed to be. We mustn't. We can't. The other day I read in some paper or other an alarmist article on the tireless activity of the revolutionary parties. It impresses the world. It's our prestige."

"He flings out continually these flouts and sneers"; the woman in the crimson blouse spoke as if appealing quietly to a third person, but her black eyes never left Razumov's face. "And what for, pray? Simply because some of his conventional notions are shocked, some of his petty masculine standards. You might think he was one of these nervous sensitives that come to a bad end. And yet," she went on, after a short reflective pause and changing the mode of her address, "and yet I know something which makes me think that you are a man of character, Kirylo Sidorovitch. Yes! indeed—I know."

There was something mysteriously positive in this assertion which startled Razumov. Their eyes met. He looked away and, through the bars of the rusty gate, stared at the clean wide road shaded by the leafy trees. An electric tramcar, quite empty, ran along the avenue with a metallic rustle. It seemed to him he would have given anything to be sitting inside all alone. He was inexpressibly weary, weary in every fibre of his body, but he had a reason for not being the first to break off the conversation. At any instant, in the visionary and criminal babble of revolutionists, some momentous words

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might fall on his ear ; from her lips, from anybody's lips. As long as he managed to preserve a clear mind and to keep down his irritability there was nothing to fear. The only condition of success and safety was indomitable will-power, he reminded himself.

He longed to be on the other side of the bars, as though he were actually a prisoner within the grounds of this centre of revolutionary plots, of this house of folly, of blindness, of villainy and crime. Silently he indulged his wounded spirit in a feeling of immense moral and mental remoteness. He did not even smile when he heard her repeat the words :

"Yes ! A strong character."

He continued to gaze through the bars like a moody prisoner, not thinking of escape but merely pondering upon the faded memories of freedom.

"If you don't look out," he mumbled, still looking away, "you shall certainly miss seeing as much as the mere ghost of that tea."

She was not to be shaken off in such a way. As a matter of fact he had not expected to succeed.

"Never mind, it will be no great loss. I mean the missing of her tea and only the ghost of it at that. As to the lady, you must understand that she has her positive uses. See *that*, Razumov."

He turned his head at this imperative appeal and saw the woman revolutionist making the motions of counting money into the palm of her hand.

"That's what it is. You see ?"

Razumov uttered a slow "I see," and returned to his prisoner-like gazing upon the neat and shady road.

"Material means must be obtained in some way, and this is easier than breaking into banks. More certain too. There ! I am joking . . . What is he muttering to himself now ?" she cried under her breath.

"My admiration of Peter Ivanovitch's devoted self-sacrifice, that's all. It's enough to make one sick."

"Oh, you squeamish, masculine creature. Sick ! Makes him sick ! And what do you know of the truth of it ? There's no looking into the secrets of the heart. Peter Ivanovitch knew her years ago, in his worldly days, when he was a young officer in the Guards. It is not for us to judge an inspired person. That's where you men have an advantage. You are inspired sometimes both in thought and action. I have always admitted that when you *are* inspired, when you manage to throw

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off your masculine cowardice and prudishness you are not to be equalled by us. Only, how seldom . . . Whereas the silliest woman can always be made of use. And why? Because we have passion, unappeasable passion . . . I should like to know what he is smiling at?"

"I am not smiling," protested Razumov gloomily.

"Well! How is one to call it? You made some sort of face. Yes, I know! You men can love here and hate there and desire something or other—and you make a great to-do about it, and you call it passion! Yes! While it lasts. But we women are in love with love, and with hate, with these very things I tell you, and with desire itself. That's why we can't be bribed off so easily as you men. In life, you see, there is not much choice. You have either to rot or to burn. And there is not one of us, painted or unpainted, that would not rather burn than rot."

She spoke with energy but in a matter-of-fact tone. Razumov's attention had wandered away on a track of its own—outside the bars of the gate—but not out of earshot. He stuck his hands into the pockets of his coat.

"Rot or burn! Powerfully stated. Painted or unpainted. Very vigorous. Painted or . . . Do tell me—she would be infernally jealous of him, wouldn't she?"

"Who? What? The Baroness? Eleanor Maximovna? Jealous of Peter Ivanovitch? Heavens! Are these the questions the man's mind is running on? Such a thing is not to be thought of."

"Why? Can't a wealthy old woman be jealous? Or, are they all pure spirits together?"

"But what put it into your head to ask such a question?" she wondered.

"Nothing. I just asked. Masculine frivolity if you like."

"I don't like," she retorted at once. "It is not the time to be frivolous. What are you flinging your very heart against? Or perhaps you are only playing a part."

Razumov had felt that woman's observation of him like a physical contact, like a hand resting lightly on his shoulder. At that moment he received the mysterious impression of her having made up her mind for a closer grip. He stiffened himself inwardly to bear it without betraying himself.

"Playing a part," he repeated, presenting to her an unmoved profile. "It must be done very badly since you see through the assumption."

She watched him, her forehead drawn into perpendicular

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fold, the thin black eyebrows diverging upwards like the antennæ of an insect. He added hardly audibly:

"You are mistaken. I am doing it no more than the rest of us."

"Who is doing it?" she snapped out.

"Who? Everybody," he said impatiently. "You are a materialist, aren't you?"

"Eh! My dear soul, I have outlived all that nonsense."

"But you must remember the definition of Cabanis: 'Man is a digestive tube.' I imagine now . . ."

"I spit on him."

"What? On Cabanis? All right. But you can't ignore the importance of a good digestion. The joy of life—you know the joy of life?—depends on a sound stomach, whereas a bad digestion inclines one to scepticism, breeds black fancies and thoughts of death. These are facts ascertained by physiologists. Well, I assure you that ever since I came over from Russia I have been stuffed with indigestible foreign concoctions of the most nauseating kind—pah!"

"You are joking," she murmured incredulously. He assented in a detached way.

"Yes. It is all a joke. It's hardly worth while talking to a man like me. Yet for that very reason men have been known to take their own life."

"On the contrary, I think it is worth while talking to you."

He kept her in the corner of his eye. She seemed to be thinking out some scathing retort, but ended by only shrugging her shoulders slightly.

"Shallow talk! I suppose one must pardon this weakness in you," she said, putting a special accent on the last word. There was something anxious in her indulgent conclusion.

Razumov noted the slightest shades in this conversation, which he had not expected, for which he was not prepared. That was it. "I was not prepared," he said to himself. "It has taken me unawares." It seemed to him that if he only could allow himself to pant openly like a dog for a time this oppression would pass away. "I shall never be found prepared," he thought with despair. He laughed a little, saying as lightly as he could:

"Thanks. I don't ask for mercy." Then affecting a playful uneasiness: "But aren't you afraid Peter Ivanovitch might suspect us of plotting something unauthorised together by the gate here?"

"No, I am not afraid. You are quite safe from suspicions

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while you are with me, my dear young man." The humorous gleam in her black eyes went out. "Peter Ivanovitch trusts me," she went on, quite austerely. "He takes my advice. I am his right hand, as it were, in certain most important things . . . That amuses you—what? Do you think I am boasting?"

"God forbid. I was just only saying to myself that Peter Ivanovitch seems to have solved the woman question pretty completely."

Even as he spoke he reproached himself for his words, for his tone. All day long he had been saying the wrong things. It was folly, worse than folly. It was weakness; it was this disease of perversity overcoming his will. Was this the way to meet speeches which certainly contained the promise of future confidences from that woman who apparently had a great store of secret knowledge and so much influence? Why give her this puzzling impression? But she did not seem inimical. There was no anger in her voice. It was strangely speculative.

"One does not know what to think, Razumov. You must have bitten something bitter in your cradle."

Razumov gave her a sidelong glance.

"H'm! Something bitter? That's an explanation," he muttered. "Only it was much later. And don't you think, Sophia Semenovna, that you and I come from the same cradle?"

The woman, whose name he had forced himself at last to pronounce (he had experienced a strong repugnance in letting it pass his lips), the woman revolutionist murmured, after a pause:

"You mean—Russia?"

He disdained even to nod. She seemed softened, her black eyes very still, as though she were pursuing the simile in her thoughts to all its tender associations. But suddenly she knitted her brows in a Mephistophelean frown.

"Yes. Perhaps no wonder then. Yes. One lies there lapped up in evils, watched over by beings that are worse than ogres, ghouls, and vampires. They must be driven away, destroyed utterly. In regard of that task nothing else matters if men and women are determined and faithful. That's how I came to feel in the end. The great thing is not to quarrel amongst ourselves about all sorts of conventional trifles. Remember that, Razumov."

Razumov was not listening. He had even lost the sense of being watched in a sort of heavy tranquillity. His uneasiness, his exasperation, his scorn were blunted at last by all these

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trying hours. It seemed to him that now they were blunted for ever. "I am a match for them all," he thought with a conviction too firm to be exulting. The woman revolutionist had ceased speaking; he was not looking at her; there was no one passing along the road. He almost forgot that he was not alone. He heard her voice again, curt, businesslike, and yet betraying the hesitation which had been the real reason of her prolonged silence.

"I say, Razumov!"

Razumov, whose face was turned away from her, made a grimace like a man who hears a false note.

"Tell me: is it true that on the very morning of the deed you actually attended the lectures at the University?"

An appreciable fraction of a second elapsed before the real import of the question reached him like a bullet which strikes some time after the flash of the fired shot. Luckily his disengaged hand was ready to grip a bar of the gate. He held it with a terrible force, but his presence of mind was gone. He could make only a sort of gurgling grumpy sound.

"Come, Kirylo Sidorovitch!" she urged him. "I know you are not a boastful man. *That* one must say for you. You are a silent man. Too silent perhaps. You are feeding on some bitterness of your own. You are not an enthusiast. You are, perhaps, all the stronger for that. But you might tell me. One would like to understand you a little more. I was so immensely struck . . . Have you really done it?"

He got his voice back. The shot had missed him. It had been fired at random, altogether, more like a signal for coming to close quarters. It was to be a plain struggle for self-preservation. And she was a dangerous adversary too. But he was ready for battle; he was so ready that when he turned towards her not a muscle of his face moved.

"Certainly," he said without animation, secretly strung up but perfectly sure of himself. "Lectures—certainly. But what makes you ask?"

It was she who was animated.

"I had it in a letter, written by a young man in Petersburg; one of us, of course. You were seen—you were observed with your notebook, impassible, taking notes . . ."

He enveloped her with his fixed stare.

"What of that?"

"I call such coolness superb—that's all. It is a proof of uncommon strength of character. The young man writes that nobody could have guessed from your face and manner

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the part you had played only some two hours before—the great, momentous, glorious part . . .”

“Oh no. Nobody could have guessed,” assented Razumov gravely, “because, don’t you see, nobody at that time . . .”

“Yes, yes. But all the same you are a man of exceptional fortitude, it seems. You looked exactly as usual. It was remembered afterwards with wonder . . .”

“It cost me no effort,” Razumov declared with the same staring gravity.

“Then it’s almost more wonderful still,” she exclaimed, and fell silent while Razumov asked himself whether he had not said there something utterly unnecessary—or even worse.

She raised her head eagerly.

“Your intention was to stay in Russia? You had planned . . .”

“No,” interrupted Razumov without haste. “I had made no plans of any sort.”

“You just simply walked away?” she struck in.

He bowed his head in slow assent. “Simply—yes.” He had gradually released his hold on the bar of the gate, as though he had acquired the conviction that no random shot could knock him over now. And suddenly he was inspired to add: “The snow was coming down very thick, you know.”

She had a slight appreciative movement of the head, like an expert in such enterprises, very interested, capable of taking every point professionally. Razumov remembered something he had heard.

“I turned into a narrow side street, you understand,” he went on negligently, and paused as if it were not worth talking about. Then he remembered another detail and dropped it before her, like a disdainful dole to her curiosity.

“I felt inclined to lie down and go to sleep there.”

She clicked her tongue at that symptom, very struck indeed. Then:

“But the notebook! The amazing notebook, man. You don’t mean to say you had put it in your pocket beforehand!” she cried.

Razumov gave a start. It might have been a sign of impatience.

“I went home. Straight home to my rooms,” he said distinctly.

“The coolness of the man! You dared?”

“Why not? I assure you I was perfectly calm. Ha! Calmer than I am now perhaps.”

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"I like you much better as you are now than when you indulge that bitter vein of yours, Razumov. And nobody in the house saw you return—eh? That might have appeared queer."

"No one," Razumov said firmly. "Dvornik, landlady, girl, all out of the way. I went up like a shadow. It was a murky morning. The stairs were dark. I glided up like a phantom. Fate? Luck? What do you think?"

"I just see it!" The eyes of the woman revolutionist snapped darkly. "Well—and then you considered . . ."

Razumov had it all ready in his head.

"No. I looked at my watch, since you want to know. There was just time. I took that notebook, and ran down the stairs on tiptoe. Have you ever listened to the pit-pat of a man running round and round the shaft of a deep staircase? They have a gaslight at the bottom burning night and day. I suppose it's gleaming down there now . . . The sound dies out—the flame winks . . ."

He noticed the vacillation of surprise passing over the steady curiosity of the black eyes fastened on his face as if the woman revolutionist received the sound of his voice into her pupils instead of her ears. He checked himself, passed his hand over his forehead, confused like a man who has been dreaming aloud.

"Where could a student be running if not to his lectures in the morning? At night it's another matter. I did not care if all the house had been there to look at me. But I don't suppose there was any one. It's best not to be seen or heard. Aha! The people that are neither seen nor heard are the lucky ones—in Russia. Don't you admire my luck?"

"Astonishing," she said. "If you have luck as well as determination, then indeed you are likely to turn out an invaluable acquisition for the work in hand."

Her tone was earnest; and it seemed to Razumov that it was speculative even as though she were already apportioning him, in her mind, his share of the work. Her eyes were cast down. He waited, not very alert now but with the grip of the ever-present danger giving him an air of attentive gravity. Who could have written about him in that letter from Petersburg? A fellow student surely—some imbecile victim of revolutionary propaganda, some foolish slave of foreign, subversive ideals. A long, famine-stricken, red-nosed figure presented itself to his mental search. That must have been the fellow!

He smiled inwardly at the absolute wrong-headedness of the

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whole thing, the self-deception of a criminal idealist shattering his existence like a thunder-clap out of a clear sky and re-echoing amongst the wreckage in the false assumptions of those other fools. Fancy that hungry and piteous imbecile furnishing to the curiosity of the revolutionist refugees this utterly fantastic detail! He appreciated it as by no means constituting a danger. On the contrary. As things stood it was for his advantage rather, a piece of sinister luck which had only to be accepted with proper caution.

"And yet, Razumov," he heard the musing voice of the woman, "you have not the face of a lucky man." She raised her eyes with renewed interest. "And so that was the way of it. After doing your work you simply walked off and made for your rooms. That sort of thing succeeds sometimes. I suppose it was agreed beforehand that, once the business over, each of you would go his own way?"

Razumov preserved the seriousness of his expression and the deliberate if cautious manner of speaking.

"Was not that the best thing to do?" he asked in a dispassionate tone. "And anyway," he added, after waiting a moment, "we did not give much thought to what would come after. We never discussed formally any line of conduct. It was understood, I think."

She approved his statement with slight nods.

"You of course wished to remain in Russia?"

"In St. Petersburg itself," emphasised Razumov. "It was the only safe course for me. And, moreover, I had nowhere else to go."

"Yes! Yes! I know. Clearly. And the other—this wonderful Haldin appearing only to be regretted—you don't know what he intended?"

Razumov had foreseen that such a question would certainly come to meet him sooner or later. He raised his hands a little and let them fall helplessly by his side—nothing more.

It was the white-haired woman conspirator who was the first to break the silence.

"Very curious," she pronounced slowly. "And you did not think, Kirylo Sidorovitch, that he might perhaps wish to get in touch with you again?"

Razumov discovered that he could not suppress the trembling of his lips. But he thought that he owed it to himself to speak. A negative sign would not do again. Speak he must, if only to get at the bottom of what that Petersburg letter might have contained.

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"I stayed at home next day," he said, bending down a little and plunging his glance into the black eyes of the woman so that she should not observe the trembling of his lips. "Yes, I stayed at home. As my actions are remembered and written about then perhaps you are aware that I was *not* seen at the lectures next day. Eh? You didn't know? Well, I stopped at home—the live-long day."

As if moved by his agitated tone she murmured a sympathetic "I see! It must have been trying enough."

"You seem to understand one's feelings," said Razumov steadily. "It was trying. It was horrible; it was an atrocious day. It was not the last."

"Yes, I understand. Afterwards when you heard they had got him. Don't I know how one feels after losing a comrade in the good fight. One's ashamed of being left. And I can remember so many. Never mind. They shall be avenged before long. And what is death? At any rate it is not a shameful thing like some kinds of life."

Razumov felt something stir in his breast, a sort of feeble and unpleasant tremor.

"Some kinds of life?" he repeated, looking at her searchingly.

"The subservient, submissive life. Life! No! Vegetation on the filthy heap of iniquity which the world is. Life, Razumov, not to be vile must be a revolt—a pitiless protest—all the time."

She calmed down, the gleam of suffused tears in her eyes dried out instantly by the heat of her passion, and it was in her capable businesslike manner that she went on.

"You understand me, Razumov. You are not an enthusiast, but there is an immense force of revolt in you. I felt it from the first, directly I set my eyes on you—you remember—in Zürich. Oh! You are full of bitter revolt. That is good. Indignation flags sometimes, revenge itself may become a weariness, but that uncompromising sense of necessity and justice which armed your and Haldin's hands to strike down that fanatical brute . . . for it was that—nothing but that! I have been thinking it out. It could have been nothing else but that."

Razumov made a slight bow, the irony of which was concealed by an almost sinister immobility of feature.

"I can't speak for the dead. As for myself, I can assure you that my conduct was dictated by necessity and by the sense of—well—retributive justice."

"Good, that," he said to himself, while her eyes rested upon

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him, black and impenetrable like the mental caverns where revolutionary thought should sit plotting the violent way of its dream of changes. As if anything could be changed! In this world of men nothing can be changed—neither happiness nor misery. They can only be displaced at the cost of corrupted consciences and broken lives—a futile game for arrogant philosophers and sanguinary triflers. Those thoughts darted through Razumov's head while he stood facing the old revolutionary hand, the respected, trusted and influential Sophia Semenovna, whose word had such a weight in the "active" section of every party. She was much more representative than the great Peter Ivanovitch. Stripped of rhetoric, mysticism, and theories, she was the true spirit of destructive revolution. And she was the personal adversary he had to meet. It gave him a feeling of triumphant pleasure to deceive her out of her own mouth. The epigrammatic saying that speech has been given to us for the purpose of concealing our thoughts came into his mind. Of that cynical theory this was a very subtle and a very scornful application, flouting in its own words the very spirit of ruthless revolution, embodied in that woman with her white hair and black eyebrows, like slightly sinuous lines of Indian ink, drawn together by the perpendicular folds of a thoughtful frown.

"That's it. Retributive. No pity!" was the conclusion of her silence. And this once broken, she went on impulsively in short, vibrating sentences.

"Listen to my story, Razumov! . . ." Her father was a clever but unlucky artisan. No joy had lighted up his laborious days. He died at fifty; all the years of his life he had panted under the thumb of masters whose rapacity exacted from him the price of the water, of the salt, of the very air he breathed; taxed the sweat of his brow and claimed the blood of his sons. No protection, no guidance! What had society to say to him? Be submissive and be honest. If you rebel I shall kill you. If you steal I shall imprison you. But if you suffer I have nothing for you—nothing except perhaps a beggarly dole of bread—but no consolation for your trouble, no respect for your manhood, no pity for the sorrows of your miserable life.

And so he laboured, he suffered, and he died. He died in the hospital. Standing by the common grave she thought of his tormented life—she saw it whole. She reckoned the simple joys of life, the birthright of the humblest, of which his gentle heart had been robbed by the crime of a society which nothing can absolve.

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"Yes, Razumov," she continued, in an impressive, lowered voice, "it was like a lurid light in which I stood, still almost a child, and cursed not the toil, not the misery which had been his lot, but the great social iniquity of the system resting on unrequited toil and unpitied sufferings. From that moment I was a revolutionist."

Razumov, trying to raise himself above the dangerous weaknesses of contempt or compassion, had preserved an impassive countenance. She, with an unaffected touch of mere bitterness, the first he could notice since he had come in contact with the woman, went on :

"As I could not go to the church where the priests of the system exhorted such unconsidered vermin as I to resignation I went to the secret societies as soon as I knew how to find my way. I was sixteen years old—no more, Razumov! And—look at my white hair."

In these last words there was neither pride nor sadness. The bitterness too was gone.

"There is a lot of it. I had always magnificent hair, even as a chit of a girl. Only at that time we were cutting it short and thinking that there was the first step towards crushing the social infamy. Crush the infamy! A fine watchword! I would placard it on the walls of prisons and palaces, carve it on hard rocks, hang it out in letters of fire on that empty sky for a sign of hope and terror—a portent of the end. . . ."

"You are eloquent, Sophia Semenovna," Razumov interrupted suddenly. "Only so far you seem to have been writing it in water . . ."

She was checked but not offended. "Who knows? Very soon it may become a fact written all over that great land of ours," she hinted meaningly. "And then one would have lived long enough. White hair won't matter."

Razumov looked at her white hair : and this mark of so many uneasy years seemed nothing but a testimony to the invincible vigour of revolt. It threw out into an astonishing relief the unwrinkled face, the brilliant black glance, the upright compact figure, the simple, brisk self-possession of the mature personality as though in her revolutionary pilgrimage she had discovered the secret, not of everlasting youth, but of everlasting endurance.

How un-Russian she looked, thought Razumov. Her mother might have been a Jewess or an Armenian or—devil knew what. He reflected that a revolutionist is seldom true to the settled type. All revolt is the expression of strong individualism—ran his thought vaguely. One can tell them a

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mile off in any society, in any surroundings. It was astonishing that the police . . .

"We shall not meet again very soon, I think," she was saying, "I am leaving to-morrow."

"For Zürich?" Razumov asked casually, but feeling relieved, not from any distinct apprehension, but from a feeling of stress as if after a wrestling match.

"Yes, Zürich—and further on, perhaps, much further. Another journey. When I think of all my journeys! The last must come some day. Never mind, Razumov. We had to have a good long talk. I would have certainly tried to see you if we had not met. Peter Ivanovitch knows where you live? Yes. I meant to have asked him—but it's better like this. You see, we expect two more men; and I had much rather wait here talking with you than up there at the house with . . ."

Having cast a glance beyond the gate she interrupted herself. "Here they are," she said rapidly. "Well, Kirylo Sidorovitch, we shall have to say good-bye, presently."

(To be continued)

Crises and Opportunities

THE recent French crisis about Morocco is a useful reminder to us not to place too much confidence in diplomatic calms. A little time ago a man might have said, "there is no diplomacy, there are no questions, all is well with us and Europe," and at its surface-value he would have been right. Yet suddenly things have changed. Morocco has once more become the danger-point of European politics, and we are confronted with an international situation very similar to that which originated it, when the German Emperor landed at Tangier.

THE entire position is in fact so curiously like that of 1905 that it is worth while harping back to that period, when, following on the collapse of Russia—as the result of Togo's victory in the Straits of Tsushima—Germany brought about the fall of Delcassé, as the direct price of Moroccan compromise. Then, as now, the position of Russia is the key to the position. When Russia was on the verge of embarking on her great conquistadorial war in the Far East, the German Emperor nicely "reinsured" Germany over a game of billiards with the Tsar at Wiesbaden, and the war, ending in Russia's humiliation, thus provided Germany with a free hand. Six years have passed. The power of Russia has grown again, and once more, on the eve of a little Moroccan unpleasantness, Germany and Russia have come together—a fact which is now generally admitted over the diplomatic dinner-table. The fall of M. Delcassé raised the German Chancellor to the title of Prince. At the time it was apparent that Germany was the mistress-power of Europe, as that "Bernhard der Glückliche" was the man of the hour. The difference to-day lies chiefly in the fact that Prince Bülow has gone, and that M. Delcassé has returned to office.

OTHERWISE questions, contingencies, opportunities, are curiously the same. If the failure of Russia in the war

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weakened France in 1905, her friendship with Germany to-day weakens France no less so. If Germany, after Algeciras, emerged upon the horizon of diplomacy as the strongest Power in Europe, her position to-day is far stronger, as her navy is stronger, and her whole fighting policy has been vindicated. Germany used Morocco in 1905 solely as an instrument of pressure. The instrument is unchanged. The "pacific penetration" policy of France has neither pacified nor penetrated Morocco. Morocco remains the conflagration zone of Europe—what German politicians style the "psychological moment" of diplomacy.

THAT Germany is King of Europe is the root and branch of the whole situation. Nor need the recent crisis in Paris be taken too seriously. It was a newspaper affair, a diplomatic diversion artificially created for reasons which need not here be disclosed. Already it has died down. When in doubt put on a Moroccan fez, is a current diplomatic gibe, and it worked admirably. Though the general situation is unchanged, though Germany is no more disposed to allow France to "capture" Fez than she was in 1905, though Spain is just as jealous of her "rights" in Morocco as she was at Algeciras, the situation is in reality far easier; for the very good reason that both France and Germany thoroughly understand the situation and are not likely to strain it too far—Germany using Morocco solely as a lever, while France is not prepared to face the consequences of an ultimatum. None the less, it is a reminder. It is of importance in that it brings home to us the real change in the situation, as in that of Europe, created by the swing of the pendulum which has reinstated M. Delcassé at the expense of the man who overthrew him.

LOOKING at Europe, we have only one power to consider—Germany, as, at present, there is only one palpable point of war in Europe, which is this German lien upon Morocco. It is not likely to give rise to very serious trouble: the military power of Germany is too great: the military force of England is too weak to justify France in resisting; moreover, it is capable of adjustment—France to have a more or less free hand in the interior, while Germany is rewarded with some ports on the Atlantic, say, Rabat, Casablanca, and even Tangier. Sooner or later, probably, some such deal will be effected. Till it is, Morocco will continue to be the land of warlike potentiality;

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and whenever there is a little bit of subterranean diplomacy going on, Fez will be used, now by this Power, now by that, as a suitable and inevitable diversion.

THE ascendancy of Germany is thus the crux of what may be called the European problem, seeing that humanity shows no signs of abandoning arms for the toga, least of all Germany, who has taken the judicious and judicial course of securing the automatic growth of her navy by national law. So far as the German navy is concerned, that is what we, against whom the German fleet is rising, have to consider. The process of shipbuilding in Germany continues by law, will and must so continue, unless or until the German Naval Acts are revoked—which might occur through some revolutionary Socialist *coup d'état*, but otherwise is not worth the momentary consideration of a farthing newspaper article. All—and it is well to grasp that—all that can be expected is that Germany will not bring in some fresh Naval Act increasing the existing, automatic growth of her navy—which would mean that we shall have to go on with our forty-five million Naval Budget every year, as the minimum expenditure on naval defence. That is the position so far as England and Germany are concerned. It is a position from which, short of a miracle, there is apparently no escape, as there is no relief. But the point to be remembered is that it is not a question of national goodwill, of agreement or treaty, for the simple reason that though we might be willing to bargain, the German navy goes on indefinitely by law, so that there can be no bargaining and no control.

IN all this there is one factor, which is the personality of the German Emperor. The man who refused Mr. Chamberlain's overtures of peace, believing that England and France could never be friends, has gone, overthrown by the very forces who warned him of the coming *entente*. It is the boast of the German Emperor that he has maintained the Peace of Europe and will continue to do so. There is excellent reason for crediting him with these intentions. It is a mistake to allow his formula for peace to deceive us: *Si vis pacem para bellum*. There are two ways of keeping peace: by friendship or power. If the Emperor prefers the latter, it is his own affair. We have no right to question him. That was the legacy of Bismarck to Europe. If it has turned the Continent into an armed

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camp, in its way it has succeeded in maintaining the peace. The problem that it has raised is now economic. The maintenance of peace now resolves itself into the question whether the nations can continue to bear the increasing burdens of war ; what nations, and, if not, whether the whole armament movement must not end in European confraternity or in some general wholesale Armageddon. And this solution has already begun to exercise thinking men. It is contended that war is bankruptcy. Certainly, economically viewed, a war between England and Germany, necessarily involving Europe, would seem almost inconceivable. It would appear to be not so much a matter *cui bono*, but rather what good could it be to any one.

IN diplomacy all speculation is a weakness ; there is no need, therefore, to continue. Germany, the power of Germany, is there commanding European attention, and she has reached that power through power. Step by step, the lesson is enforced upon us all. Königsgrätz, Sedan, consolidation, colonisation, and the rise of the German navy. She went to Africa, to Turkey, to China, to Morocco—she is there to-day. Her every political move has been a step towards German unity, and as she has closed in so she has expanded. When she stood by Austria in “shining armour,” and saw her through the infraction of the Berlin Treaty, she did it by force, for she and Austria were ready, whereas the rest of Europe was not. Her price was an Austrian navy. It has come. Disliked by Austrians, the Austrian navy is none the less a reality. It was Germany’s reward, the price that Count Aerenthal paid. The Tyrolese Yodler inquires in vain what use a fleet of *Dreadnoughts* is to Austria. They are of use to Germany, to German power, to German policy. And very much the same policy has been pursued in Turkey from the day that the Emperor dubbed himself Defender of Mahometanism.

IT is said that Count Aerenthal is going, but the policy of dependence upon Germany will remain. When Germany “seconded” Austria in the Balkans, she wiped out the memory of her *chasse-pots* : a common spirit unites the two so strangely different peoples. It was force that accomplished this diplomatic triumph—force which is above ethics. In thinking of our position, of our future in the world, we must remember the example set by Germany. It is she who holds the balance of

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peace in her hands, holds it by virtue of her own power and energy. And what she accomplished in the West she has taught Japan to accomplish in the East. These two powers stand out, West and East, as the two great forces of the world, forces by right of power. Humanitarians may deplore the fact, yet it is none the less a fact. We come to the plain result, which is that Germany, by reason of this show of power, has arrogated to herself the position that Napoleon occupied in Europe after Jena, without ever having fired a shot.

IN the Far East there have been many and important changes which affect us not a little. The conclusion of a Russo-Japanese agreement establishes a new epoch in Far Eastern affairs; the two Powers who fought in 1905 are to-day allies, linked by a common interest in Manchuria, Japan being absolutely Mistress of the Seas from Vladivostock to Singapore. With the astounding rise of Japan then has come the awakening of China. The Chinese "grab" of a few years back has ended in utter failure. With the anti-opium movement China may be said to be reborn. Even now it may be predicted that China will astonish civilisation, as Japan has done, as countries do when they start anew, with the inspiration of ideals and a conscious national determination. That China must, sooner or later, dominate the east would seem a certainty. That the East will rule the East would seem inevitable.

WITH this there are other changes. The hostility of America to Japan may be ephemeral, but it is a condition which, in certain circumstances, may lead to the gravest crisis. It is largely a question of immigration, which should be capable of adjustment: it is, besides, a matter of commercial rivalry, which, as we all know, is another thing. This sun of Japan, the latent hostility of America, is the Eastern parallel to the position of England and Germany in the West. Here, again, the lesson of Bismarck is absolute. Japan, as the pupil of Germany, has acquired Germany's supremacy.

So far as we are concerned in the Far East these changes require our earnest consideration. In 1915 there is the question of the renewal of the alliance with Japan. We entered into that alliance rightly in a moment of crisis, and it was as useful

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to Japan as it was to ourselves. Instantaneously it enabled us to concentrate our naval defence in home waters. In 1905 we kept no less than twenty-six battleships and cruisers in Far Eastern waters. To-day we have no battleships there and only three armoured cruisers, the others being unarmoured vessels. If then the agreement lapses, it is clear that we shall have to maintain a formidable fleet of capital ships in the Far East, at least some five or six *Dreadnoughts*, thereby weakening our home defence in a manner we can ill afford. The hostility of Japan would be a serious matter to us, indeed. In this light the whole question of Japanese immigration, which has given rise to a good deal of bad feeling and animosity in the colonies, needs bold and enlightened handling. It would seem imperative to treat this matter with the Colonies as a whole, for though it is a local matter, it is one which affects the stability and permanence of Empire. The "white man's" cry is real and serious enough. It must not be allowed to degenerate into a vulgar racial antipathy. On the one hand there is the economic justification of opposition. We are a "White Empire." The Colonies have the right to decide whether a coloured race shall be permitted to rise up among them. On the other there is the political question of Empire—what is or is not best for the whole.

TREATIES are only of value so long as they last. As before said, Russia and Japan are now friends. It is, of course, obvious that Japan, if the agreement with us lapses, cannot afford to stand alone. Indeed, the lapse of the agreement would automatically imply hostility—what such a latent spirit of hostility would mean to England needs little exposition. It would establish a triangle of the three great navies of the world, England standing at the apex. There need be no actual hostility—the danger would be just the same, the necessity for strength as great. East and West, England would have to confront the two strongest forces in the world. Germany and Japan might even enter into alliance. With Russia aiding Japan, such a force is not one we could contemplate with equanimity. That is why the Anglo-Japanese Agreement is of the utmost significance to the maintenance of the world's peace.

THESE, then, in barest outline, are the crises that appear on the horizon of diplomacy. So long as the policy of Germany is hostile to England—and the rapid rise of the

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German navy is the absolute sign that it is hostile—there can be little hope of reduction of armaments, and there will always be the possibility of war. Yet, if there are crises, there are also opportunities, so that, on the whole, viewing things dispassionately and widely, we can look into the near future hopefully. A thing is happening, which may justly be described as the greatest political event since the battle of Waterloo. That is the proposed Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty. The affinities of race and language have taken the place of patriotism, which Dr. Johnson long ago denounced as the “last refuge of scoundrels.” The Pan-Germans discovered it in Europe. We and the Americans are discovering it now. We need not think of the proposed treaty as a military one; nor will it contain secret clauses of defensive alliance or any other clauses of a military character. Yet its moral value is the same. It is quite clear that two nations who agree never to fight must, in time of stress and adversity, almost of necessity support and sustain each other. The moral power of such an agreement is incalculable. It lays the ground-plan for a whole scheme of international opportunities, which, in these days when peoples alone can make wars, assuredly, one would think, will not be neglected. Such an understanding with America insures us, so to speak, in the Far East. It provides an opportunity which the civilised world must hearken to. It is the opportunity of a just and conscious civilisation.

THIS example of England and America cannot be without influence upon the world. It is not that the balance of power in Europe has been changed or even modified. It is not that our prospective arrangement with the Americans will help us to solve our military problem, as, by the cost of one cruiser, to modify the shipbuilding programme, which we are compelled to increase and adjust according to the programme of Germany. But the great opportunity has been taken, and it is a new thing in the pages of history. That is its value and moral. It is the first time two great kindred peoples have agreed upon a covenant of perpetual peace, and it may be regarded as the foundation of all future peace agreements between peoples and empires.

MOREOVER, it is the logical answer to Pan-Germanism, which, of course, is essentially the same idea. It has succeeded in Germany through blood and iron, but it has succeeded in

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great part, and there can be no doubt that it is the natural and, as Germans put it, the "historical" policy of the Hohenzollerns to unite under the German flag all German-speaking peoples from the mouth of the Rhine to the Adriatic. One can imagine the Latin, the Teutonic, the Slav races as three separate or confederate empires, dividing Europe practically into three distinct racial camps. That such a step would constitute an advance in civilisation there can scarcely be a doubt. The dangers of wars would be infinitely lessened. Then the one union might lead to agreements between the different races, and so gradually the idea of arbitration might grow in men's minds until the conception of war as the highest virtue of mankind would give place to a truer standard of humanity. As yet these are but dreams. They are not yet even opportunities.

THIS would appear to be the age of mediocrities. With the death of Tolstoi the last great figurehead in Europe disappeared; to-day there is no Beaconsfield, no Bismarck, no Turgenev, no poet. In this era of science diplomacy has ceased to be an art: it is hardly now a profession. On the one hand there would seem to stand the older civilisations—England before all, France, Spain, Italy, anxious for retrenchment, for peace, for the toga. On the other there stands the fierce ambition of the Teutonic peoples welded together at last into one young and larger Power under the dominion of the King of Prussia. The Germans have learnt a good many truths during the last few years, not the least important of which is the dignity of silence. Their professors no longer write buccaneer essays on the rights of Germany and the "necessity" of conquering civilisations. They have obtained their navy. Nothing that can now happen will disrupt United Germany, and to the Protestant Union they have now added Austria. Demos has arisen in the Fatherland and threatens to occupy some hundred seats at the next elections, and it is supported by the intelligence of the country. The great battle of Germany is the battle that will be within her own confines. Very soon now the struggle will begin. The victor will hold the balance of European peace in his hands.

UNQUESTIONABLY the opportunity of Europe lies with Germany, who, as the strongest Continental Power, with the most vital and energetic people, dominates the entire situation.

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It is against Germany alone that France—bourgeoise, republican France—maintains her conscription army. It is the growth of the German navy alone that compels us to build against her. If that is the danger, it is also the hope of the position, for it provides her always with an opportunity. The whole idea of Anglo-German hostility would lose all meaning if Germany were content to enter into a reasonable compact with us as regards shipbuilding. We cannot take the initiative, being in the position of *beati possidentes*. So in this matter we can do nothing. Our agreement with America does not affect the issue. We can but hope—preparing and prepared.

It is useless to conjecture, for conjecture is the pitfall of diplomacy, as wayward as the zero of chance. A man may rise. Dynasties may change. Vaticination is a vain indulgence. Yet there are hopeful signs. Our duty is plain enough. We have to look to our Navy and see that it is invincible. We have to consider the renewal of the Japanese Alliance. We have to consider the unity of Empire, bearing in mind the just requirements and exigencies of the different Colonies with a view always to the whole. What we need with our Colonies is some central machinery. A great step in advance will have been taken when some method is devised enabling the Imperial Government and the Dominion Government to keep in consultation with one another, to work towards one single end. Nor should there be any insuperable difficulty to this consummation. For the matter of defence alone it would seem imperative. The time has come now to make a beginning.

WE must remember that the main cause of dissension between America and Japan is the immigration question. The evil exists in Australia. It is the problem of coloured and white civilisations. On this question some central Imperial control is of the utmost importance. Though a local matter it involves international relations which involve international complications. Here the Dominions have, in their turn, to recognise the greater problem of the whole. To keep our Empire "white" is manifestly a sound and rational idea. Individualism in this respect is doubtless excellent as a principle. But with the development of the Asiatic peoples a *laissez-aller* policy may easily enough bring about a grave state of friction, which we, as the defenders of Empire, will alone have to face. Thus the

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anomaly exists that we are the allies of Japan and, at the same time, Australia fiercely combats Japanese immigration.

THOUGH we may look out hopefully into the future it is still force alone that influences decisively the issues of diplomacy. We saw that at Algeciras in 1908, when Russia for a moment looked as if she might oppose Austria in her policy of wreckage of the Berlin Treaty, but said nothing when Germany appeared at her ally's side in mailed armour ; in every solution of diplomacy it is the estimate of the force behind the argument that morally settles the question. It leads us to the apparent paradox that force is the necessary provision of health alike to peoples, like ourselves, whose dearest desire is peace and liberty, as to those, such as Germany, who feel that their natural greatness has not yet been obtained, and are determined therefore to win to it. So to those who would be quiet and those who would conquer, force, as the *ultima ratio* of diplomacy, is alike indispensable. We stand in this glorious Empire of ours by right of power. That is why there can be no going back. Our national strength is the key to our Imperial life.

THE recent visit of the German Emperor and Empress to this country is another sign that may be termed of good augury. There is no fundamental question at issue between the two great peoples of Europe, and there should be none. The solution of the present condition of enmity is again force. Any weakening in our naval defence would be fatal to an understanding with Germany. That is what we have to consider in connection with the Japanese Alliance. The whole national design of Germany is the question of power, and so, inversely, it must be ours. On it will depend largely the Peace of Europe, and most certainly the fate of England.

Bone-setting and the Faculty

A VINDICATION

By Walter Whitehead, F.R.C.S., F.R.S. (Edin.)

The writer of this article, Mr. Walter Whitehead, F.R.C.S., F.R.S., is one of the most distinguished of living surgeons, and his methods of operation are employed all over the world.

He was President of the British Medical Association in 1902, and is consulting surgeon to some of the leading hospitals in England ; late Professor of and Examiner in Clinical Surgery, Victoria University ; Fellow of the Medical Society, London ; author of *Statistics of English Surgery*, *Excision of the Tongue followed by Tracheotomy and Gastrostomy*, *Excision of the Cæcum*, &c. &c.

Mr. H. A. Barker, according to his biography in *Who's Who*, was intended for the Law, and is the son of a lawyer.

It was my privilege to sit through the three-days trial of the action *Thomas v. Barker*, which, it will be remembered, was an action brought by a Mr. Thomas to recover damages placed at £5000 for the loss of his leg, which loss, it was alleged, was due to the negligent treatment of Mr. H. A. Barker, the eminent bone-setter of Park Lane. I may remind my readers that the verdict was one in favour of the plaintiff, and the compensation awarded for the loss of his leg was twenty guineas. Possibly the matter has already been relegated to the realm of forgotten facts. With me, however, it still remains as a vivid memory. When I dwell upon the verdict I am amazed and indignant. Amazed that any intelligent body of men could possibly come to a decision which saddled a man, against whom not one derogatory word had been said in court, with the burden of odium inseparable from an adverse verdict, and yet shrunk from awarding the plaintiff, who they declared by their verdict had made out his case, the damages which he was entitled to recover from the defendant ! Twenty guineas damages means, in this case, very much what a farthing means in a libel action. They are contemptuous damages, and indicate what, in their hearts, the jury think of the action. But I am indignant at the verdict in face of the evidence brought by Mr. Barker to rebut the allegations made by the plaintiff. Either it was

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true or the witnesses were stating what they must have known to be false. They declared with absolute unanimity, after examination of the amputated limb, that it had been doomed long before Mr. Barker even saw it. They had arrived at that conclusion with no difficulty. Both these gentlemen—who swore that whatever Mr. Barker did or did not do made no ultimate difference to the fate of the limb, it was bound to be amputated sooner or later—had had exceptional experience with tuberculous disease of the knee-joint. Before the trial came off I myself had an opportunity of examining the amputated limb. I have no intention of inflicting upon my readers a technical account of what I saw. It must suffice if I indicate my conclusion, which in no way differed from that arrived at by the two surgeons who had examined the limb at the earlier stage. Tuberculosis had been present for years. In my opinion, nothing could have saved a limb which presented such evidence of advanced disease. The medical theory upon which the plaintiff relied for the substantiation of his allegation might be true or untrue. But here it had no possible application. The limb was doomed, and to make Mr. Barker responsible for the loss of a leg which had been a source of trouble for over nine years was preposterous. It might be true that rough handling or violence would have the effect which the medical witnesses called by the plaintiff suggested. But to affirm that such rough handling took place upon either of the two occasions alleged—viz., the two occasions Mr. Thomas was placed under an anæsthetic—was to affirm what the evidence placed before the court absolutely disproved. The anæsthetist, Dr. Axham, who assisted Mr. Barker, swore that no violence of any kind was employed, and that the gentle movements of the leg during examination could not possibly have had the effects alleged by the doctors called by the plaintiff. Further, the medical witnesses who had had the widest experience of this disease declared that had Mr. Barker used the force or violence it was alleged he did use, the plaintiff would have been in such a state of immediate collapse that not only would he have been unable to leave Mr. Barker's consulting-room, but he would have required the immediate attention of medical men, and possibly an operation to save his life within forty-eight hours, and within a week at the very utmost. The operation did not take place for nearly *three months* after Mr. Thomas's last visit to Mr. H. A. Barker! I affirm with the utmost confidence that had the violence alleged been used nothing could have so long postponed an

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operation, and I marvel and am indignant that members of the Faculty should have lent the weight of their influence to support an allegation that will not bear investigation on scientific lines.

The evidence tendered by the plaintiff himself showed that all the conditions necessary for encapsulation had been violated by him. Absolute rest is the indispensable condition for at least twelve months, and in the autumn of the year in which the plaintiff visited Mr. Barker he was engaged in tennis-playing and swimming! To have established the plaintiff's case it was necessary to show that he had a reasonable chance of recovery, that Mr. Barker destroyed that chance by his negligent treatment, and that such violence had been used by *him* as to irreparably damage the leg. Not one of these things was shown. The evidence went all the other way. Yet, in face of that evidence, the jury returned a verdict which places upon Mr. Barker the responsibility of an act which no one knows so well as he could only be the act of a fool or a madman!

Sir Edward Carson, in the course of his opening speech for the defence, used a phrase which, when he uttered it, made me uncomfortable: "Had Mr. Barker been a qualified man this action would never have been brought." It implied so many things which one would rather not admit. It implied that had Mr. Barker, being a properly qualified medical man, been guilty of the negligence alleged, no member of the Faculty would have countenanced an action or lent the weight of his influence to it, no matter what the degree of his culpability. It suggested that not only was this action sustained by the active assistance of members of the Faculty, but that it had been prompted by them. That the Faculty had no love for Mr. Barker was an open secret. But one would have thought that the instincts of English gentlemanliness and fair play would have secured for him at least immunity from an attack in which, unless aided by an almost impossible combination of circumstances, he could put up no adequate defence. All the dice were loaded against him. He came before the court with the stigma which the word "quack" always leaves upon a man. There was no likelihood of his finding medical or scientific assistance in the preparation of his defence. It seemed a foregone conclusion that the case would go against him, simply from weight of surgical evidence which he had no means of rebutting. I do not doubt in my own mind that these considerations were frankly set before the plaintiff and his

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friends in order to induce them to pursue this action and to encourage them in the belief that considerable financial benefits would accrue from it. The event scarcely justified their confident anticipations. Doubtless the plaintiff to-day regrets the step he took. So far from gaining financially he must have incurred considerable expense which he could not charge Mr. Barker with, and the damages he recovered would scarcely repay him for that most painful experience he endured in the witness-box. The whole affair was mean in the extreme.

Here I leave the matter, expressing my regret that a man of Mr. Barker's character and work was made the object of professional prejudice so obvious and unwarranted.

For what are the facts? Here is a man who for twenty years has been practising certain methods with startling success in a field which has been neglected by the whole surgical world. I speak as one of the senior surgeons of England. For years I shared the prejudice and bitterness which animates the average member of the Faculty. "Bone-setters" as a tribe were anathema, and Mr. Barker, as the outstanding exponent of the method of manipulative surgery, was the special object of my suspicion, as well as of those of the Faculty as a whole. Let me be perfectly frank. I had no special knowledge either of the man or the methods. But he was unqualified and presumed to practise the healing art, and—unpalatable truth—with considerable success. Perhaps he had his failures—though I never heard of one—but they did not bulk so large in the public eye as his astonishing success in *certain specified cases*. He succeeded when surgeons of repute and experience had utterly failed. That no one could deny. It was easy to ascribe his success to happy accident, but his success has been continuous and growing, and, so far as the methods could be established by experience as sound and scientific, their worth has been proven conclusively. The time has surely arrived when the profession should abandon their policy of silence and aloofness. Either the methods are what Mr. Barker claims for them or they are not. This cannot be determined by any other means than by investigation, by demonstration, by a searching examination of all the available evidence from whatever quarter it may be forthcoming. Frankly, my purpose is to ask, with all the weight of influence my reputation can command, for an investigation into the value of methods which in the hands of a technically unqualified man have *at least* shown themselves to be worthy of the attention and scientific study of those who are charged with the treatment of suffering humanity.

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I plead for this with all the more earnestness because I am convinced that the attitude adopted by the medical world towards the method of manipulative surgery is only adding another regrettable page to those chapters in its history which it recalls with profound shame. Blinded by professional prejudice, the medical world has stolidly opposed nearly every innovation and discovery which has been submitted to it. In an article in the *British Medical Journal* of September 3, 1910, this finds complete recognition. "Not to go so far back as Harvey, who was denounced by the leaders of the profession in his day as a *circulator*, or quack, we need only recall how the open-air treatment of consumption was ridiculed when the idea was first put forward by Bodington, and that years later a member of the Medical and Chirurgical Society asked that that enlightened body should be 'protected' against such papers as one in which the late Sir William MacCormack's father had enunciated the same doctrine. When Villemin submitted to the Académie de Médecine experimental proof that phthisis is an infectious disease, his doctrine found no favour. Famous physicians refused to listen to Pasteur because he was not a medical man; Lister was scoffed at; the laryngoscope was sneered at as a 'physiological toy'; the early ovariotomists in this country were threatened by colleagues into the coroner's court; electricity was looked upon with suspicion; massage within our own memory was regarded as an unclean thing. Even now the vast field of physiotherapy is largely left to laymen for exploitation." Is this long and damning list to be lengthened because the successors of the men who stoned the prophets and now whiten their sepulchres are too blind to perceive the value of methods which "hold within them large possibilities of usefulness for the relief of suffering"?

But I am told that whatever is worth knowing of manipulative methods is already known to the Faculty. I read with interest the article which appeared in the *Times* of February 24 by a medical correspondent on "Bone-setting: Its History and Dangers."

Briefly, what is the contention of the writer? It is that, owing to the private investigation and study of Hutton's methods by Dr. Wharton Hood, who published in two volumes the results amplified by his own practice of them, the knowledge of those methods "soon became well and widely known (through the books) in the profession. Up to that time there had been the so-called 'hinterland of surgery'; it was a hinterland of surgery no longer. It had been fully explored,

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and everything connected with it had been disclosed to all who would be at pains to learn."

Now that is a very sweeping claim. Even the writer is conscious that if the claim is subjected to a rigorous examination it will be difficult to justify it by the *present state of knowledge* of the methods among not simply the rank and file of the profession, but amongst those who are the recognised masters of surgery. For he proceeds to show why the methods have not been adopted and practised by the Faculty as a whole. And the reason turns out to be that they have never learnt them because the teachers of Dr. Wharton Hood's day did not sufficiently accept them, and excluded them from the curricula of the schools. "If Dr. Wharton Hood," says the writer, "had held an appointment in a London hospital and had done his work before students, it would long ago have been universally known and imitated by surgeons. But the actual teachers were not sufficiently prompt to acknowledge and welcome the *work of a man who was not a member of their own body* (referring to Hutton), and the students had no opportunity of seeing its value." I maintain this is so far true that it completely disposes of any claim on the part of the Faculty to a knowledge of the methods of manipulative surgery, even as practised fifty years ago by Hutton. And, if further proof of this view were needed, it is found in the important article on "Mechano-Therapy in Disease," by Dr. Alexander Bryce, in the same issue of the *British Medical Journal*. He refers to Dr. Wharton Hood's book on Hutton's methods, closing with this significant sentence: "But this book has almost been forgotten and his precepts neglected." I venture to affirm that there is an almost total ignorance of even Hutton's methods, and that of Mr. Barker's methods—and I speak with knowledge of their results—there is a profound ignorance on the part of the Faculty. I am forced to press this further. How could there be any knowledge of methods which have never been seriously studied by the teachers of the medical schools or investigated by any section of practitioners? Dr. Alexander Bryce stands almost alone, though I am thankful to find that there is a distinct movement in a more sane direction on the part of individual members of the Faculty. On the part of the vast mass of practitioners, however, there is nothing but uninformed prejudice against the methods and the men who employ them, and a stupid refusal to give the men who can instruct them the opportunity of doing so. I deeply regret having to say this, but honesty compels me

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openly to affirm it. To me it is inexplicable. If the scientific mind is open to any influence, it is surely open to evidence. The evidence proving the worth of manipulative surgery in *certain well-defined* cases is, to my mind, overwhelming. If I have, after years of opposition to the methods, say, as practised by Mr. Barker, been convinced of their value, it has been by the mass of evidence which has been thrust upon me. The Osteopaths of America may make extravagant claims for their methods, as Dr. Alexander Bryce points out; but I am not thinking of the extravagances of men who are filled with enthusiasm for their art so much as of the sane, well-grounded belief in methods which have been discovered by patient investigation, by assiduous practice, and by unremitting study. It is by those means that Mr. Barker has won his way to the topmost position on this side of the Atlantic. His present reputation has been won by actual achievements in the face of cruel and reasonless opposition by a series of successes, maintained through two decades, in cases where the ablest surgeons, working on orthodox lines, have failed. On that score I have no doubt whatever. The evidence has convinced me. It has swept away the prejudice that for years made me an unrelenting critic, and such evidence accumulates daily, coming too from the highest quarters of society and intellect.

Day by day Mr. Barker adds to the number of those who owe a debt of gratitude to what he prefers to call "manual surgery." Occasionally one of these grateful patients becomes vocal and makes a public acknowledgment of indebtedness to the methods of the man who employs them. Rarely has such an expression of gratitude been made as was recently made in the columns of the *Times* by Lady Exeter. It is so remarkable that I venture to reproduce it.

"To the Editor of the *Times*."

"SIR,—Having seen Mr. Heather Bigg's letter saying that the manipulative methods of Mr. Hutton and Mr. H. A. Barker are practised by surgeons, I should like to state that, although I visited several doctors and surgeons at different times during seventeen or eighteen years, such treatment was never tried, or even spoken of. Allow me to give a short history of my case.

"In 1893 or 1895, whilst running down a steep hill, I displaced the cartilage of my left knee, and was laid up for a fortnight at that time. After this the joint was a continual source of trouble to me. It would slip out whilst dancing

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playing tennis, or even wiping my boots. I saw several surgeons about it, but they were unable to help me, beyond ordering me elastic knee-caps, &c., and finally a large 'cage,' which I wore for two years without benefit. My knee was then so weak that it went out on the smallest provocation.

"Over a year ago I consulted Mr. Barker, who at once diagnosed what was wrong with my knee, and after gas had been given the cartilage was put in place, and I left his house without any discomfort. After a few days' further treatment I was completely cured. I can now play tennis, dance, &c., without any support whatsoever, and in perfect comfort.—
Yours truly, M. EXETER.

"Burghley House, Stamford, Feb. 14, 1911."

Now, the writer of the article in the *Times* to which I have already referred goes out of his way to notice this very frank and convincing letter. Naturally it perturbed one who was engaged in special pleading! How does he reply to it? After indicating the trouble from which her ladyship suffered, he says: "The history is curious, and Lady Exeter must have been singularly unlucky in her early choice of advisers." On this singularly unlucky judgment I must be allowed to comment. The truth is that the most famous surgeons of the day were called in, and though "the accident," as the writer in the *Times* declares, may be "a very common one," and the treatment "as set forth in all the ordinary text-books," be "in the first instance by manipulation, and in recurrent cases by operation," yet Lady Exeter remained unrelieved for eighteen years, and was only finally relieved by Mr. Barker. Yet in the face of the orthodox surgeons' failures the writer in the *Times* declares "there is certainly no hinterland here"! If it proves anything, it proves there is an absence of knowledge. If the methods of manipulation are known to the Faculty, why did they not in eighteen years effect the cure which Mr. Barker effected in two or three weeks?

Lord William Cecil's experience and ultimate cure at Mr. Barker's hands about the same date furnish an almost exactly similar example.

I leave that and go on to prove that even members of the Faculty itself when they come face to face with Mr. Barker's actual work are speedily convinced of its worth and importance. Mr. George Garrard, in a spirit of chivalry we cannot sufficiently admire, came forward on Mr. Barker's behalf at the recent trial, and gave evidence which, coming from one who was consulting

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surgeon of a hospital for consumption, was decisive. Why did he risk all the odium which attaches to a man who takes sides against his own profession? Because he had been convinced by evidence he could not withstand that the manipulative methods as practised by Mr. Barker were not only effective but were truly scientific and worthy of the attention of the Faculty. A short time ago he wrote a letter to the professional Press which is so striking that it quite deserves a place in this article. Mr. Garrard says:

"Some time ago I had a patient suffering from a painful and obscure affection of the ankle, which was causing her great pain and suffering, making walking almost impossible, and which for a long time refused to improve, though orthodox remedies were perseveringly tried. I advised her to see a famous London surgeon. She saw two at different times. She also went to Berlin and saw an eminent surgeon there. Their advice and treatment resulted in no improvement whatever.

"When she returned she told me she would like to see Mr. H. A. Barker, as he had cured a friend of hers. I agreed, and she did so. At the end of a few weeks she had made a complete recovery, relief being afforded almost immediately.

"My own son was at that time suffering from an ankle injury which also refused to yield to treatment by three surgeons at different times. It prevented him from indulging in any kind of sport at his University. Having already had experience of Mr. Barker's methods, I took my son to him and witnessed the treatment. The patient was put under gas, a few dexterous and determined manipulations of the joint were effected, and the patient was immediately all right. His words as he left the house were: 'I've never been able to walk so well before.' He has been quite well ever since, and now plays football and other games without feeling anything of the old trouble. I join with Dr. Bryce heartily in pleading for the admission of this scientific mechano-therapy, or bone-setting, amongst recognised methods of treatment."

Now, I do not claim for Mr. Garrard that his knowledge of modern surgery is exhaustive, nor do I claim that when he says surgeons at home and abroad failed to be of service, that therefore no surgeon in England could have cured the patient by orthodox methods; but I am entitled to claim, and I do claim, that Mr. Garrard—even if he were an ordinary practitioner, which he certainly is not—does know the actual resources of his art, and how far and in what way the skill and knowledge of his colleagues can aid and relieve sufferers. If, as the medical

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correspondent of the *Times* confidently affirms, manipulative methods are well and widely known, how does he explain the failure of a capable and successful member of the Faculty to secure for a patient and *for his own son* the aid which they needed; how does he explain the failure of the masters of orthodox surgery at home and abroad to deal with these cases, and how will he dispose of the fact to which a responsible member of the Faculty bears convincing testimony, that where these orthodox surgeons failed the unqualified man succeeds? Are there not many surgeons who—if they would—could bear similar testimony to Mr. Barker's skill?

I have dealt with the cases of Lady Exeter and the two submitted by Mr. Garrard, because they are instances of the value of Mr. Barker's method to which no adequate reply has been, or can be, attempted by the Faculty. But I am convinced from my own knowledge that these cases are only types of many which can be cited literally by the hundred from Mr. Barker's case-books, all presenting the same features with wearying regularity. First, the family doctor or local general practitioner is consulted; then the patient goes to the nearest hospital or consults a specialist, according to his means; finally, after years, it may be, of suffering, expense, and inconvenience, the patient tardily and often fearfully betakes himself to Mr. Barker, and finds himself cured!

But evidence of a kind that will even more strongly appeal to the mind of the average medical man is not wanting. In every branch of science and art there are those who love truth beyond all the dogmas of the schools; those who pursue truth at all costs and risks, who are insatiable in their desire for and search after truth. It is because their restless minds have faithfully followed the bent of their genius that the boundaries of human knowledge have ceaselessly been extended. So it has been in this matter of manipulative surgery. Fifty years ago Dr. Wharton Hood investigated Hutton's methods, saw what was essentially true in them, adopted them, advocated them, made them known to his generation, and was called a "quack" for his pains! But he added to medical knowledge, and if his work did not bear the fruit it might have borne it was because the folly and prejudice of men prevented it from doing so. Very recently Dr. Alexander Bryce has made further examinations into what he aptly terms "*the new form of scientific bone-setting*," the results of which he gives in the papers already referred to in the *British Medical Journal*. Dr. Alexander Bryce's phrase at once separates modern osteopathy from the

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more undeveloped methods employed by Hutton, or, if it does not separate, at least plainly indicates that Hutton's methods are not the last word in the bone-setter's art. The *Times* correspondent does not even seem to be aware of it, but the truth is that the methods have been enormously developed by Hutton's successors in the fifty years which have elapsed since he ceased to practise. Mr. Atkinson made great headway, and—despite the opposition which surrounded him—two or three members of our own Royal Family were submitted to his care; whilst Mr. Barker's methods include operations of which Hutton had not the slightest idea. The chief value of Dr. Bryce's paper is that it directs the attention of the whole Faculty to manipulative methods, and emphasises the vast possibilities they present of increasing the power of the medical man to relieve human suffering. I do not propose to deal with Dr. Bryce's paper, much as it calls for discussion, but I am concerned to point out that Dr. Bryce has stated the case for manipulative methods and shown their value in a manner that cannot be disregarded by the Faculty. "My success," he says, "in the following cases is entirely due to the study I have made of the subject, and I am sure I would have failed to be of service to any of the patients without a knowledge of osteopathic methods." Whilst his criticism as to the value of manipulation is shown in the plea he makes for the recognition and adoption by the Faculty of modern osteopathic methods: "I do not hesitate to plead for the admission of this new form of scientific bone-setting among the recognised methods of treatment practised by the medical profession."

That plea I would support with all the strength and influence I can command. I can speak with greater fairness and impartial authority, because the more active portion of my career is over. I cannot idly look on when younger men are investigating a domain of surgery hitherto largely neglected without trying to the utmost of my power to second their endeavours. I am deeply interested in Mr. Barker's work, and do not hesitate to avow my desire to see that work appreciated at its true value and his methods adopted by the Faculty. Dr. Bryce's investigations are to my mind valuable just because they add considerably to the knowledge of this "hinterland of surgery," and distinctly hasten the day when these methods will have their proper place in the healer's art. I should be sorry to think that this should be opposed by the Faculty, because the method has been, in the main, discovered, developed, and employed by laymen. Is it necessary for me to remind my professional

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brethren that not a few of the most remarkable discoveries in modern medical science and surgical art have had the same origin? Lithotomy was introduced by a layman; the first Cæsarian section was performed by one who held no diploma; cinchona was introduced to Europe by priests, and ether was first employed as an anæsthetic by a non-professional man. Ideally, one willingly admits, the interests of science are best served by those of "the household of science." But a truly scientific man can surely hold *that* as a part of his scientific creed and yet admit the possibility of great and valuable service rendered by one of those who are without. At least, before the possibility is denied and before the service is rejected, surely the scientific instinct, no less than the instinct of fair play, would demand that a thorough investigation of what was offered should be made. Why has not this calm, dispassionate investigation of methods whose utility cannot be denied been conceded by the medical world long ago? Mr. Barker has asked for it, offered to submit the methods to any tests that commend themselves to the Faculty. There are no reasons why this fair demand should not be admitted—save reasons which the Faculty might hesitate from plainly and bluntly avowing to the public. Like the great innovators I have referred to, Mr. Barker has been subjected to obloquy and scorn by men who surely "knew not what they did," but in the future his name will be remembered with those honoured in the history of progress, as it is remembered to-day with gratitude by thousands of relieved sufferers all over the world.

As one who has devoted his whole life to surgical work, and whose chief interest in comparative retirement is its progress and development, I must be permitted, in face of the silent but none the less uncompromising attitude taken up by the Faculty towards Mr. Barker, to place on record my profound regret and disappointment, and to express my equally profound conviction that the real and vital interests of the Faculty are as genuinely sacrificed to a false and unworthy professional pride as are the interests—surely the supreme interests from all points of view—of those sufferers whose relief and cure are the solemn charge and responsibility of our profession.

German Working-class Insurance

By Sir Alfred Mond, Bart., M.P.

THE impending introduction by the Government of their Bill for establishing a system of compulsory and contributory insurance against sickness, infirmity, and unemployment—a measure with which all parties sympathise—renders it desirable to cast a glance at what has been done and proposed in Germany, which has now had an experience of working-class insurance extending over twenty-eight years.

It may be well to point out at starting that in this, as in many other branches of social reform, England may fairly claim the credit of having put into circulation an idea which it was left to other countries to work out in practice. As a matter of fact, that of compulsory insurance would appear to have originated in the "Pension Office" project of Daniel Defoe, one of the many brilliant ideas contained in his "Essay on Projects," published over two centuries ago, his proposal being to substitute that insurance for the ordinary poor relief. The same idea was carried a stage further in a Bill prepared by Baron Maseres, of the Court of Exchequer, the object of which was by means of compulsory insurance to provide life annuities based on a 3 per cent. interest on the premiums. According to Sir F. M. Eden in "The State of the Poor," this Bill was introduced into the House of Commons in 1773, being supported there by "Mr. George Savile, Mr. Burke, and many other members of eminent ability," and passed through that Chamber, but "was thrown out by the Lords in consequence of a speech from Lord Camden." It was again laid before Parliament in 1789, but once more failed to pass, the main objection apparently being its compulsory character. In 1796 Pitt proposed the establishment of a "Parochial Fund," to be raised, however, by voluntary subscriptions and by contributions from the rates for relief in old age and illness and for the support of widows and orphans. From this time forward and during the first decades of the nineteenth century similar proposals were frequently discussed. In 1786 the Rev. John

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Acland advocated a scheme of mainly compulsory insurance with the object of enabling the poor to maintain themselves in case of economic breakdown; while in the following year another clergyman, the Rev. John Townsend, proposed the creation of a system of universal and compulsory friendly societies. In 1796 a similar proposal was made by a Rev. Mr. Haweis. In his article on friendly societies in "The Insurance Cyclopædia" the late Mr. Cornelius Walford says that in 1788 and 1789 Parliament was much occupied with the consideration of the Poor Laws, and that among the various schemes discussed for lessening or removing the burden of the poor-rates, friendly societies were very favourably regarded. "It was the belief of many philanthropic persons of that period that a national scheme of contribution and relief might be devised upon the plan adopted by friendly societies—except that the contribution must be *compulsory*." It appears that the failure to realise any of these schemes was largely due to the vigorous opposition to their compulsory character by the then existing voluntary friendly societies.

A moment's consideration shows that there is nothing to be surprised at in the fact that the proposal to insure millions of workers throughout the whole country against some of the more common accidents to which they are exposed, should at first have been regarded as utterly Utopian and extravagant, and that the overwhelming problem should only have been approached tentatively and by slow degrees. It is evident that if it were not for the pressure of necessity, created by the enormous development of industry and commerce in the last century, with its substitution of the impersonal relations between factory hands and their employers for the former semi-patriarchal system that existed to a certain extent even in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and the great economic changes resulting from that new development, no State could have been induced to assume such a heavy and, at that time, incalculable responsibility. Part of the enormous technical difficulties encountered in Germany was due to the almost complete absence of statistics to guide those who drafted the new measures. In Germany, as well as elsewhere, the idea of obligatory insurance against sickness and accident, the first to be dealt with, was only accepted very gradually and against persistent opposition. Indeed, its acceptance was solely due to the indifferent results of the restricted measures of a palliative description that had been previously adopted, and particularly to the breakdown of the Compensation Acts and the general

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recognition eventually arrived at that such half-measures rather aggravated than improved the relations between employers and employed. The history of the tentative measures of a non-compulsory character in Germany shows that they all failed to meet the requirements of the situation, and above all, made no provision for those who most needed help. They were, indeed, almost exclusively confined to the better situated and more capable section of the working classes. Moreover, the Compensation Acts, while imposing heavy burdens upon the employers, frequently left the employees in the lurch in their greatest need. In a word, the intolerable chaos of petty, overlapping measures that preceded the compulsory system, broke down in practice, and created a widespread discontent far greater than any that exists at present on the side of either employer or employed. Yet so great were the difficulties and the opposition to be overcome that, were it not for the political motives that drove Bismarck to adopt this policy as part of his scheme for the unification of the newly created Empire, and the extraordinary force of his personality in driving it through Parliament in spite of all opposition, it is possible that even to-day the whole problem would still find itself in a preliminary stage, for there can be little doubt that the example of Germany has within the last generation been the most potent factor in forcing this problem to the front.

It is worthy of note, however, that it was neither Prussia nor the Empire which made a beginning in Germany with the system of compulsory insurance against sickness. The earliest laws for that purpose were those introduced in Bavaria in 1869, in Baden in 1870, and in Württemberg in 1873, whereby the communes were authorised to oblige servants and other wage-earners who did not keep house for themselves or live with their parents, to make weekly payments towards a sick fund that would entitle them to assistance in case of illness. This assistance was continued for eight weeks in Bavaria and for thirteen weeks in Baden and Württemberg.

A survey of the kind attempted in this article, while showing clearly that the course now proposed by the Government is in a direction that is being followed by the leading nations of Europe, will at the same time afford an opportunity of calling attention to some difficulties that have been encountered in the course of its application. It is evident that German experience in this matter is the most valuable for us, the conditions prevailing in that Empire being more comparable

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to our own; and the German system being the most highly developed of all.

A further ground on which the German example is exceptionally useful to us is that it involves a great deal of experience of a purely tentative and temporary character owing to its absorption of existing institutions in the newly created insurance system, a course which we ourselves will be bound to follow. Our difficulty may prove more serious owing to the more extensive development in this country of the great private organisations that have already done such magnificent work in providing for working-class insurance, the utility of which no one is disposed to question. The German task was less arduous owing to the field being less fully occupied.

It is clear that we must spare no effort fully to utilise the exceptional experience and ability of our great voluntary institutions in the management of the Government scheme. Indeed, a good deal of the success of the latter will doubtless depend upon the extent to which we enlist the co-operation and sympathy of the existing societies. On the other hand, the country has the right to call upon the leading representatives of these societies to show an enlightened public spirit in helping to bring the whole system of working-class insurance under such effective legislative control as will eventually save the working classes from the evil of numerous small and weak societies, which at times are either forced to liquidate or to reduce their benefits. In the opinion of many competent and well-informed observers, the existence of this class of friendly society has done much to promote that lack of thrift so commonly complained of in this country. It is obvious that legislation is needed to prevent the formation or continuance of all societies which can be shown to be actuarially unsound, the existence of which inflicts not only a wrong upon their members, but incidentally upon the community at large, by discouraging thrift, as well as on all other similar societies which conduct their business upon sound lines.

It must further be remembered that when all is said and done the proportion of the industrial population covered by trade unions and friendly societies remains a relatively small one; and that there is a very large body of the poorer and unskilled section of the working class, male as well as female, which is in reality not provided for at all. It must also be borne in mind that friendly societies are, of necessity, compelled to refuse those persons who are medically certified to be "bad lives." It is precisely this class

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which will benefit most, not merely by the State-aided sick insurance, but also by the infirmity insurance.

Part of the admitted difficulties of the German system are due to the haste with which it was introduced, on political grounds, and to the fact that those who had made up their minds upon the soundness of the principle, while justly doubtful on many details of the first measure, still desired to secure its passage through Parliament while they had the advantage of the enormous compelling force of Bismarck. A great deal of the present discontent among the German middle classes with the existing system is due rather to its failure to capture the votes of the working class for the middle-class parties than to its technical deficiencies, which are being gradually remedied.

Although it may be assumed that those entrusted with the task of drafting the new British Bill will have thoroughly studied at least the German measures dealing with the same problem, as well as the proposed amendments still under consideration, it is certainly desirable that the British public should also be in possession of the main facts when the question is submitted to Parliament. This is all the more desirable as the experience of Germany may help us not only to avoid some of the pitfalls that inevitably attend the introduction of great social experiments of the kind, but, while enabling us to realise the magnitude of the task proposed, will also dissipate a number of unfounded expectations and apprehensions as to its effects. The anticipation entertained in Germany that working-class insurance would cut the ground from under the feet of the Social Democratic Party and of the then comparatively weak trade unions have both been signally falsified by the facts. Trade unionism has flourished in Germany during the last generation to a degree exceeding the progress it has made in this country, notwithstanding the circumstance that it has been deprived, by the action of the State, of such hold upon the working man as may be expected to arise from the grant of benefits by it for sickness and infirmity. The effects of the Protectionist system, which was adopted by Bismarck but a few years prior to his introduction of the insurance scheme, have done more to recruit the ranks of the Socialist Party than any counteracting influence which may be attributed to the improvement of the condition of the working man due to working-class insurance. That scheme, of which some particulars follow, may well have helped to prevent the Socialist agitation taking a violent form, but it certainly has done little,

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if anything, towards creating a Conservative or Protectionist Working-Class Party in Germany.

GERMAN SICKNESS INSURANCE

The scheme of working-class insurance now in force in Germany consists of three categories: (1) Insurance against accidents, the most extensive of all, the cost of which is borne exclusively by the employers; (2) against sickness; and (3) against infirmity and old age. As the first of these, insurance against accidents, is not comprised in the Government proposal, it is not intended to deal with it in this article, any more than with the provisions of the German law concerning old-age pensions, which are already provided for in the United Kingdom.

It may be well here to remark that in the case of insurance against sickness as against infirmity and old age, the responsibility for the payments being made rests upon the employer, who deducts the employee's contribution from the wages paid every week, and attaches a special insurance stamp, representing the joint amount of his own and the employee's weekly premium to the membership card of the latter. This card, headed by the name and other particulars of the holder, contains spaces for stamps for at least fifty-two weeks. It remains in the employer's custody during the whole period of the engagement. When it is filled with these weekly stamps it is exchanged for a new one (giving a summary of previous payments, &c.) at the nearest post office, the old card being forwarded to the central insurance bureau to be checked. There are special stamps not only for each wage-class but also for each district, so that the series shows the change of place as well as of wages. It is obvious that this system entails an enormous amount of account keeping, as it practically involves a personal account with each of the insured from the age of sixteen onwards—in some instances up to the age of seventy, when the old-age pension becomes due.

Compulsory insurance against sickness was introduced in Germany by a law passed on June 15, 1883, subsequently amended in 1892, 1900, and 1903. It is obligatory upon the following categories of both sexes when earning less than £100 a year: (1) Those working for a weekly wage in shops or at any trade; (2) Upon miners and factory hands, upon those engaged in steel and iron works, on railways, canals, shipyards, and buildings; (3) clerks, &c., in law offices, benefit, and

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co-operative societies and insurance companies drawing salaries not exceeding £100 a year; (4) employees in works where steam or other power is in constant use; (5) post and telegraph employees and workers in the military and naval arsenals.

Subscriptions to these sick funds—of which there are over 23,000 in the Empire—vary from 1 per cent. of the average workman's wage in the district in which the particular office is situated, to as much as $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the ordinary workman's wage. One-third of this premium, paid weekly, is borne by the master and two-thirds by the employee. The insured is entitled, as a minimum, to free medical treatment and medicine, for six months altogether, with spectacles, a truss, and such simple apparatus, and also, in case of being obliged to cease work, to one-half of the ordinary weekly wage of the workmen in the district, if that wage does not exceed 4s. per day. In certain cases an allowance is made for six to eight weeks for women in childbed, and for the burial expenses of the insured.

These sick funds are administered by clubs or other institutions organised according to trades or localities, some by the municipalities and rural district boards, and others by trade guilds, by factories, or by voluntary associations, recognised by the Imperial authorities. Both the conditions of entry and the cost of administration vary considerably, but, as explained later, efforts are being made by the Government to improve the system generally as well as to render it more homogeneous.

INFIRMITY INSURANCE

The law of 1889, which only came fully into force on January 1, 1891, imposes the duty of insurance against infirmity and old age upon all wage-earners of both sexes who have completed their sixteenth year, whether engaged as (1) workmen, apprentices, or domestic servants; (2) shop assistants, apprentices in shops, school teachers, or other employees whose wages do not exceed £100 per annum; and (3) seamen and persons employed on German ships. By a decree of the Imperial Council this provision can be extended to persons working on their own account who do not regularly employ an assistant, and to those engaged in home work irrespective of the number of assistants they employ. There are exceptions to the obligation to insure, as well as provisions for the payment into a higher class and for the voluntary insurance of persons not coming within the Act, who have completed their fortieth year. Under the

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amended Act pensions are also granted temporarily for temporary infirmity, while provision is also made for the return to females on their marriage of part of the premiums paid by them up to that date, as well as for grants to the widows and children of insured persons who may die before claiming a pension.

In order to fix the premiums to be paid by the insured the latter are divided into five wage classes, whose annual earnings and weekly premiums are set forth in the following Table :

Class	Annual Earnings	Weekly Premium	Worker's Share
I. Not exceeding	350 marks or £17 10s.	14 pf. or $1\frac{3}{4}d.$ (roughly)	about $\frac{3}{4}d.$
II. " "	550 " £27 10s.	20 " $2\frac{1}{4}d.$	" $1\frac{1}{4}d.$
III. " "	850 " £42 10s.	24 " $3d.$	" $1\frac{1}{2}d.$
IV. " "	1150 " £57 10s.	30 " $3\frac{3}{4}d.$	" $1\frac{3}{4}d.$
V. Exceeding	1150 " £57 10s.	36 " $4\frac{1}{2}d.$	" $2\frac{1}{4}d.$

The infirmity pensions paid in return for these premiums are made up of: (1) a yearly addition from the Imperial Treasury of 50 marks or £2 10s. per policy ; and (2) the payments to be paid by the insurance offices, which vary according to the five classes into which the insured are divided. The following Table shows the amounts of the infirmity pensions due to the insured of the different categories after having paid premiums for (1) 235 weeks, and (2) 2500 weeks :

Weeks' contributions	Class I.	Class II.	Class III.	Class IV.	Class V.
235 (4½ years)	117.60 M. or £5 17s. 7d.	129.00 M. or £6 9s.	138.60 M. or £6 18s. 7d.	147.60 M. or £7 7s. 7d.	157.20 M. or £7 17s. 2½d.
2500 (48 years)	185.40 M. or £9 5s. 5d.	270.00 M. or £13 10s.	330.00 M. or £16 10s.	390.00 M. or £19 10s.	450.00 M. or £22 10s.

There are special bodies to establish the existence of the legal "invalidity" or infirmity—temporary or permanent—which entitles the insured to a pension. This consists in the inability to earn at least one-third of the ordinary wage paid

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in the district to men engaged in the same kind of occupation.

The total number of insured persons throughout the Empire in 1909 in all categories amounted roughly to 49,000,000 (23½ for accident, 13½ for sickness, and 12 millions for infirmity and old age). The benefits granted to the insured falling on these different funds amounted to about £32,500,000, somewhat less than half of which sum came from the workers themselves.

Unfortunately, we have no German experience to help us in dealing with the problem of State insurance against unemployment, which will constitute, perhaps, the most thorny part of the heavy task undertaken by the Government. Widespread as is the recognition that Germany will eventually be obliged to adopt this course, neither the Empire nor the Federal States have yet decided to take the plunge. Those who desire, however, to be informed as to the progress made towards the solution of the problem in Germany will do well to refer to Professor Most's articles in the *ENGLISH REVIEW* for September and October 1910.

It may be here mentioned that the German working classes were anything but pleased with the infirmity and old-age insurance scheme when first brought before them. They considered it a bad bargain to pay premiums from the age of sixteen while few of them had much chance of reaching the age of seventy when they would become entitled to an old-age pension. They did not realise, what is now found to be the case, that a large number of them would receive their pensions long before the age of seventy, not, of course, as old-age pensions, but on account of invalidity. As a matter of fact, under the German system the old-age pension takes quite a secondary place compared to the invalidity pension, the number of the latter granted being more than three times as great as that of the former, while those still benefiting by the invalidity pensions are about eight times as numerous as those enjoying the old-age pensions.

THE GERMAN AMENDMENT BILL

The amendments to the existing insurance system in Germany, laid before the Federal Council on April 2, 1909, and afterwards introduced in the Reichstag as a Government Bill on March 12, 1910, may be regarded as at least a partial admission of the justice of certain of the criticisms directed against the present laws, as well as an authoritative statement.

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of the official view as to how their admitted evils should be remedied. The exceptional difficulty of the task is manifest from the fact that even this Bill, upon which so much labour has been spent by the Imperial Insurance Authorities before its publication, is strongly opposed on various grounds not only by the working classes themselves but by certain of the trade insurance offices which are the object of special favours in the proposed amendments. Indeed, the new measure is characterised by a prominent retired official of high rank in the Imperial Insurance Department, Privy Councillor Dr. Friedensburg, as "still too nebulous" to lend itself to discussion. Of course, it is out of the question to give anything like a full analysis of this measure, which comprises 1750 odd paragraphs divided into six "books" or sections. Some particulars of the more noteworthy changes introduced cannot, however, fail to be of interest.

The most important feature of the first book is the unification, to a certain extent, of the different branches of insurance and a partial codification, the law thus superseding eight existing Acts. It provides for the creation in each district of a common body of officials to which is allotted certain functions covering all the branches of insurance—functions at present performed by a variety of municipal and State officials; extends the eligibility of women for election to the administrative bodies—hitherto confined to sickness insurance—to all the other branches; and substitutes payments in kind for cash in the case of confirmed drunkards.

Book 2, concerning sickness, provides for an extension of the insurance practically to all wage-earners on the same lines as invalidity insurance, the classes subject to insurance under it comprising clerks and minor officials, foremen, agricultural labourers and those engaged in forestry (the greatest and most important extension of all), agricultural and town domestic servants, day labourers, chemists' assistants and apprentices, supernumeraries and musical performers in theatres, teachers and tutors, and as well as all those who work in their own homes in so far as their earnings do not exceed 2000 marks (£100) per annum. The Federal Council is, moreover, given power further to extend the obligation to insure to different occupations in general or—in special districts—to employers who do not regularly employ at least two persons who are under the obligation to insure. This section likewise provides for an increase in the allowance made to women in childbirth, that is to say half the amount of sick benefit for twelve weeks after confinement. It stipulates that new sick funds cannot be started with less than

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500 members and that those already in existence can only continue if their members number at least 250. Greater facilities are also granted for the fusion of different funds.

Still more important from the workman's point of view is the substitution in the case of insurance against sickness of equal payments of half each by master and man for the existing payments of one-third by the employers and two-thirds by employees.

It may be well to mention that at present the managing committees of the sick funds are made up of representatives of the employers and employed in the same proportion as the existing contributions towards those funds, namely one-third from the masters and two-thirds from the men. The result has been to give the control of these managing committees to the working-class representatives, one of the complaints of the employers being that sick benefit is occasionally granted when not deserved. The equalisation of the contributions will carry with it a similar equalisation in the representation of employers and employed. It is well known to every one of practical experience that the administration of benefits of this character is very difficult. In voluntary organisations, such as trade unions and friendly societies, committees dealing with applications for sick benefit exercise very rigorous supervision, and, in general, either know personally or have means of ascertaining the actual circumstances of the applicant. Yet they find it hard to escape being victimised by that class of malingerer who always endeavours to take an unfair advantage of the fund. Naturally this difficulty is greatly increased where the fund is not derived solely from the contributions of those who administer it and where there is a temptation to be generous at the expense of others.

Among other things, this section of the new Bill provides for a joint committee in each district, composed of at least four doctors and four representatives of the insurance office, for the settlement of differences. This compromise between restriction and the free choice of doctors demanded by the medical profession has not satisfied the latter who, furthermore, claim to have a voice in the settlement of their own remuneration.

The third book dealing with insurance against accidents does not propose any material change in the existing law beyond a slight addition to the classes affected thereby, being for the most part confined to matters of organisation.

The fourth book, comprising provisions for infirmity and

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for widows and orphans, permits an optional increase in the amount insured for infirmity as also the voluntary insurance of chemists' assistants and apprentices and of the minor theatrical employees. It will be remembered that the anticipated increase of revenue from the import duties on corn and cattle in the 1902 tariff was to be applied in providing funds for the grant of pensions to widows and orphans. This source of revenue, however, has proved so inadequate and unreliable that the Government in its present Bill has, without any reference to the customs revenue fixed the sum necessary to be raised by means of contributions from the insured and the employers with the addition of a Government grant. This is done by an average increase of one-fourth in the weekly premiums paid. While the pensions in the case of infirmity of the insured man are left unaltered, those provided for his infirm widow and for orphans are: for the widow three-tenths of the infirmity pension to which the deceased would have been entitled, and three-twentieths to a single orphan up to the completion of his fifteenth year in cases where there is only one child. When there are several orphans the share of each is reduced. To these sums are to be added the annual State grant of 50 marks (£2 10s.) to the widow and 25 marks (£1 5s.) to each orphan. On the death of an insured husband the widow gets an allowance amounting to twelve times that of her monthly pension and an orphan on completing his fifteenth year receives a sum eight times the amount of his monthly pension in order to provide him with an outfit.

The experience gained in creating the present unhomogeneous complexity of measures composing the German system—a result due to Parliamentary exigencies—furnishes useful lessons to the parties in the House of Commons, including the Labour representatives, who, it is hoped, will help rather than hamper the British Government in producing a scheme far better—as it will be later—than any at present in existence. A contrary course would inevitably lead to results similar to those in Germany, where the new system had hardly begun to work before it was found necessary to introduce a series of amendments in the three categories of insurance established. An important indication is conveyed in the fact that enlightened German opinion is more firmly convinced by each revision of the different measures dealing with insurance of the necessity for a thorough unification of the whole. The so-called “November Conference” of 1895, held at the Imperial Ministry of the Interior, was but the first of a series of attempts

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to discover a basis for this unification. At that conference the two proposals made were, however, rejected by the Government. The first was a fusion of the invalidity and old-age insurance with that for accidents, and the second the fusion of the sickness insurance with that for invalidity and old-age, leaving accident insurance quite independent.

In April 1903 the Reichstag unanimously passed a resolution calling upon the Government to consider whether it would not be well to codify the existing insurance laws, at the same time fusing into one organic whole the three forms of insurance, with the object of simplifying the administration and rendering it more economical. The Government was not, however, prepared to adopt the course suggested, although two years later (March 1905), after considerable further agitation with this object, Count Posadowsky, then Secretary of State, declared in the Reichstag that if they had at that time a clean slate, no one would think of establishing special organisations for the three branches of insurance. He added, however, that it must be the task of the future to fuse them into one. Since then, although the discussion has been continued, the problem has made little or no progress towards a practical solution.

CRITICISMS OF GERMAN SYSTEM

Desirable as it is to consider the actual and proposed German system in the light of German criticism, it is unfortunately difficult to find any studies of the subject that are not more or less vitiated by political considerations. Both Socialists and anti-Socialists are largely influenced in their attitude towards this very complicated problem by the political advantages or disadvantages which they anticipate from any proposed change. This must always be borne in mind in weighing the importance of the objections raised on both sides.

Of the recent German attacks upon the existing working-class insurance in the empire, as considered from an official and anti-Socialist standpoint, perhaps the most comprehensive and, at the same time, authoritative is that of Privy Councillor Dr. Ferdinand Friedensburg already mentioned, in a recent article in the *Zeitschrift für Politik*. He begins by remarking the extraordinary rapidity with which these measures were introduced, notwithstanding the enormous extent of ground they covered and the difficulties and novelties of the numerous separate regulations involved. While theorists were still quarrelling over the legal basis of the whole system and its specific stipulations,

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the laws themselves were put into operation and were accepted by the public as if they were the most natural thing in the world.

Owing to the generous spirit with which the Legislature was inspired, the authorities did everything in their power to remove difficulties out of the way of the insured, regardless of bureaucratic formality and red-tape. Within the first year, namely 1886, in which accident insurance had come into force, no less than 15,863 pensions, amounting to 1,547,593 marks (£77,380) were granted. The slightest injuries, as, for instance, the loss of from 3 to 5 per cent. of a workman's earning power, were taken into account. On the coming into force of the infirmity insurance, pensions were immediately granted to some 130,000 persons who had been in work within the preceding three years. The latter were, in fact, a pure gift of old-age pensions. "Huge sums were scattered broadcast in the most generous way, with the object of habituating the people to the idea of insurance, and the authorities were so liberal in their interpretation of the legal requirements that, in cases of doubt, they always recognised the right to the pension, in order by every possible means to avoid struggles calculated to embitter the working classes, the avoidance of which was regarded by legislators as a particularly desirable end to keep in view."

Dr. Friedensburg, who repudiates all desire to blame and still less to mock at this zeal, contends, however, that it was ill-considered, and that "less would have been better." At any rate, he is of opinion that the insurance institutions which were entrusted with carrying the measures into effect ought to have been guided by a greater spirit of prudence and economy in their management.

The far-reaching readiness to meet the views of the insured rendered it necessary to call upon those who provided the funds to make continually increasing contributions. Quite apart from the burden thrown upon them by simulation and by work-shy individuals, the insurance funds suffered from the steady increase in the number of the insured, not only through the inclusion of the members of their families but also through the fact that insured persons continued to draw upon the funds for a longer period than they were entitled to do. The contributions to the invalidity insurance have greatly increased automatically in recent years owing to the very considerable increase in the rate of wages. In the matter of accident insurance the total expenditure of the different funds increased from 2.57 marks (about 2s. 7d.) per insured and 193.45 marks (about £9 13s. 5½d.)

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per accident in the year 1888 to 7.40 marks (7s. 5d.) per insured and 303 marks (£15 3s.) per accident in 1908.

Dr. Friedensburg says that these figures seem to show that the limit of the possibility of bearing these burdens has already been reached, if not indeed overpassed. He adds that unfortunately the burden falls heaviest upon the smaller employers, who find the contributions to the various forms of insurance a constantly increasing proportion of their working expenses. Up to the present, however, there has been comparatively little open complaint on this score among the class of smaller employers, who are more concerned with the personal struggle between themselves and their workpeople, while they are further influenced by the fear of Socialism, accepting as they do, the view of the legislators that the danger threatening on that side may be averted by the insurance.

In spite of a system of control which has become irritating and burdensome to the insurance offices concerned, the economic existence of the latter is not by any means as secure as could be desired. Some of the trade insurance funds which provide for pensions in case of accident, as well as co-operative insurance offices which have to deal with the agricultural population, have repeatedly been brought to the verge of bankruptcy. The condition in the co-operative insurance offices has gradually become so unsatisfactory that it is becoming more and more difficult to secure men of standing to take office in them. Furthermore, the cost of administration has increased from 34 pf. (about 3½d.) per insured in 1888 to 53 pf. (nearly 6½d.) in 1908, owing to the increase of the bureaucratic element introduced consequent upon the decline in the number of capable voluntary workers.

In the case of the infirmity insurance there has also been a marked decline in the voluntary element and in self-administration. In sick funds, where self-administration has received its highest development, the result is, according to Dr. Friedensburg, not that which was desired by the Legislature, the Social Democrats having succeeded in securing for themselves the leading places in the management of those institutions. This development has been made a subject of complaint by Dr. Sydow, the Minister of Finance, and by different writers, who have given numerous illustrations of what is taking place, fresh instances being added daily by the Press.

A further complaint brought against the self-administered institutions is extravagance in the construction of hospitals and convalescent homes, which according to Dr. Friedensburg, are

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calculated to increase the discontent of the working class insured with their own homes, and are far beyond the requirements of the case. The result is, he says, to increase the hatred of the masses for the well-to-do classes by habituating the people to unattainable luxuries and destroying their contentment. Dr. Friedensburg's treatment of the legal proceedings for the enforcement of claims, though marked by an apparent bias against the insured, may furnish some useful hints for those engaged in the discussion of a British measure dealing with the same subject.

One point on which Dr. Friedensburg dwells would appear worthy of attention: that is the alleged objection of many insured workmen to the hospital treatment intended to render them capable of resuming work, and a hostility to the doctor as abetting the insurance funds with this object. He says that, literally, a terribly large number of insured persons do not want to be cured, and look upon the hospital as a *Rentenquetsche*, or machine for the forcible reduction of pensions. He adds that there are often bitter struggles in sanatoria, and complaints as to bad food and bad treatment, always, of course, anonymous or in the form of newspaper articles, as well as denunciations of the doctors. These institutions also prove themselves a source of evil in other directions. For instance, what one patient does not know of the art of simulation he learns there in his intercourse with real or pretended fellow sufferers. "Furthermore, as a matter of course, his political training is perfected through this happy opportunity."

Referring to the fact that many employers pay not only their own share but also the workman's share of the insurance premium for invalidity and old age, Dr. Friedensburg says that in this way many valuable educational ideas are frustrated. As things are at present, "A simple tax would have been cheaper, and in that way it would not have been necessary to maintain the huge army of officials, a complicated administration, and the extensive system of receipts, &c." From this educational standpoint he proposes that it should be made legally obligatory on the employer to deduct the workman's half of the premium from his wages.

WORKING-CLASS STRICTURES

As a counterpart to Dr. Friedensburg's strictures from an official standpoint it will be instructive to give some of the points made from that of the Socialist working classes by writers

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in one of their organs, *Die Neue Zeit*. Herr Gustav Hoch, for instance, strongly condemns the decision of the Government to postpone the unification of the three branches of insurance. He further insists that the whole Bill is based upon the principle of giving the employers and State officials the last word in the administration, and is particularly severe upon what he represents as the placing of the insured in the local sick funds in a position of tutelage. After stating that the change in the proportion of the contributions by the employer and employed in sick insurance is intended to deprive the workers of their decisive influence on the administration, he alleges that the further changes proposed are all in the direction of increasing the power of the employers and the permanent officials at the cost of the insured, with the result that the proposed measure would deprive the latter of the last vestiges of their right of self-administration. On the other hand, there is, he says, practically little change in the inner organisation of the trade insurance offices in which the workers have little or no influence.

He insists that the small sum allowed to the invalid widow of an insured is quite inadequate and calculated to force the worker to pay a separate insurance premium for his wife in addition to the heavy burden which he already bears, unless he is prepared to expose her to the direst distress. The writer further calls attention to the fact that medical treatment is only continued during the whole period of illness when it is due to an accident in a workshop, while in the case of other accidents it ceases after thirteen weeks. He contends that free medical service should in all cases, and wherever the accident occurs, be continued during the whole period of illness.

Another writer, Herr H. Molkenbuhr, in an article entitled "Pension or Alms?" contends that only the first wage class (see p. 493), those earning not more than 350 marks, or £17 10s. a year, are fully assured under the present system; the other higher classes being only insured for a much smaller part of their earnings. In the case of the first class one hundred weekly premiums amount to 5.6 of the average annual earnings estimated at 250 marks. In the second class these premiums only amount to $4\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., the third class to $3\frac{2}{3}$ per cent., the fourth class to 3 per cent., and the fifth class, with estimated annual earnings of 1350 marks to $2\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. The higher the earnings insured the lower is the premium, with the result that the pensions amount to about the same figure as the poor relief.

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It is contended in the same journal by Herr Hermann Müller that the proposed amendments of the Government would actually render the accident insurance worse than it is at present. Numerous protests have, it is said, been made against the proposed changes at congresses and general meetings, while the trade insurance offices (*Berufsgenossenschaften*) have also condemned them from their standpoint. One of the points at issue is the degree and kind of incapacity which entitles the insured to a pension. The writer objects to the present and proposed methods of reckoning this incapacity and insists that the workers are justified in demanding the complete recognition of their infirmity on the basis of their incapacity to continue the work for which they were trained.

It may be added that one of the strongest objections from a technical standpoint to the existing system of sickness insurance in Germany is the manner in which the business is scattered between a great variety of offices. At the end of the year 1900 the total number of these offices was 23,279 for 12½ million insured persons. The following Table shows how this 12,500,000 odd were divided:

Form of Office	Number of Offices	Number of Insured
Communal insurance	8254	1,625,542
District sick clubs	4775	6,504,585
Factory sick clubs	7974	3,159,169
Guild funds	801	283,776
Building sick clubs	45	19,158
Registered branch offices	1286	890,519
State branch offices	144	37,006
	23,279	12,519,755

This shows that more than half of the insured belong to the district sick clubs, each of which on an average deals with 1362 persons, as against, for instance, 196 persons in the communal insurance offices.

The increase in the number of the assured in recent years has only occurred in four of the above categories, namely:

37,000 in the communal insurance offices
 184,960 in the district sick clubs
 14,700 in the guild funds and
 1400 in the State branch offices,

showing that nearly four-fifths of the increase has been in the district sick clubs, in which, by the way, up to the present, the working-class insured play the leading part.

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The fact that, after such a long experience and frequent amendments, there is still cause for complaint and room for improvement in the German system should not discourage us in our efforts to solve this important and urgent problem. The fact remains that with all its deficiencies no responsible person throughout the German Empire would to-day advocate the abolition of this great machine which, after all, has done much directly and indirectly to improve the position of the workers. The limited human intelligence will never produce a perfect scheme of any kind, nor can a Legislature ever hope that any project, however carefully thought out, will disappoint none of those whom it is intended to benefit. In practical affairs the touchstone of all effort must be whether the balance has been for good. I am convinced that in the matter of German working-class insurance the answer has unquestionably been in the affirmative; and that in this country the result will be the same if we introduce an intelligent and rational system. Practical experience here will dispel, as it has already done in Germany, many of the bogies that frighten well-meaning people, such as the dread of compulsion and the objections to the compulsory deductions from wages, the apprehended evil effects on friendly societies and trade unions, the excessive cost of State assistance to the community at large, &c. The experience of Germany will be particularly useful in helping us to escape the pitfalls into which she has fallen in her great experimental work, and as a warning against imitating her in her terrible addiction to red-tape, which—used as a precaution against possible frauds—inflicts hardships on the insured and occasions far more expense to the administration than is justified by the results.

P.S.—Since writing the above Mr. Lloyd George has laid before Parliament his great scheme in the brilliant speech he made on May 4. While it is too soon to form a final judgment of that comprehensive measure, one thing is clear from the first cursory perusal of it, namely that it constitutes a memorable advance on the German system, not merely from the technical standpoint, in avoiding a mass of cumbrous regulations, but from that of the working-man and woman in offering them a far more satisfactory provision for their needs.

Apart from emphasising this fact a glance at the points of difference between the two systems will be instructive. One great disadvantage of the German method has been avoided by Mr. Lloyd George, namely, the breaking up of the

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different branches of working-class insurance into separate and independent offices. While in Germany, notwithstanding the protests of the Reichstag and of the leading non-official authorities on insurance, there are still separate offices for sickness and for infirmity, the British measure deals with both and with the huge task of unemployment insurance in one office and with one staff. Moreover, the work of that staff will be much simpler than that of the German offices, not only in consequence of this unification—alleged by the German Government to be, for the moment, an unrealisable ideal—but of a general simplification of method.

So far as sickness is concerned, the German scheme is confined to workers earning not more than £100 a year, while the English comprises all those whose earnings are less than £160 a year, the British Income-Tax limit. Apart from this difference in the wage-limit the range of classes compulsorily liable to sickness insurance will be about the same when the German Amendment Act is passed. At present the German scheme is less extensive.

In Germany at present employers pay one-third of the weekly premium and the employed two-thirds, but it is proposed in the Amendment Bill that this premium shall be paid in equal parts by masters and men. In the British measure the employers pay one-fourth less than male workers, and the same as female employees, while the weekly contribution of the State is exactly a fourth of the total of all the contributions in the case of females and slightly less than a fourth in that of males—2*d.* out of 8*d.* in the former case, and 2*d.* out of 9*d.* in the latter.

In the German system the maternity allowance extends from six to eight weeks. In the English Bill the allowance of 30*s.* is made dependent upon refraining from work for four weeks after confinement.

In the British measure there is one scale of allowance for all the insured of the same sex, while in the German it varies in proportion to the premiums paid which are graduated in five classes, the premiums ranging from 1 to 4½ per cent. of the average wage in the district. Under the German system the least to which the insured is entitled is free medical treatment and medicine for six months, minor surgical appliances and spectacles, and if unable to work, half of the ordinary wage of workmen in the district if that does not exceed 4*s.* per day (English, for men 10*s.* weekly for first three months, women 7*s.* 6*d.* weekly : for second three months 5*s.* weekly to both

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sexes; with permanent allowance of 5*s.* weekly for permanent disablement).

The German system also includes an allowance for the burial of the insured.

The German obligation to insure against infirmity and old age extends to all wage-earners of both sexes who have completed their sixteenth year, comprising domestic servants, shop assistants, school teachers, seamen, &c. Under these Infirmity Acts the worker's share of the premium ranges from about $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* to $2\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* a week (English 1*d.* to 4*d.*) and the total of premiums from about $1\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* to $4\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* per week (English, in case of men 9*d.*, and of women 8*d.*). After payments for 235 weeks ($4\frac{1}{2}$ years) the German insurer is entitled in case of infirmity to an annual sum according to his class of from £5 17*s.* 7*d.* or about 2*s.* 3*d.* a week to £7 17*s.* $2\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* or about 3*s.* a week, and after 48 years (2500 weeks) to £9 5*s.* 5*d.* or 3*s.* 6*d.* (3*s.* 4*d.* in the lowest class) rising to £22 10*s.* or about 8*s.* $7\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* per week in the highest—figures which illustrate the German working-class contention that the assistance given in Germany is little in excess of the ordinary poor relief, particularly for the lower categories of labour.

Of course, there remain the difficulties involved in the existence of trade union benefit funds established on a different basis and with somewhat different objects from those contemplated by the Government measure, as also the rooted objection of the friendly societies to a compulsory system. These, however, are obstacles that have already been overcome elsewhere and which can certainly be overcome here with the goodwill which is so evident on all sides. The exercise of the same goodwill may be confidently reckoned upon to smooth over such objections as may be raised by a number of firms who, owing to special circumstances, may suffer hardships from the working of the new system.

Land Purchase and Land Banks

By Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.

THE Small Ownership and National Land Bank Bill, which obtained a second reading in the House of Lords in the first week of May, has been the subject of some criticism in Parliament and in the public Press. Apart from official opposition to the fundamental principle of the Bill—Ownership as against Tenancy—those criticisms have followed two main lines. Objection has been taken in certain quarters to the position which the county councils would occupy under the Bill, financially and administratively. It is represented that the county councils are not the proper bodies to administer such an Act; that large and costly machinery would be necessary; that the councils should not be saddled with financial responsibility on a second mortgage; and that, in putting that responsibility on them, with appeal to the Local Government Board, that department, without any particular acquaintance with agricultural questions, would have the power to stop purchase, to sanction injudicious bargains, or to compel purchase.

I am not now especially concerned to answer, or even to discuss, these particular opinions. It might, however, be urged that, at the present time, county councils are engaged in administering a system of land settlement which, being based on tenancy, demands constant supervision of the tenants as well as the initial processes of placing them on the soil. It might be pointed out also that the Bill which Lord Dunmore brought into the House of Lords only places one-fifth of the financial responsibility of each deal on the councils, though they have now to bear the whole responsibility under the Small Holdings Act of 1907-8. But for the moment such controversies may be passed by. The movement for land purchase is not yet at its height, and the measures for its attainment are necessarily experimental at this stage. Inquiry is not yet exhausted, our knowledge is not yet complete. With fuller inquiry and increased knowledge, provision will certainly be made to meet the difficulties mentioned. It is possible that the State might

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be substituted for the local authorities with advantage; it is even possible that the financial requirements of land purchase might be satisfied without recourse to either the local authority or to the Treasury, as under the Ashbourne Act.

The settlement of land, or more definitely land colonisation, in this country is a new principle; on the lines of ownership it is an untried principle. In dealing with a system both novel and untried all suggestions and proposals must be at first tentative. We are confident, however, that in small ownership we have found the true solution of a great problem; but, so far as methods are concerned, we are "finding the way." This must always be so in great matters of legislation. How many times have Governments brought in Bills—Education Bills and Licensing Bills for example—which they have had to withdraw because of criticism? This did not argue stupidity on the part of those who drafted the Bills, but scrutiny, rather, on the part of those various sections of people who had practical experience in the working out of such problems. Only lately, for instance, the present Government introduced a Copyright Bill, which was sound in its principles, but it withered away under the analysis of its details, under criticism bitter, powerful, and well founded. This year has seen the re-introduction of a Copyright Bill, again not perfect, but which, with certain adjustments, the result of acute and authoritative criticism, will probably become law, and good law. It has always been so in capital legislation, and so it will always be. Therefore I pass by the objections to the inclusion of the county councils in the process of land purchase with this remark, that the method proposed is inherently sound, and it is possible also, unless the county councils refuse to do the work because it is more work to do. In any case the adoption or rejection of this machinery does not invalidate the scheme as a whole: it is incidental, not radical and essential.

The criticisms with which I am now concerned are those directed against the creation of a National Land Bank as the instrument of land purchase. To a large extent these criticisms are the result either of a lack of knowledge or of confusion of ideas. The scope and operations of continental land banks are very imperfectly understood, while there is a quite extraordinary confusion in the minds of some officials, editors, private persons, and even of certain financiers, as to the respective functions and working of land banks, national or private, and co-operative credit societies. As an example of this confusion of ideas take Lord Denman's speech in the House of Lords

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in the year 1908, in which he declared that unlimited liability, applied to Raiffeisen societies, might reproduce the catastrophe of the Glasgow Bank. Also during the last General Election Mr. Bennett, a gentleman of real attainments, informed the electors of Mid-Oxfordshire in his election address that the Government had "undertaken to establish a system of national credit banks, which, by loans at easy rates of interest, will enable farmers or small holders to purchase their land." As the only suggestion at that time was the development of co-operative credit, Mr. Bennett obviously confused co-operative credit societies with land banks, and ascribed to the former functions to which they have never aspired and are not able to perform. As these are not solitary instances of this confusion of thought, it may be as well to clear the ground by a brief description of what land banks and co-operative credit societies really are.

Co-operative credit societies or village banks, as they are sometimes called, are agglomerations of a few persons, elected for their character, and operating in definite and very restricted areas. There are no shares, no dividends, and no division of profits. Their object is not to make money, but to assist their members by loans on the easiest terms compatible with the avoidance of loss. They are co-operative in the strictest sense of the word, each member having unlimited liability for the obligations of his society, and none but members being eligible for assistance. Loans are made on personal security for short periods. There are no fixed offices, and no salaried officers, except the secretary, who sometimes gets a small honorarium. Loans are granted for specific purposes, and there is a friendly and informal supervision of their application. Moral or financial lapses by a member involve loss of membership.

A land bank, on the other hand, is an institution conducted on ordinary commercial lines. There are some land banks, such as the old *Landschaften* of Germany, into which the co-operative idea entered in some degree, and it is present in some of the Hungarian land banks; but they are not co-operative in the sense that Raiffeisen societies are co-operative, and in most cases there is no element of co-operation at all. They are mortgage societies, having a share capital, and making profits like any other bank. Their advances for the purchase and for the development of land are made on mortgages, usually for long terms, and are generally, if not always, repayable by means of a sinking fund. Some of

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these banks enjoy State support in greater or lesser degree ; others are entirely independent and are purely private concerns.

From this description of the working of credit societies and land banks, necessarily brief as it is, it is at once clear how widely apart lie their functions and spheres of usefulness. The village society gives loans, without any cost to the borrowers, which the land bank could not give without considerable cost to itself. The land bank makes advances in large sums and for long terms, while village credit societies lend small sums for short terms.

A co-operative credit society is clearly unable, as a rule, to advance money for the purchase of land. Cases may, and do, occur on the Continent where a man borrows a few pounds in order to add a bit of land to his holding, but such cases are quite exceptional. A credit society, indeed, is never able to deal in large amounts, and is thus not only incapable of being made an instrument of land purchase, but is of little or no advantage to large farmers, who may want advances of some hundreds of pounds. Such purposes can only be effected through land banks, which, as in Denmark, make advances ranging from £5 to £100,000.

There is, happily, no difference of opinion respecting co-operative credit banks, or credit societies as, in order to prevent confusion, they should be called. Their usefulness for the provision of working capital for development purposes and the like, is a matter of common agreement. But some sections of opinion have grown very jumpy and excited over the idea of one National Land Bank, which shall advance money for the purchase of land, or for the development of land either direct to the cultivators or to the village credit societies. Conjoined with this lack of knowledge and confusion of ideas a certain nervousness has been the parent of some remarkable criticisms in Parliament and in the Press. Thus, a manifesto issued by the Rural League, of which Mr. Jesse Collings is president, speaks of the farmers being handed over to the "money-lenders," apparently to become the well-fleeced victims of usury! An evening journal, usually sedate and always able, has been moved to even higher flights of denunciatory imagination. The National Land Bank is a "colossal fraud," with bloated profits, which make it a most "attractive scheme" from the capitalists' point of view. It will provide "pretty pickings for the official and investing class," while the unfortunate farmer, unable to face its extortionate charges, will, "after a more or less lengthened period of struggle, find his money gone, and his land in the hands

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of the benevolent institution into whose clutches he has got." In the opinion of this journal it is in short a money-lending scheme designed to exploit the agriculturist. After such epithets it will come as an anti-climax to learn that the advances of the bank are to be made at 4 per cent., of which $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is for sinking fund.

It is almost unnecessary for me to deal with such criticisms as the foregoing, since they have been answered by another critic of the Bill—Lord Faber. His objection to the proposed land bank is that its terms are too moderate; he doubts if investors will find it an "attractive scheme"; he does not believe that the bank will be able to lend money at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest, and cover its working expenses, much less show those usurious profits anticipated by the writer for the Rural League and the *Globe*. These irreconcilable critics of a National Land Bank scheme must be left to adjust their differences between themselves, while I proceed to adduce some facts which will probably satisfy impartial persons of firmer nerve that they are all engaged in creating and slaying imaginary bogies. But surely it would be more statesmanlike, as it would be fairer, for those who see objections to the creation of a National Land Bank to consider the subject in the broad light of knowledge, instead of dealing wild blows in the dark.

Whatever differences there may be among land reformers, on one point at least there is perfect agreement—that the problem of land reform is one of the most critical that the country has to solve, and that in its correct solution the future of the country is involved. That being so, it is not folly alone, it is little less than criminal that any attempt should be made to stifle inquiry, or to close up a single avenue of exposition or research. Even to form prejudiced judgments is to be lacking in a sense of public duty. There is no heaven-given solution: it can only be found by patient and painful seeking in every nook or corner where haply it may be found. No one method is infallible, we can only approximate to perfection; and that only after the most scientifically impartial balancing of rival schemes and most careful weighing of the evidence which experience gives. We have to examine the lines which land settlement has followed, not in the United Kingdom only, but in other countries as well, always bearing in mind that no one country knows everything, or has done everything in the best and wisest way—not even England.

The British system of land purchase we know. It is State-aided purchase pure and unadulterated, the State being the direct

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medium of advances in Ireland, the county councils representing it in Great Britain. The terms of purchase in Ireland are commercially unsound in so far as they involve the taxpayers or ratepayers in a certain loss for the cost of flotation; in Great Britain the terms are politically unsound inasmuch as they are prohibitive to the vast majority of would-be small owners. The result has been that in Ireland the number of freeholders has greatly increased, but the taxpayers have been mulcted in large sums; in Great Britain State-aided land purchase has been practically *nil*.

On the Continent both these errors have been avoided. Freeholders have been multiplied exceedingly, while the colonising instrument, be it State or land bank, has escaped loss. Land settlement, in short, has been conducted abroad on commercial lines. This statement has, however, to be somewhat qualified in the case of Denmark and France, as will be explained in dealing with those countries. If we examine the process of land purchase in those countries where it has been put on an organised basis, we shall find that everywhere land banks play an important part in the operation. In some cases they are the sole instrument of purchase; even where the State intervenes it does so concurrently with, or through the medium of, land banks.

Thus, in Russia, where we should most naturally look for a purely bureaucratic system, we find the peasant banks acting as the intermediary between the newly created peasant proprietors and the landowners whose land they buy, or the commune authorities, in cases where the communal land is turned over to private ownership. Financed by the Imperial Treasury, the peasant banks advance from 90 to 100 per cent. of the purchase-money, and grant a *moratorium* of ten years in the repayment of the principal.

In Denmark we find a dual system—State-aided purchase, and purchase is effected entirely through the medium of land banks. State-aided purchase, however, dates only from 1899, and is confined to very small holdings, never exceeding £450 in value. Practically the whole of the vast freehold tenure of Denmark, covering about 90 per cent. of the cultivated area, has been the creation of the land banks or credit unions. The abolition of serfdom was accompanied by the substitution of hereditary tenancies for the forced service on which land had been held, and they, during the latter half of last century, were converted into freeholds. But the funds were provided by the banks, some of which had no assistance from the State, others of which

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received Government assistance in their inception, and a few of which enjoyed a Government guarantee. The interest charged by these banks on loans varies from 3 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and has of late years risen with the increasing value of money. As a rule these banks only lend on first mortgage with a large margin of security—generally of one-half the property; but there are other banks which make a business of lending on second mortgage. In his admirable and noteworthy book *Rural Denmark*, Mr. Rider Haggard observes that the terms offered by these banks are so advantageous that, contrary to English practice, landowners take up mortgages on their property to provide themselves with floating capital; which accounts for the large volume of Danish mortgages, so often cited as an argument against small ownership.

State-aided purchase in Denmark, as I have said, is limited to quite small holdings, and even in this case the State does not act alone, but in conjunction with the State Mortgage Bank. In several ways this scheme is instructive. The method is as follows. The purchaser finds 10 per cent. of the money, and the remaining 90 per cent. is found, two-fifths by the Treasury, which has second priority, and three-fifths by the Mortgage Bank of Denmark, which has first priority. The latter portion of the loans is raised by the issue of stock put on the market with a State guarantee. The money is advanced to the purchaser at 3 per cent., and for five years he pays only interest. At the end of five years 1 per cent. is charged for sinking fund, by which the two-fifths advanced by the Treasury is paid off in $46\frac{1}{2}$ years; whereupon the sinking fund is applied to the repayment of the three-fifths section; so that the total loan is extinguished in ninety-three years. As the Government cannot borrow at less than $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the price at which the purchase-money is advanced involves the State in loss. This has occasioned much controversy, some critics condemning the uncommercial nature of the transaction, others excusing it on grounds of public policy. This Danish purchase system is instructive to us in two ways—it is an example of joint action of the State and a National Land Bank such as is proposed in the Bill brought in by Lord Dunmore; and it is an example of the impossibility of lending money at 3 per cent. or less, as is proposed in the Purchase of Land Bill, without imposing a charge on the taxpayer.

Belgium, again, is an instance of a country consumed by an intense land-hunger, which leads its small tenants to gratify their desire for ownership at exorbitant cost. In spite of this,

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however, under the inspiration of ownership, they make small cultivation profitable. Here the State stands entirely aloof from land purchase. And I should not refer to Belgium were it not that it contains a striking refutation of Lord Faber's dictum that a land bank can make no profit on a smaller margin between its borrowing and lending than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The *Caisse Centrale* of the *Boerenbond*, by far the most powerful of the great agricultural associations which operate in Belgium, raises its funds on $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds, and lends through its subsidiary credit societies at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and it does this without Government guarantee, on its own security and that of the credit society through which it makes the loan.

In Austria-Hungary, where land settlement is carried out on a large and highly organised scale, State colonisation and private colonisation, or purchase through land banks, proceed side by side. Formerly there was a sharp line of demarcation between the two, State colonisation consisting in moving settlers from another district to the colonisation settlement, while private colonisation consisted in parcelling out land among would-be purchasers already residing in the district. The latter process was carried out by "Parcelling-out Banks," which either financed a bargain made privately between vendor and purchaser, or bought up estates and re-sold them in smaller lots. Usually these banks have been able to issue bonds up to 75 per cent. of the value of the property, and the loans made by them are subject to Government supervision to prevent harsh or unfair agreements. They also enjoy certain privileges, such as exemption from certain taxes, remission of stamp duties, and the like. Some of them are purely joint-stock concerns, a few have a co-operative character, but are not in any way to be confused with village credit societies. Modifications in the organisation of land settlement are contemplated, if they have not already been actually accomplished, but they do not alter the constitution of the land banks and, being highly complicated, they cannot be dealt with in detail. One important feature, however, is the encouragement which the Government gives to the land banks, by remitting certain taxes and duties on their debenture issues, which rank as trustee investment securities. The annual payment on advances is 4 per cent., sometimes even less, which includes sinking fund. The general tendency of the new legislation of 1910 is to efface the distinction between private and State colonisation, but it would not seem to diminish the work of the land banks, though it does extend the operations of the State.

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To attempt to describe in detail the various forms which German agricultural credit takes would far exceed my limits, so that the great *Landschaften* must be passed over with a very few words. In their origin—they began about the middle of the eighteenth century—they were formed on a co-operative basis to provide credit for the great landowners, the landowners of a province being collectively responsible for loans to one of their number. In time the co-operative idea died down; the collective liability has been abandoned; liability is confined to the property mortgaged; and the scope of the bank's operations has been widened. Still, advances for land purchase are made only as part of their general business, and do not form a main object of their existence. The *Renten Banks*, on the other hand, were in their origin, and are now, mainly concerned with land purchase. They were formed, with State guarantee, to complete the land reform inaugurated by Stein and Hardenberg. They assist in the redemption of the rent-charges created by the legislation of those great men and the conversion of the land into freehold farms. These rent-charges were extinguished on a basis of twenty-five years' purchase, the amount being advanced by the banks at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest and sinking fund for repayment in fifty-six years, or 5 per cent. for repayment in forty-one years.

These *Renten Banks* are still utilised as the instruments of State-directed colonisation in Prussia, particularly in the Polish provinces, which it is the object of the Government to Germanise through land settlement. At the outset the Government attempted to effect this directly through a Colonisation Commission, which had enormous sums at its disposal. The idea was to create small holdings on a permanent rent-charge basis. The tenants had the opportunity of converting 90 per cent. of the rent-charge into freehold, though the process was purposely made difficult. Experience and heavy expenditure showed this procedure to be unsatisfactory, whereupon the Government turned to the *Renten Banks* as implements of a scheme of purchase.

The basis of purchase is twenty-five years' purchase of the rental. The vendor is paid in $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. or 4 per cent. bonds. If he takes the lower interest he gets twenty-seven years' purchase, and twenty-three years and eight months if he takes 4 per cent. bonds. The purchaser pays the interest on the bonds plus $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. sinking fund, the transaction being completed in about sixty years. Only 75 per cent. of the purchase-money is paid to the vendor, the balance remaining

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on a second mortgage held by the vendor. The Renten Bank can give one year's grace in payment, and can lend the settler working capital, which is added to the whole loan. The operation is under the supervision and control of Land Commissioners appointed by the Government.

To counteract the Germanising influence of this scheme, the Polish land banks, throughout Prussian Poland, give still better terms to their clients, frequently, if not generally, advancing the whole of the purchase-money. Otherwise they work much on the lines of the Renten Banks, with which, however, they are not on business relations. It is remarkable that while the Renten Banks work with Government support and with Government money, the Polish banks, purely private concerns without any such support, are able to compete with them in terms, and yet earn profits ranging from 6 to 10 per cent. No doubt they are in some degree enabled to do this by the patriotism of their supporters, and by gratuitous assistance in investigating the character and status of applicants for land; but when all allowance is made for this factor in their success, that success remains very remarkable and encouraging for the supporters of land banks.

There have been other agencies of land settlement in Germany, among them private land banks. The most important of these, the Land Bank of Berlin, established in 1885, with branches in many large centres, devoted great attention to colonisation in the first years of its existence, though recently, partly owing to the intervention of the State in land settlement, it has rather turned to other general real estate business. It has, up to the present, bought and resold over half a million acres, has created nearly 3000 small freeholds, and enlarged 2000 existing small holdings, besides forming a considerable number of large farms.

What has been already said will suffice to cast doubt on the accuracy of the writer for the Rural League, who has committed himself to the assertion that "on the Continent there is no institution such as that proposed by the Bill (Small Ownership and National Land Bank)." The Renten Banks of Germany, the Polish land banks, the "parcelling-out" banks of Austria, and the peasant banks of Russia are instances which he will find it hard to explain away. But lest it may be said that these institutions have not been created by statute for the specific purpose of assisting land purchase, let us take the case of Roumania. In some respects the agrarian conditions of Roumania resemble our

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own. A very large proportion of the land is in the hands of a few owners, and there is a larger proportion of land held by tenants than in any other European country except Great Britain. The situation there is complicated by the fact that a great deal of the land is rented by foreign speculators, who exploit the soil, and who purposely sublet the land in very small quantities, so as to be able to exploit the labour of the peasantry as well. To meet this intolerable condition the Government, in 1908, initiated a scheme of land settlement on the lines of small ownership. For this purpose a land bank was formed, with a capital of £400,000, half contributed by the State, half provided by shares, which can only be held by Roumanian citizens. This institution was formed specifically to carry out land purchase. It does that, either by financing bargains privately made, or by purchasing estates and reselling them in lots. The lots are $12\frac{1}{2}$ acres in extent, not more than five can be acquired by any one purchaser, and they can never be subdivided. When demand exceeds supply, preference is given to applicants for a single lot; when the supply exceeds the demand, the land can be sold in parcels of 125 acres, but in that case purchasers have to pay the whole of the purchase-money. A purchaser of a single lot gets from the bank an advance of 85 per cent. of the purchase-money; a purchaser of two or three lots, 75 per cent.; a purchaser of four or five lots 65 per cent. The bank obtains its funds by the issue of bonds up to 90 per cent. of the price it has paid for the land which it has bought.

In Egypt, again, we have an instance of a bank designed chiefly, if not entirely, to assist land purchase. Mainly through its instrumentality some 400,000 small ownerships have been created in the space of about ten years, and though there are some arrears of payments, they cannot be considered very formidable considering the amount of money—about £15,000,000—which has been advanced. This result is the more remarkable when we consider that only 50 per cent. of the purchase-money is advanced, and that repayment has to be made within $20\frac{1}{2}$ years—terms much less favourable than those given to European purchasers.

Of land purchase in France there is little to be said, since, as an organised movement, it only dates from March 1910. It is conducted through the Regional Banks, which themselves work through the *Caisses Rurales* of their respective districts. The money is advanced at 2 per cent., owing to the fact that the Regional Banks may obtain advances free of charge

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from the Bank of France. This low rate of interest enables advances to be repaid in fifteen years without placing a heavy burden on the borrower. Loans for purchase are limited to 8000 francs, and can only be made to members of the *Caisses Rurales*, who must, to qualify for membership, be members of an agricultural society. It is obvious that such a system, however excellent in itself, throws little light on our problems, and it is here described to make the review of continental land settlement as complete as may be.

The critic before mentioned has formulated three propositions respecting continental land banks: (1) That there are no land banks which advance the whole of the purchase-money; (2) that there is no institution such as that proposed in the Small Ownership Bill; (3) that continental land banks are principally institutions for lending money on mortgage. Tested by the facts of the foregoing survey these propositions entirely fail. There are banks in Poland which advance the whole of the purchase-money. Even when the whole of the purchase-money is not advanced in other countries, advantages are given—delay in repayment, remissions of taxation, and loans of working capital included in the purchase price, which go far to compensate the purchaser. I do not maintain that the land bank I have proposed is precisely similar to any continental land bank; as a fact we find infinite variations between the continental systems. But it is a fact that banks have been formed specifically for purchase, and in Denmark there is a combination of State and bank such as I have suggested. Our critic is correct when he says that these land banks advance money on mortgage, but he is inaccurate when he suggests that those mortgages are entirely for development. In fact, all land purchase on the Continent which is effected through land banks is effected by mortgages; and the mortgages, whether for development or purchase, are repaid by means of instalments. In what does the proposed British land bank differ from them in point of principle? It will advance money for purchase, but it will—it is specifically so stated in Lord Dunmore's Bill—also advance money for purposes of development to the co-operative credit societies. It will not be debarred from advancing money to landowners, large and small, on mortgage, which may be repaid by a sinking fund, thus filling up a gap in our system of agricultural credit which, it cannot be doubted, has been a cause of great loss to agriculturists.

Is it possible that a system sanctioned by the experience of other countries—and countries, too, which have been

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successful where we have failed—is to be cavalierly dismissed? We have a problem before us new in these islands but old among the countries of Europe. That problem—the problem of land settlement, rural repopulation, and progressive agriculture—they have solved, or are in process of solving. Our rural population is dwindling, our markets are flooded with foreign food, the productiveness of our soil is admittedly below what it should be, we have lost hundreds of millions of agricultural capital: in a word we have failed. Is it possible that any avenue to safety is to be marked “no thoroughfare,” that any scheme is to be rejected through insular prejudice, or without the most ample and scientific investigation, and that, seeking after truth, we should put the glass to our blind eye? The time is coming for the United States, as it has come for the Old World, when the agrarian position will have to be reconsidered. Mr. J. J. Hill, of the Northern Pacific and other railways, at once a keen economist and practical man of business, predicts the near approach of a condition which will enforce the creation of small freeholds as a means to increasing the productivity of the soil. Already American agriculture has enlisted the assistance of co-operation, to an extent far greater than is usually imagined, to meet its difficulties: presently it will be driven to small ownership to secure its position. Even our own Colonies, where there is no such stress of population, and just because there is a want of population, are being forced toward closer settlement. With us, both these causes are at work; we have the pressure of a population insistent to be fed, we have a dearth of men in the fields where the food should be produced. “Land without population,” said Mr. Hill, “is a wilderness, and population without land is a mob.” Both these evils are ours. To remove them, to settle the true relation of the land to the national life, is the work that lies before us; a work which cannot be accomplished without most careful and unbiassed examination of all the solutions which experience offers.

But a National Land Bank is not a panacea. It alone will not solve our problem any more than State-aided purchase will solve it, or State tenancy either. Whether men purchase by means of State loans, or by loans from a land bank—both have their advantages and drawbacks, and the only question is which has the greater percentage of advantage—small ownership still must fail, and small tenancy must fail, unless there is combination and co-operation among the small farmers for credit, transport, marketing of produce, and the purchase of require-

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ments, such as is carried on by the Agricultural Organisation Society. Any scheme of land settlement, to contain the germs of success, must provide not only for the acquisition of the land on easy terms, but for its development after it has been acquired. Mr. Rider Haggard concludes his interesting book *Rural Denmark* with this summary of the principal lessons he learned in that country :

“(1) That in a Free Trade country of limited area and lacking virgin soil, co-operation is necessary to a full measure of agricultural success.

“(2) That only freeholders or farmers holding under some form of perpetual lease . . . will co-operate to any wide extent.

“(3) That the accumulation of estates, which for the most part descend intact from one owner to another, and are hired out piecemeal to tenants, is not conducive to the multiplication of freeholders, nor therefore to the establishment of general co-operation.”

The limiting words “Free Trade” might be omitted from the first paragraph without impairing its truth, since Protected countries attach as much importance to co-operation as Free Trade Denmark. But the main point emerging from the passage is this: that co-operation and ownership (or some form of perpetual tenure) are mutually interdependent, though not perhaps to an equal extent. For while ownership promotes co-operation, co-operation is vital to ownership.

Reduced to its ultimate issue, co-operation means credit. The mechanical processes of organisation, especially in the purchase of agricultural necessities, may be reduced to terms of credit. And, as a fact, we find that in some countries, as Germany, organisation succeeded the provision of financial credit, whereas in others, France for example, organisation was the first step. It is one of the advantages of employing a National Land Bank as the agent of land purchase, that it will also be the natural agent of agricultural development through credit. In advances to co-operative landowning societies and to village banks it will find not only immediate profit, but increased security for its future operations. It will, in fact, be creating a security on which it can work hereafter, and with growing security so would its operations widen. Whatever the State might do to assist in the acquisition of land, no one will pretend that it can ever become an efficient instrument in the development of the soil. How little the State can be trusted

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to achieve that object, which lies at the bottom of the whole question, is manifest from our position as compared with that of other nations.

It is fashionable to abuse the officials of our Agricultural Department, and to place the responsibility for our deficiencies on their shoulders. Nothing could be more unfair. Our officials are as good as any, but they are only the servants of the Government policy, of the public policy; they cannot of themselves set the crooked straight, they cannot make England wise, nor give it its work to do. That is the work of the Administration; and even an Administration is governed by natural and economic laws, which place some things beyond its range, and call for the exercise of private initiative and self-help.

Let no one approach agricultural reform with a light heart, or crude theories. The labour will be Herculean. Land Reform, whether it take the form of small ownership or small tenancy, only begins with them; they are only the root; the branches are infinite and far-spreading. This problem of ours is the most difficult, as it is the most vital, that we have tackled in one hundred years. It must not be approached with the idea of swift results, or of a golden age. It will not bring back hundreds of thousands to the land at once, and it is undesirable that it should do so. It will be a gradual process, and this is all the better. The task of organising, as well as creating a new rural population on a large scale might easily spell disaster; it would certainly breed vast difficulties. And the small man, labourer, or urban worker, desiring to return to the soil, must not look for an Arcadia. There are no eclogues to be written about the agriculture of to-day. The peasant owner must face hard work, a heavy struggle, much drudgery, some disappointment. His lot will not be easy; but it will be no harder than it is at present; and in this at least it will be better—that behind it there will be hope, before it a future; that the man will be working for his own on his own; that he will be stimulated by the responsibilities of complete possession.

Play of the Month

"The Master of Mrs. Chilvers"

OF course, there is *Fanny's First Play*, by; there is *Baby Mine*; there is *Kismet*; there is the Bernard Shaw season at the Criterion, yet serious criticism must point to the Royalty as the play of the month, because a genuine artistic enterprise is being conducted there, and an actor, who is himself a "star," is content to be treated as an actor. This is a phenomenon in our stage life, and the result is probably the best all-round exhibition of acting in London.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's play is not very interesting or dramatic, but there is no *Third-Floor Back* sentimentality about it, and the first two acts are well-knit and entertaining. Its chief merit is the balance kept by the author, who may be a suffragist or not, for though the play deals with the women's movement, both *pro* and *contra*, it is impossible to infer from the climax what part in the controversy Mr. Jerome himself takes, or, indeed, what part he would have us take. There is nothing of the Brieux method about *The Master of Mrs. Chilvers*. We are left without a moral, without even a shock. We must credit Mr. Jerome with an astounding sense of impartiality.

What we do, however, find at the Royalty is a real play—a play, that is, written neither for any one man nor woman, and played accordingly, as on the Continent plays are acted, with a proper sense of harmony and proportion. There is less apostrophising across the footlights than in any other London theatre—for even Mr. Shaw's players sin egregiously in that respect with their chest-thumping and declamatory arm-waving; there is less theatricality, either of Paquin gowns or heroics, and there is absolutely no *one* actor or actress whom all the rest are taught to "feed" and play up to. Yet there are names, good names, some of the best we have. Mr. Dennis Eadie, now actor-manager, yet content positively with a small part. Miss Lena Ashwell (her frocks not advertised) content, too, to be one among the others. Mr. Gwenn, Mr. Sherbrook,

PLAY OF THE MONTH

Miss Fairbrother, Miss Esmé Beringer, and others; in short, a Coronation cast, playing as a whole and for a whole, as different from the star entity entertainment usually provided, as the turn of Pávlova and Mordkin differs from those presented at the halls. And the result is admirable. In their respective lines Mr. Gwenn and Mr. Sherbrook have no rivals, for they make their parts intelligent and vital. Miss Lena Ashwell plays within her *rôle*, seeking rather to interpret Mrs. Chilvers than to advertise herself, and Mr. Dennis Eadie supports her, not at all in the manner of the latest actor-manager who has just acquired a theatre, but obviously and honestly in the part created by Mr. Jerome.

Here then is the nucleus of the genuine thing so terribly needed on our modern stage, a company collected together to act plays. It is a very bold venture, as all ideals are bold. Yet it is so good that almost one believes it must succeed. The Vedrenne-Eadie management gives us at the Royalty that splendid singleness of representation that one finds with the Sicilians, each man, each woman working for a single effect within the scheme and scope of the play provided. That is as it should be, as it must be, if we are to have an adult stage, freed from the petted vanities of the mob-actor and the dreary artificialities of the box-office play. If the Royalty has been singled out, it is because of the honesty of the art now to be found there. We are not likely to see a better all-round performance. No one who visits the Royalty can fail to notice the excellence of the acting, and that is why it is to be hoped that people will go and see the good thing successfully started on its way at the comfortable theatre in Dean Street.

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BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

IMPRESSIONS OF MEXICO. By MARY BARTON. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

The number of books descriptive of Mexico that are seeing the light just now is a tribute to the interest excited by the condition of that disturbed republic. This book, however, comes as an exception to the rule inasmuch as it refrains entirely from mention of the political situation, and the polemical figure of General Diaz is accorded less than half a dozen lines. The author visited the country with the object of placing its beauties on canvas, and the material of her volume has been gathered from the neighbourhood of her easel, wherever it happened to be. The result is a chatty, rather slipshod, but quite pleasant work that portrays the humours and minor tragedies of the itinerant artist in Mexico. The manner in which many of the coloured illustrations are reproduced is a little unfortunate, and suggestive of the picture postcard. Nevertheless, they render a faithful enough impression of some of the typical features of the country

ANCIENT LIGHTS AND CERTAIN NEW REFLECTIONS. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. Chapman and Hall, Limited.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer is rather like Maurice Hewlett's hero, Captain Brassbound, "the seventh son, born in the seventh month," of some seventh wonder. He, too, is absurdly young, and yet he has written almost as many books as he has years to his name, and still, with the cynicism of a philosopher, he pours them out, wonderfully clear-cut things, too, and no doubt will continue doing so until some five score are engraved upon his memory. This book is an example. It is really a collection of "old hats," chestnuts, and after-dinner stories, some funny, some very funny, and some, without question, absolutely true. Himself educated as a "genius," born and brought up in the Pre-Raphaelite milieu, he ought to know a good deal about these "Ancient Lights"; but whether the stories that he tells are true or not, old or hackneyed, he tells them very well, and never for an instant does the interest flag or even one's delight in this literary *pot-pourri* of anecdotes tire. That is quite a feat. Some critics have fallen foul with the accuracy of these tales. On the whole, we rather agree with Mr. Hueffer, who went out to write a book: what boots accuracy? The book is amusing, charmingly written, and if Mr. Hueffer does not increase our admiration for the Pre-Raphaelites, he quite maintains our admiration for him. Of the many "talky" books published these days, this is certainly among the best. And the jeremiad which closes it has a real touch of lofty feeling

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and restraint : " If life is good, art is very bitter." Most artists know that Mr. Hueffer claims that the " letters that I try to stand up for are about to die." Alas ! would that they were the words of vanity ! At any rate Mr. Hueffer does stand up for them. *Prosit* and good luck to him !

LETTERS FROM FINLAND. By ROSALIND TRAVERS. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d. net

Miss Travers has written this ideal book on Finland for English readers. It is so good that we even forgive her for casting it in the old-fashioned form of letters. The author is so fundamentally serious, however, in what she has to tell us about Finnish character and arts and politics that she probably thought it well to deceive the reader by putting on an air of conversational irresponsibility. Her account of feminism in Finland will be found especially interesting by English readers just now. Miss Travers has humour and a poetic imagination, and her book stands well among the travel-literature of the season. It is excellently illustrated by photographs of Finnish paintings and Finnish scenes, and charming translations of Finnish poetry are given at the end and beginning of every chapter.

MODERN DRAMATISTS. By ASHLEY DUKES. Palmer. 5s.

Mr. Dukes's " modern dramatists " are not the dramatists who fill the London theatres, but the dramatists about whom the intellectuals and their imitators argue. Hauptmann, Wedekind, Strindberg, Tchekhov, Schnitzler, and Maeterlinck are all here for appreciation, and Sudermann and Brieux for contemptuous dispraise. Among the London dramatists only Shaw, Barker, and Galsworthy are included. The criticisms in the book are sharp, suggestive, and original. It is impossible, however, to pass over the pages on Mr. Shaw without protesting against the modern habit of criticising Mr. Shaw as though he were a tragic, instead of a comic, writer. " Shaw's plays have one passion, and one only—indignation," says Mr. Dukes, as though this were an artistic crime in a writer whose work is mainly a criticism of society. Mr. Shaw's function in literature is not to express or expound passions ; it is to penetrate an illogical and unintellectual world with a vision from a logical and intellectual world and to state the comic results in terms of the conduct of men and women. Even if one occasionally disagrees with Mr. Dukes, however, we always find him a keen and stimulating critic with whom to argue. His book covers an immense range and does it brightly, provocatively, and epigrammatically.

THE FAMILY AND HEIRS OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. By LADY ELIOTT DRAKE. Smith Elder. 31s. 6d. net.

The two volumes that comprise this work cover a wide and varied field, with the figure of the great English seaman himself towering appropriately in the forefront of the pages. Lady Elliott Drake disclaims any pretension to the status of an historian : her pages are merely truthful, she explains in a preface. Freely admitting this latter, we think the author too modest. We have here not only the truth, but an intelligent version of the commodity. If this be not history, wherein does the art

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lie? In the portion of the work that deals with the first Sir Francis the production of any new facts of weight is naturally not to be looked for. But the author has been fortunate in her researches, and for the first time the adventures of the youthful John Drake, cousin to Sir Francis, are fully set forth, thanks to translations from Spanish documents. The tragedy of the unfortunate boy, a prisoner of the Inquisition, savours strongly of Kingsley. To follow the fortunes of the later Drakes is to imbibe the atmosphere of the West Country through changing ages, fashions, and laws. The curse of litigation that rested on Thomas Drake, the admiral's heir, and the careers of his descendants under Stuart, Parliament, and the succeeding dynasties are prolific in diversified incident. There is probably no better means of understanding the past than the study of well-chosen domestic detail. This is amply provided in the course of the story of each successive generation. But the volumes do not confine their matter to the households of the Drakes, and to the births, deaths, customs, loves, and quarrels that obtained within them. The family retained its grip upon the pulse of the nation, and, as a result, we learn of their share in national events as well of their measure of more homely vicissitudes.

POETRY AND BELLES-LETTRES

WEEK-DAY POEMS. By H. O. MEREDITH. London: Edward Arnold.
5s. net.

We like Professor Meredith's week-day verses very much—the thoughts and fancies and a few “dramatic lyrics” that come into the head of every clear-sighted man who goes about his work in London. There is always in them the requisite emotion to save them from the commonplace, whether it be love—there are some admirably young love poems at the end of the book—or indignation, as in the London verses; indignation and the bitterness that comes of intelligence, which reminds us of the flavour of some of Mr. Galsworthy's work. Keenly as he desires beauty, keenly as he sees ugliness, there is a determination to avoid ornament or exaggeration, which becomes one who is by instinct an artist and by profession a sociologist. Mr. Meredith knows the value of realism:

“But most I love the stones of sooth,
That are as round and white as truth,
Have no appearance, make no din,
And beat Goliath's forehead in.”

SONGS OF THE ROAD. By A. CONAN DOYLE. London: Smith Elder and Co. 5s.

How jolly it would be if every one wrote verse (not to mention poetry), as well as they write other things. And how sad it is for any one who has, from the cradle, enjoyed his Sherlock Holmes, to read this little book. Published under the name of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, it is strongly characteristic of its real author, Dr. Watson.

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THE HOOFS OF THE FAUN. By ARTHUR RANSOME. London : Martin Secker. 2s. 6d. net.

With this little book of prose-fancies Mr. Ransome takes us back to the immortal 'nineties. He writes a clear and limpid prose, never laboured and sometimes very beautiful. His fauns are perhaps a little too self-conscious, or too conscious of their hoofs. Personally we prefer the Scandinavian story of *Rolf Sigurdson*; and perhaps best of all is the essay *Peter Swainson*, a study of the life and work of an imaginary writer, who in one book has brought something new to the representation of nature in literature. These few pages contain some admirable criticism. We commend Mr. Ransome's work to the notice of literary folk.

THE ADVENTURE. By HENRY BRYAN BINNS. Fifeild. 2s. 6d. net.
MEDEA AND CIRCE AND OTHER POEMS. By ARTHUR K. SABIN. The Temple-Sheen Press. 4s. net.

It is probable that all modern interpretations of the Greek myths would in their present explicitness have been unintelligible to their creators. It cannot be said that either of these books adds much to that stock of emotion in imagery which is Art. Mr. Sabin's verses are well wrought and richly embroidered; there is praise for the workmanship, though many turns of phrase are worn out and old, and it is a weary matter to find a poet still using them, content, and unaware of his mission, which is to forge anew. There is in work that is new an exaltation which cannot be got from *Medea and Circe*. Mr. Sabin has retold a story very pleasantly—merely.

Nor can this exaltation—let it be said with regret—be got from Mr. Binns's play, *The Adventure*—with regret, because Mr. Binns's ambition was to win "some fresh freedom for the Race," surely the noblest ambition of a poet. His *Circe*, although he tries to give her to us, in words, as something subtler and finer, is hardly more than a weaver of spells, and the best and only dramatic scene in the play is the one called *The Enchantress*, in which Ulysses, by a counter-magic which had been given him, and not by any virtue of his own, overcomes her might. She does not stand forth as the embodiment of primeval force, nor even are we convinced that she is the depository of any such force. Is it not because, when it comes to the supreme test, the ultimate magic of words is denied to Mr. Binns? Here is a writer who is sincere, who has intellect, who, in his happiest moments, is a good poet: he has faith, he has hope, he has imagination and ideas, and he has a consciousness which may be called cosmic. Yet when the time comes for him to combine all these qualities and to mould them into a drama which might have been a passionate appeal, he fails; and he fails because, however sincere he may be, and however deeply he may look into life, he has not carried that same sincerity into the study of the material in which he expresses himself and has not probed with the same conscientiousness into a mystery almost as subtle as life, the mystery of the witchery of words: one cannot help the feeling that *The Adventure* would have gained considerably in poetic value had most of the speech been written in the form known as prose.

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THE AGONISTS, A TRILOGY OF GOD AND MAN. By MAURICE HEWLETT.
Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.

These plays of Mr. Hewlett's are in every way remarkable. They raise at once the perennially absorbing problem of the æsthetic relation of classical effects to modern susceptibilities. How far do we admire Æschylus to-day for the qualities for which the Athenian of the age of Pericles admired him? In what degree, to the best modern intelligence, is a play of his the same as it was to the best among those who originally heard it? Necessarily it differs, because of the revolution which has occurred in the background of culture, in the associations of life and thought out of which our understanding reaches to it. If, then, a contemporary writer should aim at producing an effect equivalent for us to the effect which the Æschylean play produces, what allowances, what readjustments will he have to make? Is it the form of the old play which most impresses us? If so, what English form gives the closest parallel to the tragic iambic, so dry and yet so supple? How, too, are the stern intricacies of the great choric odes to be reproduced? Or ought attention to be concentrated, not upon the forms, but upon the fact that they are artistic forms, still carrying with them the seal and sanction of those vital conditions to which they were adapted and from which they sprang? In this case, where are parallel conditions to be looked for, and how is the poet of to-day to supply from his imagination an atmosphere which his predecessors breathed whether they would or not?

Wisdom seems to rest with the view that the endeavour cannot at its best result in anything more than a literary illusion, an act of reverential homage from the scholar or the artist before the spirit of great things which have been and cannot be again. This was, no doubt, the feeling which led Goethe, in his first version of the *Iphigenie*, to write in prose, and which drew from Milton, in the treatment of the chorus in his *Samson* (Goethe dispenses with the chorus altogether), a tacit acknowledgment of the limitations of English verse. Here Mr. Hewlett's instincts have placed him, we think, on the side of the angels, though strange theories on the subject of versification have undoubtedly confused him a little. His plays have much the effect of a translation, and what higher praise could we devise for them? Yet this effect, with all its felicity, has resulted in part from an accident, a coincidence. Mr. Hewlett has attempted to write at once in verse and in prose—to write, that is, a poetry in which (according to the theory he announces) the rhythm of each line is to be determined by the nuance of feeling to be conveyed in it. "The burden of the iambic pentameter," he says, "has been too many for the poets—and, it seems, their hearers." Certainly he manages his cadences with much adroitness, so that one generally knows, or thinks one knows, the rhythmical effect he is aiming at; he secures also a background of irregularity against which the occasional passages which are regular (rhyme, even, is admitted now and then) stand out in a pleasant relief. He further illustrates the fact (the parallel is interesting here with Goethe's *Iphigenie*) that blank verse (the "iambic pentameter" of which he speaks slightly) is after all the natural vehicle for narrative, declamation, and the various intercourse of

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the characters in English drama ; for you may find scores of lines at a time in which the departures from this metre are so slight as to exhibit chiefly the losses involved in them. But perhaps, when all is said, the main value of his peculiar method is that it proclaims, as we suggested was desirable, the derivative nature of the work. It is an artificiality ; and Mr. Hewlett has embarked upon an enterprise in which a certain kind of artificiality was essential to success.

THREE PLAYS BY BRIEUX. The Preface by BERNARD SHAW. A. C. Fifield.

After the death of Ibsen (Mr. Bernard Shaw pontificates), "Brieux confronted Europe as the most important dramatist west of Russia." Whether this is so or not, the three plays, "Maternity," "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," and "Damaged Goods," published in this volume are very well worth the attention of serious people. The question that they at once raise is that of their relation to art. Brieux treats the stage as a pulpit, very much as Zola treated fiction. He fastens on diseases and evils in our social system and exposes them. His plays are really social tracts, and must be so regarded. On the whole, we agree with Mr. Shaw that their value is very considerable. A splendid sincerity illuminates them, so that even the play dealing specifically with syphilis is in no real sense offensive : indeed, it is a great pity the play is not taken up by the State and given once a week for the general education of the public, grotesquely ignorant of one of the greatest sores that poison humanity. Mr. Shaw in his preface is disappointing. If only those who read it would try to bear in mind that G. B. S. is not "Court Jester" to Democracy, but a very serious and original thinker, some honest good might come of it. Much that he says is true, and it is delightfully said. Unfortunately, people will think of Shaw as a humorist. Anyway, they cannot regard Brieux as a humorist. Mr. Shaw's claim for Brieux is preposterous. These plays of Brieux are admirable social lessons, but art is not necessarily a clinical debate. They should be used as part of our education. But we can read them. Every young man should be made to read "Damaged Goods," every mother "Maternity."

FICTION

THE LAND OF PROMISES. By STANLEY PORTAL HYATT. Werner Laurie. 6s.

There are books so full of life and space that to take up pen and criticise is like coming from the open air into a prison house. Mr. Hyatt's is one of these. His *Land of Promises* (and no performances) is the frontier districts of South Africa. Against a background of open veldt, sprinkled with mud-huts and tin shanties, he depicts large-minded men and women struggling desperately with the cruelty of nature and their own desires, and hampered by the meanness of their Government. He loves strength and courage : he can sympathise with failure, but with meanness he cannot abide. Evangelical missionaries, officials of the "Consolidated Company," all Pharisees and hypocrites, are denounced with a vehemence too enthusiastic to be just. He has no portion of the "sweet reasonableness" which is part of the stock-in-trade of the literary novelist. But he has power,

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and his work is tragic in the best sense, an appeal to fundamental emotions rather than to curiosity or reason. In such a work realism must be kept in bounds, but even so we think Mr. Hyatt might complicate both his characters and his plots to a greater resemblance to actual life, without any damage to his peculiar merits. However, we do not wish to be ungrateful: in spite of its slightness *The Land of Promises* is a memorable book

LA DEMOISELLE DE LA RUE DES NOTAIRES. Par LOUIS LATZARUS. Calmann-Levy.

This is one of those delicately and beautifully written psychological studies in which the French excel. It is a novel, with a slight and even dull plot, in which the characters unfold and develop as slowly as in real life; yet it is one of those novels which make literature, because it reveals with absolute truth, sympathy, and understanding the inmost thoughts and the most trivial acts of everyday people—thoughts and acts which are hidden from even the most intimate of friends. Some of the description is so fine that it might have been woven out of cobwebs, rather than written by a human hand, yet the imagined never supersedes the real. The solemn description of Etiennette at confession is perfect, yet there is a dry wit running through the book which causes the reader to smile from time to time. The veil is drawn back from the past and present history of the village and the villagers, each inhabitant is alive, even the smoke from the chimneys of the little town is made real by the true and serious art of M. Latzarus.

WHERE THE TRUTH LIES. A Study in the Improbable. By OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER ("JANE WARDLE"). Stanley Paul and Co.

The first few chapters of this book reveal rare and original inventive powers, coupled with a beautiful literary style and a keen sense of humour. The thrilling adventures of a solicitor's clerk, who inherits an earldom late one afternoon, is turned out of his lodging that same evening for arrears in rent, and wanders about London all night with a thousand-pound cheque in one pocket and three halfpence in the other, are told in a manner worthy of Robert Louis Stevenson. We read delightedly of characters fit for a second *Treasure Island*, and of scenes and situations equally desperate and equally brilliantly introduced. Unhappily, the brilliancy of the first pages dies down, the story runs along for five or six chapters, and then, to our great disappointment, it runs away with itself. Mr. Hueffer loses grip of it suddenly. It seems as though he had to finish his book in a great hurry and was suddenly deserted by his inspiration.

THE CASEMENT. By FRANK SWINNERTON. London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.

Mr. Swinnerton has written a novel for curates; not only because it is "excellent in parts," but also because there is a certain irritating futility about it all. A stolid sensible timber merchant is admirably portrayed; then come his beautiful super-refined wife, her even more beautiful sister, who is said to be twenty but appears to be eleven years

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old ; and a strong, silent man, just made partner in the business, who was formerly in love with Mrs. Timber-merchant—*of course* before her marriage. He now falls in love with the beautiful younger sister, who is always looking at life out of her window (or casement) and “wanting to understand.” Lastly, there is a maudlin, non-moral youth who behaves so very badly (probably as the result of being told again and again by the strong, silent, cynical man that he is “neurotic”), that he finally causes the other characters to make up their minds : their previous occupation has been to make trivial remarks to each other and to fly into equally trivial fits of temper for no apparent reason.

One or two scenes of office life are delightfully realistic : Mr. Swinnerton knows the clerk's, but apparently no other form of activity. This sounds rather unsympathetic, but Mr. Swinnerton is a good enough writer to be judged by the highest standards.

MARK RANSOM. By MUNGO THOMSON. Melrose. 6s.

Mark Ransom was a slum child who rose, by means of his own ability and will-power, to the chairmanship of a great shipping line and the possession of several millions. The book is concerned with his rise in life and his love-story. Its chief fault is that the men in it are a little too clever and the women a little too beautiful : its author deals in extremes only, and overlooks the fact that the world is made up, for the most part, of mediocre men and women. With such a subject this is perhaps inevitable, but there is too much insistence on Mark's wonderful personality, his sister's wonderful beauty, and his lady secretary's wonderful superiority—of course, he marries the lady secretary.

THE LAST GALLEY : IMPRESSIONS AND TALES. By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Smith Elder and Co. 6s.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle sometimes has the painter's gift of visualising one single moment of a drama. Mr. Brangwyn could hardly excel the intensity of colour and action which marks the sketch of the sudden appearance of two Roman ships upon the horizon as the last battered vessel of the Carthaginian navy draws near its harbour, beneath the eyes of all the city. There is the same pictorial quality in the more sombre sketch of the hermit, Simon Melas, as he crouches on a hillside watching the strange hordes of Huns who fill the plain below. These at least achieve the author's aim to “disclose one clear glimpse of some vital event.” We regret that too many of the others are trivial “*nec digna tanto biatu.*”

There are also eight stories in the volume, of kinds familiar to the author's readers. He knows exactly what he wants to say, and says it clearly. That at any rate is merit.

THE UNDERMAN. By JOSEPH CLAYTON. Martin Secker. 6s.

Mr. Joseph Clayton has not risen to his excellent title, nor has he managed to get into his novel that illusion of reality which is necessary to a convincing study of life among the poor. The book is sociology rather than art, though not lacking in literary qualities. But the point of the title has been lost in the fact that Murray Bassett, the hero, is

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rather a man who has gone under than a genuine underman. The true underman, one would imagine, is the man born in poverty, the man to whom poverty is a heritage. Bassett was born in comparatively easy circumstances; he had a passable education and a wealthy grandfather who would have helped him had he been willing to toe the line of commercial convention, and who does eventually leave him money. But if unconvincing in its chief character, *The Underman* does show some of the economic difficulties of modern life and how very easy it is for a willing, capable, and honest man to sink below what Mr. Seeborn Rowntree would call the "poverty line." There are passages in the book—those, for instance, dealing with the stokers in the gasworks—which ring true, and now and then one comes across a piece of good character-drawing; but generally Mr. Clayton lacks the psychological touch which makes a character live, and wherever he attempts to become an artificer of plot he succeeds in being little more than commonplace.

THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE. By C. G. COMPTON. Heinemann.

This novel is chiefly remarkable for its excellent style and its enormous length. It is fitfully brilliant, and sometimes wilfully boring. We meet a prodigious host of characters, all playing a more or less important part in the story. The mongrel Towzer is, perhaps, the most convincing personality of all. He is the first dog whose inner life has been seriously treated in English.

"He liked eating, and he was sure that he was given food to make him strong enough to kill Lady Lethwart's Airedale, which at present had too much the best of the weights."

Again: "He waited for Laura and considered the mystery of mysteries, why, if eatable flesh can be taken, and is taken, should any one be beaten for taking it? Of course, if you are likely to be beaten you will do your taking carefully, but that is a detail; the original absurdity remained to harass all Towzer's meditative life."

It is a very humorous and sympathetic study of a dog-mind.

The heroine is a charming non-moral creature who sins gracefully for love, accepts the protection of a rich man for the sake of her child, has a brilliant social career, in spite of her irregular ties, becomes a peeress in her own right, and finally marries a duke.

Though this sounds very improbable, Mr. Compton manages to shed an illusion of reality over it all, and his easy, graceful writing is very pleasant to read.

THE CELESTIAL OMNIBUS, AND OTHER STORIES. By E. M. FORSTER.
London: Sidgwick and Jackson, Limited. 3s. 6d.

The half-dozen stories in this book are full of the finest writing: humour, tenderness, and a touch of malice sometimes—malice smiling through tears, the clear-sightedness of the humane ironist. They all deal with the country to which the Celestial Omnibus may be supposed to run, the land of truth and poetry, where fauns and dryads still play in the beech-wood. That purer climate, *ese vapor transparente y dorado*, is as unknown to the precious pedant as to the vulgar sentimentalist.

Mr. Forster knows that Other Kingdom Cope is just at the end of the

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garden, and that dryads may be kissed by mortals wherever there are trees to shade men from the sun.

The first story describes the panic fear that seizes a picnic party on an Italian hill in the noonday heat, and incidentally the making of a poet out of a schoolboy. "The Other Side of the Hedge" is not so good, being something of a bare allegory. "The Celestial Omnibus" gives particulars of the service that runs at sunrise and sunset from Surbiton to Elysium, and shows how Mr. Septimus Bons, president of the Literary Society, was found wanting in simple faith. "Other Kingdom," perhaps the finest of the six, is a Meredithian scene, and Harcourt Worters a Sir Willoughby Patterne of less Olympian dimensions and more realistic speech. "The Curate's Friend" shows us that simple pagan faith may be found even in a parson. And in "The Road from Colonus" is represented the soul of a merchant which makes a last flutter at the age of sixty, but is resolutely suffocated by his domestic relations. Some of Mr. Forster's best work is in this book, together with the secret of his other books: he sees the humours and shows us in true tones the characters he observes, because he sees them against a faery background of beauty.

IL EST RESSUSCITÉ ! PAR CHARLES MORICE. Albert Messein, Paris.

This is an effort to be original on the part of M. Morice. The idea of taking for a theme the reappearance of Jesus Christ is not new, but in making the centre of His reappearance the circle of modern Parisian journalism he has struck out in a fresh and bold line, and had he treated his subject with reverence and love, had he brought to bear that exquisite style one looks for in French work, he might have been able to write a remarkable book—rare and beautiful and interesting. As it is, he has given us a piece of sensationalism, which after all is not very sensational. He does not sustain the interest either in the plot or in his method of describing it. There is a great deal of talk, mostly consisting of paraphrased versions of the New Testament. In fact, with one exception, I do not find that M. Morice has anything new to say upon a subject whose literature must surely be larger than that of any other subject since the world began. It is not wise to jump too suddenly into the sacred precincts of the New Testament, and neither in artistic vision nor in power of words does M. Morice justify the use of his theme. It is as though he had clothed the greatest of the Greek statues in up-to-date garments, and used plasticine instead of marble to do it with. Whoever touches on the question of the reincarnation of the Messiah needs the inspiration of genius.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

RELIGION OF THE CIVILISED WORLD AND JUDAISM. By H. J. KISCH. Routledge.

Mr. Kisch has no difficulty in showing, by quotation from well-known scholars and theologians, that the civilisation of the West acknowledges in Hebraism the source of its ethical and religious ideals; the task is indeed so simple that one wonders why he should have supposed it needful to undertake it. However, his chief aim, in these brief and ingenious

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chapters, is to remind his co-religionists of the dignity and the responsibilities of their calling. Christianity, he holds, only differs from Judaism in having absorbed the rites or superstitions of other less spiritual creeds—a familiar point, handled rather too casually. And since he allows that rites of some kind are necessary to a religion, is he free to deny that Christian ritual may have gained in universality by borrowing from Egypt, Persia, or elsewhere ?

THE NEW SOCIAL DEMOCRACY: A STUDY FOR THE TIMES. By J. H. HARLEY, M.A. Pp. xxvii + 218. P. S. King and Son. 6s. net.

The prime necessity of our times, Mr. Harley thinks, is not, as perhaps Carlyle would have put it, a new social autocracy—or even, as many eminent social reformers would have it, a new social bureaucracy—but rather a new social democracy. This is very different from the “old Socialism” connected with the name of Marx, and in two interesting chapters, entitled “A Forecast in 1901” and “The Situation in 1910,” the movement from Marx is traced. Unlike Burke, whose objections he deals with at some length, Mr. Harley believes that it is practicable to transform society—not by “a universal collectivism which clamours for more State control and forgets that the only final safeguard of a reformed society is moral and intellectual progress,” but through art and, still more, religion.

We cannot pretend to being impressed by all his arguments, particularly those in the chapter entitled “The Collapse of Collectivism.” As he himself admits, they are based largely on experience in France, where very different conditions prevail. We are, however, at one with him when he writes: “There are some parts of the life of the State so fundamental and all-important that special provision must be made for their control by the embodied will of the whole community. Take, for instance, the land. Every social organism means, in its primary idea, population and territory. The people can have no real life if they have no land on which to lay the sole of their feet. . . . In reality nothing is more essential than that the ultimate control of land should never slip out of the hands of the community. With land there may be connected the systems of circulation, communication, and transport. But when we have passed from these and the control of coals and mines, we approach a big estate in the domain of society in which it has by no means been demonstrated that collectivism possesses all or even the chief rights of preemption.”

FOREIGN AFFAIRS FOR ENGLISH READERS. By S. VERDAD. F. Palmer.

S. Verdad publishes in this volume the essays and notes on foreign affairs that have appeared in the *New Age*. As the book stands it fills a want, and may be recommended as a useful handbook to the public notoriously ignorant of what is going on in the diplomatic world. Verdad, himself, claims too much. His pose is, of course, subterranean knowledge, anonymity, an ingenious anagram. Those, however, who are a little behind the scenes will soon discover the bottom of Verdad's vaunted knowledge. He has always “opportunity” for studying “certain documents,” &c., all over the place; yet he never reveals anything that

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is not known to any writer on foreign politics in the Press, and the use of "documents" is mere bluff. What documents? He is not a spy, presumably. He tells us nothing about France and the Congo; about Germany's mailed policy in extracting *Dreadnoughts* out of Austria; about the German Servian policy—all highly interesting and not known things. Why not? However, it is quite a useful handbook. Verdad should drop the secret-knowledge bluff. He has no secret knowledge. *Verdad!* as the Spaniards say.

CHALK-STREAM AND MOORLAND. By HAROLD RUSSELL. Smith Elder and Co. 5s. net.

Anglers, the author says, are optimists, and this book is a study in optimism. Again, he remarks that it is not so much patience that is required of trout and salmon seekers, but hope. If one may judge from this record of fly-fishing in many waters he possesses both patience and hope in unusually large measure.

The book is a study of fly-fishing and of little else. The beauties of chalk-stream and moorland are little touched on, for the author's heart was set on trout, for the most part; he has a word to say for salmon-fishing as well. Though he makes no pretence at instruction, it is an interesting, even fascinating, book for all devotees of this "solitary vice." To laymen it will prove of less interest, though some small excitement may be gained from reading what one feels is the actual account of a struggle between angler and angled for—the breathless uncertainty which ended in gaffed trout or broken line. For Mr. Russell chronicles defeats as well as victories, and his optimism always holds.

In his preface he states that the book was written to amuse rather than to instruct. Though the work will appeal primarily to fishermen, all who read it will agree that its object is achieved.

THE TRANSFIGURATION, WITH OTHER SERMONS. By EDWARD CURLING, M.A.Oxon. John Ouseley, Limited. 3s. 6d. net.

One may with advantage quote from the Bishop of Salisbury's introduction to this volume, after finding in the sermons "the good spirit which breathes in them, one of great loyalty to the Church and to Holy Scripture; a strong sense of what is beautiful both in thought and in human character; and a hearty desire to save souls." Two of the sermons, "On God's Gift of Music" and "The Religious Side of Tennyson's Poetry," reveal the writer's keen appreciation of the æsthetic beauties of life, and that in a way which bespeaks the poetic temperament, although expressed in prose. The seventeen studies which form the book are all worthy of a place in religious literature.

CHEAPSIDE TO ARCADY. By ARTHUR SCAMMEL. Melrose. 5s. net.

The book is a fit successor to that delightful volume of essays, *The Lowly Estate*, which was issued in the same series some months ago. To the various aspects of a most unrestful city Mr. Scammel has brought his sense of rest; in a place where, for workaday mortals, is no peace, he has conjured up visions of peace; he has taken the common things of life

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and made them beautiful, for to the work of a man he has brought the heart of a child.

He knows his London, and tells it well. Not the city of hurrying youth, but that of a man who has passed through the stage of hustle and fretting, and come to complacency—even to reminiscence. For no young man would seek beauty in Battersea; few would think to find poetry between the Mansion House and the General Post Office. This kindly minded explorer among unconsidered trifles has found the beauty and the poetry too. He has not made a great book of them, perhaps, but it is a pleasant book, and one to enjoy in any mood which admits of reading. For its author talks of many things: of week-day church-going; of the river; of parks, many and varied; of the Downs, which he knows as he knows London; of Cheapside and of Arcady, and hard it is to tell which is more Arcadian to him. And names crop up in his pages from George Borrow to William Morris, proving that he has dwelt not all his years either in Cheapside or Arcady.

He will never gain a large public, for this is not a book over which men will talk greatly. Many there be who will pass it by, but some few there be who will take it, read it in quiet hours—not for profit, for there is in it little of solid gain, but that with it they may rest awhile.

With these for his public Mr. Scammel must rest content, and in their pleasure must lie his reward. If he is as he writes, assuredly he will find that reward sufficient for his work.

DISESTABLISHMENT AND DISENDOWMENT. By BISHOP WELLDON.
THREE LECTURES DELIVERED IN MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL. Smith Elder. 3s. 6d. net.

The aim in these lectures is to present the problem only in its religious bearings; yet it would seem to be truer to describe them as utilitarian in temper, and, if the writer's instinct to say pleasant things where possible were charitable in essence, several paragraphs (quotations, of course, from the opinions of others) would perhaps have been omitted. The case is ably and dispassionately argued, and numerous points are advanced which merit attention from people of all shades of opinion. The vital issues, however, are hardly touched, nor will the style coax readers. It has all the aridity and much of the pompousness which, for some reason or other, has come to be associated with episcopal writers. "There was never greater need than now to hedge government with divinity." "This is, I believe, the last thing which would probably happen." How is it that we can feel the bishop even in such short sentences as these?

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